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# IRISH LITERATURE

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## THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.<sup>1</sup>

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,  
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

<sup>1</sup> The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.



fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,



Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-



songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,  
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,  
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,  
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.



I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

*Yours truly*  
*Stephen Gwynn*

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]



FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,  
sean-sgeuluisgeacht, sean-abrúin, rannn;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,  
blúire as stair na h-éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,  
sgeolta, dánta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-údaráib an láé muid:

## AN NUADH-LITRIBHEACHT I NHAEDEILG.

Ciódaimis inrian imleabair deiridh reo, romplaidhe ar Shnáit-  
 Šaeðeilg na ndaoine, mar do bí sí aca in rian dá céad bliadhán  
 ro do éiríodh éiríann, agus mar dá sí aca anois. Níl aet nuad-  
 Šaeðeilg le fáil ann ro, 7 caitear an leigheoir a bheiteamhar  
 féin déanamh ar an tpean-Šaeðeilg le congnamh na n-airtinnighe  
 béarla do tógamair inna h-imleabair eile. Ní tógamaois an  
 tpean-Šaeðeilg ann ro, oir ip ro deacair a tuisint do aon duine  
 nae ndearna fuidéaracht ppeirialta innti.

Tá rgealta, dháin, 7 páirte na ndaoine féin, le fáil inrian  
 leabair ro, 7 tá cuio mhóir oíob ro rghíobta rior le rghóirib ó  
 béal na sean-daoine i n-éirinn náir tuis a tteanga féin do  
 rghíobdaó ná do léigheo. Aet tá cuio eile dé, agus ip obair na  
 rghíobnoir ip clirve i obair na rghíobnoir atá ag déanamh litir-  
 eacta nuair do muinntir na h-éireann inoiú, mar atá an t-áir  
 peadar O Laošaire, Seumar O Dúbháill, Conán Maoi (Mac uí  
 Šeasda), Pádraig O Laošaire, Tomás O h-Dotha, an t-áir  
 O Duinnín, Uí na m-éaršaille, “Tóina” 7 daoine eile.

Ip an-deacair an fuid é béarla ceart blartha do éir ar Šaeð-  
 eilg, oir ip é mo bairmair nae bfuil aon dá tteanga ar éalaim na  
 Críortugheacta ip mó oirir eatorra féin ’ná iad. Agus ció go  
 bfuil a éom fátha rin ’na fearaim ar an aon oileán, taob le  
 taob, ip rior-deag an loig o’fag ceann aca ar an tceann eile,  
 agus ip rior-deagán o’fógluim na daoine labhair iad ó n-a éile.

Tá rgoilte na h-éireann, faraoir! Fá rtiúrušdaó daoine o’a  
 otug an Ríagaltar Sacpanac an rtiúrušdaó oirra, agus bí na  
 daoine reo i gcóinnuidhe i n-áir na nŠaeðeal agus i n-áir  
 teangaó na tíre. Níl eólar ag duine ar bit aca uirir aet oirrao  
 le aral no le bulóig. Tá ceatpar de na daoimib reo ’na mbheiteam-  
 nair ó cúirteannair an oirge, nae bfuil ploc eólar aca ar  
 oirdeacair, aet o’r sháit-obair leó daoine cionntaéa do dáoiraó,  
 dáoiraann ríao muinntir na h-éireann, ’gá gcuir fa bheiteamhar  
 áineólar, fá a mbeata, i ttaois na neite báinear leó féin 7  
 le na oirir. Tá fear eile aca ’na uactarain ar Colairte na  
 Trionóirde—ip fuaé na nŠaeðeal an áit rin—agus tá cuio mhóir



## THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na ndaoineib-uairle paróðpe san don eólar rpeirialta aca ar rsoilctib ná ar rsoilúgeact; agus do toirmeas ríad Gaeoileis do múnad inna rsoilctib, no do labairt leir na rsoiláimib, so do tci na no ceatar de bliadantaib ó foim. Tá aóruad ann anoir, 7 so, do rugar Dia dúinn so mbéir pé buan! Ní mearaim so ríad don tír eile ar éalam na Críortuigeacta ríam, a ríad a leicéir rin de rsgannail le feicint innti agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máisi-rcéirde 7 máisi-rcéirde rsoile naé ríad focal Gaeoileise aca, as “múnad”! páirtíde naé ríad focal béarla aca! Ní n-iongnad sup díbrear amad rriorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoineib, agus sup ríadisead arta gac oidear, gliocar, críonaé, agus ríuaim do éainis anuar éuca ó n-a rinnrearaib pompa. Aét anoir,—mar gheall ar Connrad na Gaeoileise—tá an Gaeoileis, as teact éicir féin arí; agus ir ríleir é anoir, do’n domhan ar ríad, má tá Éire le beir ’na náiríun ar leir, no le beir ’na ríu ar bí aét ’na éonuae gíanna Sacraais, (agus í as éanam aicir so raon rann ruar an nóraib na Sacraac) so gcaicir rí iompóir ar a teangar féin arí 7 Litirdeact nuad éapad innti.

Agus tá Éire as torugar ar rin do éanam éana féin, agus tá romplairde ar a bfuil rí o’a éanam inna leabar ro. Ní’l ionnta ro so léir (obair na ndeic mbliadan ro éuar éarainn) aét éad-bláta an earraig. Tá an Samrad le teact fóir le congnaí Dé:

### RÍG AN FÁSASÍG DÚIB:

Láirar o ftoinn, ó beul-áit-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) o’innir an rgeul ro do ríoníar O Concúdar i mb’l’ácluan, ó a bfuair míre é.

Nuair bí O Concúdar ’na rí ar Éirinn bí pé ’na éomuirde i Rát-éruacáin Connaé. Bí don mac amáin aige, aét nuair o’fár pé ruar, bí pé ríadain, agus níor feud an rí rímaé do éur air; mar beirdear a toir féin aige inr gac uile nio:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

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### THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O’Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O’Conor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O’Conor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairuin amāin ċuairō rē amac,

Δ εὐ λε na ċoir  
Δ řeabac ar a ŋoir  
Δ' r a ċapall břeās ŋuō ŋ'á iomčar,

aġur ŋ'imčig rē ar aġairō, aġ řabāil řainn aŋřāin ŋō řēin řo  
ŋčāimig rē ċom řao le řęeacac mōř ŋo ŋi aġ řār ar ŋřuac  
řleanna. ŋi řean-ŋuine liač 'na řuīde aġ bun na řęeīce, aġur  
ŋuŋar rē: "Δ mīc an řiġ, mā čig leat imiřč ċom mair a' r  
čig leat aŋřān ŋo řabāil, buō mair liom cluičē ŋ'imiřč leat."  
řaoil mac an řiġ řur řean-ŋuine mī-čēilliŋ ŋo ŋi ann, aġur  
čuiřliņ rē, čair řřian čar řęuř, aġur řuīō řiōř le čaoiŋ an  
čřean-ŋuine liač. Čarřainig řeřřean řaca čārŋairō amac aġur  
ŋ' řiarruiġ: "An ŋčig leat iao řo ŋ'imiřč?"

"Čig liom," ar řan mac-řiġ.

"Čřeao imeōřamaoio ar?" ar řan řean-ŋuine liač.

"Niō ar bič iř mian leat," ar řan mac-řiġ.

"Mair řo leōř, mā řnōčaiġim-ře čairřiō čura niō ar bič a  
iarrřar mē ŋeunam ŋam, aġur mā řnōčaiġeann čura, čairřiō  
mire niō ar bič iarrřar čura ořm ŋeunam ŋuitře," ar řan řean-  
ŋuine liač.

"Čā mē řārčā," ar řan mac-řiġ.

ŋ'imī řiao an cluičē aġur ŋuail an mac řiġ an řean ŋuine  
liač. Ann řin ŋuŋar rē, "čřeao ŋo buō mian leat mire ŋo  
ŋeunam ŋuit, a mīc an řiġ?"

"Ni iarrřairō mē ořč niō ar bič ŋo ŋeunam ŋam," ar řan  
mac-řiġ, "řaoilim nac ŋřuil čū ionnānn mōřān ŋo ŋeunam."

"Nā bac leiř řin," ar řan řean ŋuine, "čairřiō čū iarrřairō  
ořm řuō ēiġin ŋo ŋeunam, niōř čāill mē řeall ariam nār řeuō  
mē a ioc."

Mār ŋuŋar mē, řaoil an mac řiġ řur řean ŋuine mīčēilliō  
ŋo ŋi ann, aġur le na řārřāō ŋuŋar rē leiř.

"ŋain an ceann ŋe mo learřāčair aġur čuiř ceann řabair  
uiřřu ar řeao řeacčřaine."

"ŋeunřao řin ŋuit," ar řan řean ŋuine liač.

Čuairō an mac řiġ aġ marčuiġeacč ar a čapall,

Δ εὐ λε na ċoir  
Δ řeabac ar a ŋoir,

aġur čuř rē a aġairō ar āit eile, aġur niōř čuiřmīġ rē niōř mō  
ar an řean ŋuine liač, řo ŋčāimig rē a-ŋaile.

řuair rē řāiř aġur ŋřōn mōř in řan řeairřeān. ŋ'innīř na  
řeairřřōřānčairō ŋō řo ŋčāimig ŋřaoiŋeaoŋiř arčeac 'řan řeomřa  
'n āit a řaiŋ an ŋainřiōřān aġur řur čuiř rē ceann řabair uiřřu  
i n-āit a činn řēin:



One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,  
And his hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.



“Dap mo láim, ip iongantac an níò é rin,” ar ran mac riś,  
 “dā mbeirōinn ’ran mbaile do bainfīnn an ceann dē le mo claiò-  
 eam.” Bī brōn mōr ar an riś asur cūir ré fīor ar cōmairleōir  
 epīona asur d’fīarpuis ré dē an raiò fīor aise cia an cāoi cāpla  
 an níò reo do’n bainpīogain. “So deimīn ní tīs liom rin inn-  
 readc duit,” ar reirean, “ip obair opraoidēadēta é.”

Nīor leis an mac riś air féin so raiò eōlar ar bit aise ar an  
 scūir, acēt ar mairvin amārac d’imētīs ré amac,

▲ cū le na cōir  
 ▲ fēadac ar a bōir  
 ’s a cāpall bīeāś dūb d’á iomēar,

asur nīor cārpainś ré rriian so dāinīs ré cōm fāda leir an  
 rseic mōir ar bpuac an sleanna. Bī an rean duine liat’na fūide  
 ann rin faoi an rseic asur dūbairt ré: “A mīc an riś, mbēirō  
 cluicē asao anoiú?” Cūipling an mac riś asur dūbairt:  
 “Bēirō.” Leir rin, cait ré an rriian cāp seus, asur fūirō fīor le  
 taoib an tpean duine. Cārpainś reirean na cāpōaiò amac, asur  
 d’fīarpuis de’n mīc riś an bpuair ré an níò do śnōcāis ré anōē:

“Tā rin ceart so leōr,” ar ran mac riś.

“Imēoramaoirō ar an ngeall ceurōna anoiú,” ar ran rean  
 duine liat.

“Tā mé rārta,” ar ran mac riś:

D’imīr riad, asur śnōcāis an mac riś. “Cpēad do buō mīan  
 leat mīre do deunam duit an t-am ro?” ar ran rean duine  
 liat. Smuāin an mac riś asur dūbairt leir féin, “beurpāirō mé  
 obair cpuairō dō an t-am ro.” Ann rin dūbairt ré: “Tā páirc  
 readc n-acra ar cūl cāirleāin m’acra, bīōr rī líonta ar mairvin.  
 amārac le bat (buaib) śan don beirt aca do beir ar don dat, ar  
 don āirde, no ar don doir amāin.”

“Bēirō rin deunta,” ar ran rean duine liat:

Cūaiò an mac riś as marcuiseadc ar a cāpall;

▲ cū le na cōir  
 ▲ fēadac ar a bōir,

asur tūs asairō a-baile. Bī an riś so brōnac i taoiò na bain-  
 pīogha. Bī doctūiprō ar n-uile āit i n-ēirinn, acēt nīor fēuo  
 riad don mīat do deunam dī.

Ar mairvin, lā ar na mārāc, cūaiò maor an riś amac so moē;  
 asur cōnnairc ré an páirc ar cūl an cāirleāin líonta le bat  
 (buaib) asur śan don beirt aca de ’n dat ceurōna no de’n doir  
 reurōna, no de’n āirde ceurōna: D’imētīs ré artead, asur d’innir  
 cē an rseul iongantac do’n riś: “Ceirīs asur tiomāin iad  
 amac,” ar ran riś. Fūair an maor rīr, asur cūaiò ré leō as

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, aet ní luaithe cuirfeadh ré amac ar don taoib iad 'ná tiuafaó ríad arteaé ar an taoib eile. Cuaird an maor do'n ríú arís, agus dubairt leir naé bfeudfaó an méad fear bí i n-Éirinn na baé rin do bí ran bpaire do cur amac. "Ír baé o'raoióeacáta iad," ar ran ríú.

Nuair éonnairc an mac-ríú na baé, dubairt ré leir féin: "Beiró cluice eile a'gan leir an fear duine liat anoiú." O'imctis ré amac an máirín rin,

A cú le na coir  
A feadac ar a boir  
A'p a capall b'eads oib o'á iomcáir,

agus níor éarraing ré rrian go o'táinig ré com fáda leir an rgeic móir ar bpuac an gleanna. Bí an fear duine liat ann rin poime agus o'iarri ré air an mbeirdeadh cluice cárhoir aige.

"Beiró," ar ran mac ríú; "aet tá fíor a'gan go maic go o'tis liom tú bualaó a' imirte cárhoir."

"Beiró cluice eile a'gan," ar ran fear duine liat. "Ar imir tú liatróiró ariam?"

"O'impear go deimín," ar ran mac ríú; "aet raolim go bfuil tura nó fear le liatróiró o'imirte, agus coir leir rin ní'l don áit a'gan ann ro le n'imirte."

"Má tá tura úmal le h-imirte, geobairó mire áit," ar ran fear duine liat.

"Táim úmal," ar ran mac ríú.

"Lean mire," ar ran fear duine liat.

Lean an mac ríú é trío an ngleann, go o'táingadar go cnoc b'eads glar. Ann rin, éarraing ré amac rlaicín o'raoióeacáta, agus dubairt foela náir cuis mac an ríú, agus faoi éann móimíó, o'or'ail an cnoc agus cuaird an beirt arteaé, agus cuaird ríad trío a lán de hálailb b'eads go o'táingadar amac i n'áiríóin. Bí gac uile nio níor b'eads 'ná céile in ran n'áiríóin rin, agus a' bun an gáiríóin bí áit le liatróiró o'imirte.

Cairt ríad píora airgíó ruar le feicrint cia aca mbeirdeadh lám-artis aige, 7 fuair an fear duine liat rin.

Óraig ríad ann rin, agus níor ríad ar fear duine gur gnoctais ré an cluice. Ní raib fíor a' gan mac ríú créad do deunfaó ré. Faoi deiró o'riarruig ré de'n trean-duine créad do buó maic leir é do deunam oó.

"Ír mire Ríú ar an b'fárac Dub, agus cairtíó tura mé féin agus m'áit-cómnuióe o'ráigail amac faoi éann lá agus bliadain, nó geobairó mire tura amac agus caillíó tú do éann."

Ann rin tug ré an mac ríú amac an bealaé ceudna a n'oeacairó ré arteaé. Óruir an cnoc glar 'na oiaig agus o'imctis an fear duine liat ar amairc:

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.



Ċuairò an mac miġ aġ marcuigeadt ar a ċapall;

Δ cú le na ċoir,  
Δ f'eabac ar a boir,

aġur é b'rónaċ ʒo leór.

An tráċnóna rin, do b'peaċnuig an piġ ʒo raiḃ b'rón aġur buairóreao mór ar an mac óʒ, aġur nuair ċuairó pé 'na ċorolaó, ċualairò an piġ aġur ʒac uile dúine do bí in ran ʒcairleán tróm-or-naoil aġur ráimhalairò uairò. Bí an piġ faoi b'rón ceann ʒabair do beit ar an mbainríogain, aċt buḃ meara é reaċt n-uairpe nuair o'innir an mac do an rʒeul, mar tárta ó túr ʒo deiréao.

Ċuir pé ríor ar cómairleoir c'íona, aġur o'fíarfuig pé oé an raiḃ ríor aigē cia an áit a raiḃ an Riġ ar an b'fárac Dub 'na cómnuirde.

"Ní'l, ʒo deimín," ar reiréan; "aċt com cinnite a'r tá ruball (eapball) ar an ʒcat muna b'fáʒairò an t-oirde óʒ an o'raoir-eaoóir rin amac, caillrío pé a ceann."

Bí b'rón mór i ʒcairleán an piġ an lá rin. Bí ceann ʒabair ar an mbainríogain, aġur an mac-piġ oul aġ córuiġeadt o'raoir-eaoóra, ʒan ríor an o'rucaó pé ar air ʒo deó.

Tar éir reaċtmaine [oo] bainéao an ceann ʒabair de'n bainríogain, aġur cuiréao a ceann péin uirri. Nuair ċualairó rí an ċaoi ar cuiréao an ceann ʒabair uirri, táinig fuac mór uirri anaʒairò an mic piġ, aġur oubairt rí: "Nár t'aʒairó pé ar air beó ná marḃ."

Ar maroin, Dia luain, o'fáʒ pé a beannaċt aġ a aċair aġur aġ a ʒaol, bí a mála-ríubail ceangailte ar a o'ruim, aġur o'imtíg pé,

Δ cú le na ċoir  
Δ f'eabac ar a boir  
A'r a ċapall b'peáʒ o'ub o'á iomcari.

ʒiúbail pé an lá rin ʒo raiḃ an ʒrian imtígte faoi rʒáile na ʒenoc, aġur ʒo raiḃ o'oréaoar na h-oirde aġ teaċt, ʒan ríor aigē cia'n áit a b'fuiġreao pé lóirtín. B'peaċnuig pé coill mór ar ċaoib a láime clé, aġur tarrmainʒ pé uirri com tara aġur o'feuo pé, le rúil an oirde do caiteam faoi f'arʒao na ʒerann. Suiró pé ríor faoi bun c'rainn móir o'raac, o'f'orʒail pé a mála-ríubail le biaó ʒ deoc do caiteam, nuair cónnairc pé iolar mór aġ teaċt cuigē.

"Ná bíoḃ f'aitcior ort rómam-ra, a mic piġ. Aitnigim tú, ir tú mac Uí Concubair piġ Éiréann. Ir capairó mé, aġur má t'ugann tú do ċapall oam-ra le tabairt le n'ite do cēirpe éanlaic o'raċa

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá aġam, b'arġar mipe nioŕ fuor 'na do b'arġar do ċapall tū, aġur b'eroŕ so ġuŕŕinn tū ar loŕs an tē atá tū 'tōŕuŕ-eadēt."

"Tis leat an capall do beŕt aġar aġur f'ailte," ar ŕan mac riġ, "ciō ġur b'ronaċ mē aġ ŕġararaint leŕ."

"Tā so maiŕ, b'ero mipe ann ŕo ar maroin amāŕaċ le h-ēŕŕe na ġŕeine." Ann ŕin o'ŕoŕŕail ŕi a ŕob mōŕ, ŕuŕ ġŕeim ar an ġcapall, buail a oā ċaoŕb anaġarō a ċēile, leatnuŕs a ŕġiaċān, aġur o'imċiŕ ar amāŕe.

O'it aġur o'ol an mac riġ a f'ailt, ċuŕ an māla-ŕiūbail ŕaoi na ċeann, aġur nioŕ b'arōa so ŕaiū ŕē 'na ċoŕlaō, aġur nioŕ oūŕiŕ ŕē so oċāiniŕ an t-iolaŕ aġur ġur oūbairt: "Tā ŕē i n-am oūinn beŕt 's imċeadeŕ, tā airtear ŕarō ŕōmāinn, beŕ ġŕeim ar do māla aġur lēim ŕuar ar mo o'ruim."

"Aċt, mo b'ron!" ar ŕeŕean, "caŕŕiō mē ŕġararaint le mo ċū aġur le mo ŕeabāc."

"Nā bioō b'ron oŕt," ar ŕiŕe; "b'ero ŕiarō ann ŕo ŕōmāo nuaiŕ ċiucŕar tū ar air."

Ann ŕin lēim ŕē ŕuar ar a o'ruim, ġlac ŕiŕe ŕġiaċān, aġur ar so b'at lēite 'ran aēr. ċuŕ ŕi ē ċar ċnoċaiū aġur ġleannŕaiū, ċar muiŕ mōŕi aġur ċar ċoilltiū, ġur ŕaoil ŕē so ŕaiū ŕē aġ oŕeŕeāō an oōmāin. Nuaiŕ bī an ġŕian aġ oūl ŕaoi ŕġāile na ġenoc, ċāiniŕ ŕi so talam i lāŕ f'arġis mōŕi, aġur oūbairt leŕ: "lean an ċarān ar ċaoŕb do lāime oŕeŕe, aġur b'arġarō ŕē tū so teade ċarāo. Caŕŕiō mipe ŕilleāō ar air le ŕolāċar do m'ēanlaiŕ."

lean ŕeŕean an ċarān, aġur nioŕ b'arōa so oċāiniŕ ŕē so oċi an teade, aġur ċuaiō ŕē arteade. Ōi ŕean-oūine liaċ 'na ŕuiōe 'ran ġcoŕŕneull; o'ēiŕiŕ ŕē ħ oūbairt, "Ceud mīle f'ailte ŕōmāo, a mīc Riġ ar Rāt-Ċŕuadean Ċonnaċēt."

"Nī'l eōlar aġam-ŕa oŕt," ar ŕan mac riġ.

"Ōi aiŕne aġam-ŕa ar do ŕean-aċaiŕ," ar ŕan ŕean oūine liaċ; "ŕuiō ŕioŕ; iŕ oōiŕs so b'ŕuil ċarċ aġur oċŕur oŕt."

"Nī'l mē ŕaoŕ uade," ar ŕan mac riġ. Ōuail an ŕean oūine a oā boŕ anaġarō a ċēile, aġur ċāiniŕ beŕt ŕeŕiōŕeade, aġur leaġ-aōar boŕo le maiŕt-ŕeōil, ċaoŕi-ŕeōil, muic-ŕeōil aġur le neaŕt arāin i lāċaiŕ an mīc riġ, aġur oūbairt an ŕean oūine leŕ: "iċ aġur ol do f'ailt, b'eroŕi so mbuō ŕarō so b'ŕuiŕŕiō tū a leiċēio arŕŕ." O'it aġur o'ol ŕē oŕeade aġur buō mīan leŕ, aġur ċuŕ buŕōeadear ar a ŕon.

Ann ŕin oūbairt an ŕean oūine, "tā tū oūl aġ oċŕuiŕeadeŕ Riġ an f'arġis Ōuib; ŕeŕiŕs aġ ċoŕlaō anoŕ, aġur ŕadeaiō mipe ŕŕe mo leabŕaiū le ŕeudeaint an oċiŕ liom āit-ċōmnuŕo an riġ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go



rin o' f'áġail amac." Ann rin, buail pé a bora; táinig reirbireac, aġur dubairt pé leir "Tabair an mac riġ so o'ti a feomra." Ċuġ pé so feomra breáġ é, aġur nior b'pava ġur ċuit pé 'na ċovlað.

Ar maiuin, lá ar na márac, táinig an pean uine aġur dubairt: "Éiriġ, tá airtear pava riómao. Cairið tú cúig ceuo mile ðeunam riom meaðon-lae."

"Ní feutorainn é do ðeunam," ar ran mac riġ:

"Má'r marac maic tú, béarpar mipe capall uuit béarpar tú an t-airtear."

"Deunpao mar béarpar tura," ar ran mac riġ.

Ċuġ an pean uine neart le n'ite aġur le n'ól oð, aġur nuair bi pé ráac, ċuġ re ġearrán beaġ bán oð, aġur dubairt: "Tabair ceao a ċinn do'n ġearrán, aġur nuair rtoppar pé, féac ruar 'ran aéir aġur feicrið tú tri ealairðe ċom ġeal le rneacta. Ir iao rin tri ingeana Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib. Béirð naipicín ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an ingean ir óige, aġur ní'l neac beo o'feutorað tú do tabairt so tiġ Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib aet i. Nuair rtoppar an ġearrán, béirð tú i nġar do loç; tiucpar na tri ealairðe so talam ar b'ruac an loça rin, aġur ðeunpar triúr mná (ban) óġ oioð féin, aġur paçair riao arteac 'ran loç aġ rnam aġur aġ rinc. Conġðaiġ do fúil ar an naipicín ġlar aġur nuair ġeobar tú na mná óġa 'ran loç, teiriġ aġur fáġ an naipicín aġur ná rġar leir. Teiriġ i b'rolac paoi ċrann aġur nuair tiucpar na mná óġa amac, ðeunpar beirt aca ealairðe oioð féin aġur imteðçair riao 'ran aéir. Ann rin, ðeunpar an ingean ir óige, "Deunpar mé nið ar it do'n té béarpar mo naipicín oam." Tar i láçair ann rin, aġur tabair an naipicín oi, 7 abair nac b'fui nið ar bit aġ teartál uait, aet do tabairt so tiġ a h-açar, aġur innir oi ġur mac riġ tú ar tri cúmaçaiġ."

Rinne an mac riġ ġac nið mar dubairt an pean uine leir, aġur nuair ċuġ pé an naipicín o'ingin Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib, dubairt pé: "Ir mipe mac Uí Conçubair, Riġ Connaet. Tabair mé so o'ti o'açair: pava mé o'a çoruiġeact."

"Nár b'earr uuit mé nið éigin eile do ðeunam uuit?" ar ripe.

"Ní'l don nið eile aġ teartál uaim," ar reirean.

"Ma çairbéanam an teac uuit nac mbéirð tú rápta?" ar ripe:

"Béirðeo," ar reirean:

"Anoir," ar ripe, "ar o'anam ná h-innir do m' açair ġur mipe do ċuġ cum a tiġe-pean tú, aġur béirð mipe mo çarairð maic uuit; aġur leiġ orit féin," ar ripe, "so b'fui móri-cúmaet o'paoirðeact aġao."

"Deunpao mar ðeir tú," ar reirean:

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Connor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin pinne rí eala óí féin aśur ouðairt: “Léim ruar ar mo muin, aśur cuir do lámha faoi mo muinéal, aśur congðaiś ſpeim cpuaid.”

Rinne pé amlaid, aśur éraiť rí a rśiaťána, 7 ar ſo bpať léiťe țar énocaid a’r țar ſleannțaid, țar muir aśur țar íléibťib, ſo oťáinś rí ſo țalaíť mar do bí an ſpian aś oul faoi. Ann rin ouðairt rí leiť: “An bfeiceann tú an teac mór rin țall? Sin teac m’ățar. Slán leat. Am ar bíť bérdear baogal ort, bérđ mipe le do țaoib.” Ann rin o’imťiś rí uaid.

Ćuaid an mac piś ċum an tiśe, ċuaid arțeac, aśur ċia o’feice-  
peať pé ann rin ’na řuiťe i ſcaťaoir óir, acť an pean ouine liať  
o’imir-na ċárhoaid aśur an liaťróio leiť.

“Feicim, a míc piś,” ar peirean, “ſo bfuair tú mé amac poiť  
lá aśur bliadain. Cá fao ó o’fáś tú an baile?”

“Ar maiřin anoiú, nuair bí mé aś éirġe ar mo leabuir; ċonn-  
airc mé tuaś-ċeaťa, pinne mé léim, řśar mé mo oá ċoir air, aśur  
řleamñaiś mé ċom faoa leiť peo.”

“Oar mo lám, ir mór an řairřioeacť do pinne tú,” ar řan  
pean piś.

“O’feurořainn řuo nioř ionřantaiśe ’ná rin do o’eunam, oá  
n-óřpóćain,” ar řan mac piś.

“Tá ři neiťe aśam ouit le o’eunam,” ar řan pean piś, “7  
má’r řeoir leat iao do o’eunam, beirđ pośa mo ċmúir inřean  
aśao mar mñaoi, aśur muna oťiś leat iao do o’eunam, ċailłřio  
tú do ċeann mar ċailł cuir mñaiť de o’aoimib óśa řómao.”

Ann rin ouðairt pé, “Ní bionn iťe ná ól in mo ċiś-ře, acť  
aon uair amáin řan țpeacťmñain, aśur bí pé aśainn ar maiřin  
anoiú.”

“Ir ċuma liom-řa,” ar řan mac piś; “ťiś liom țpiořśao do  
o’eunam ar peať míořa oá mbeirdeao ċpuaoťóś orim.”

“Ir oóiś ſo oťiś leat oul řan ċoťlať mar an řceuroňa?” ar  
řan pean piś.

“Tis liom řan amřar,” ar řan mac piś.

“Bérđ leabuir ċpuaid aśao anoćť mar rin,” ar řan pean  
piś; “țar liom ſo oťairbėanřaid mé ouit é.” Ĥuś pé amac  
ann rin é, 7 țairbėan pé oó ċřann mór aśur řaťlóś air, 7 ouð-  
airt: “Teipű ruar ann rin aśur ċoťail in řan řřaťlóiś, aśur  
bí řeirđ le n-ėirġe na řřeine.”

Ćuaid pé ruar in řan řřaťlóiś, acť ċom luať aśur bí an pean  
piś ’na ċoťlať, ċáinś an inřean óś aśur ċuś arțeac ſo řeomřa  
břeáś é, aśur ċongðaiś rí ann rin é ſo řaib an pean piś ar ċi  
ėirġe. Ann rin ċuir rí é amac arir i řřaťlóiś an ċřainn.

Le n-ėirġe na řřeine, ċáinś an pean piś ċuiśe aśur ouðairt,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."



“Tar anuair anoir, 7 tar liom-ra go dtairbéanfaid mé dúit an níos atá agad le deunamh anois.”

Tug ré an mac nuí go bpuac loca 7 tairbéar ré dó rean-éairleán, agus dubairt leir, “Cait gac uile cloic ‘ran scairleán rin amac ‘ran loc, 7 bíod ré deunta agad real má dtéirdeann an srian faoi, tráchnóna.” D’imtiú ré uaid ann rin:

Torais an mac nuí ag obair, aet bí na cloica sreamuighe d’á céile comh cruaidh rin, náir feud ré don cloic aca do dógbáil, agus dá mbeirdeas ré ag obair go dtí an lá ro, ní beirdeas cloic ar an scairleán. Suid ré ríor ann rin ag rmuaineas créas do buid éoir dó deunamh, agus níor bfaod go dtáinig inígean an trean-nuí eúise, 7 dubairt, “Cad é fáil do bhoín?” D’innir ré d’i an obair do bí aise le deunamh. “Na cuirdeas rin bhoín oir; deunfaid mife é,” ar ríre. Ann rin tug rí arán, mairefeoil 7 fion d’ó, tarraing amac plaitín d’raoideasda, buail buille ar an t-rean-éairleán, agus faoi éann móimio bí gac uile cloic d’é ar bun an loca. “Anoir,” ar ríre, “ná h-innir do m’áir gur mife do rinne an obair dúit.”

Nuair bí an srian ag dul faoi, tráchnóna, táinig an rean nuí agus dubairt: “Feicim go bfuil d’obair laé deunta agad.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac nuí, “cis liom obair ar bit do deunamh.”

Saol an rean nuí anoir go faib cúmhac mór d’raoideasda ag an mac nuí, agus dubairt leir, “Sé d’obair laé amárac na cloica do dógbáil ar an loc, agus an éairleán do éir ar bun mar bí rí éana.”

Tug ré an mac nuí a-baile agus dubairt leir, “Teirú do córla d’ran áit a faib cú an oirde aréir.”

Nuair éuaid an rean-nuí ‘na córla táinig an inígean ós agus tug ardeas é cum a reomra féin, agus cóngbais ann rin é go faib an rean nuí ar tí éiríse ar maidin; ann rin éir rí amac arí é i nsgablóis an eirinn.

Le h-éiríse na saine. táinig an rean nuí 7 dubairt: “Tá ré i n-am dúit dul sgoionn d’oiríre.”

“Níl deirir ar bit oim,” ar ran mac nuí, “mar tá ríor agam go dtis liom m obair laé deunamh go réir.”

Éuaid ré go bpuac an loca ann rin, aet n’or feud ré cloic d’feiceál, bí an t-uiríse comh duib rin. Suid ré ríor ar éiríse; agus níor bfaod go dtáinig fionnguala, buid h-é rin ainm iníne an trean nuí, éiríse, agus dubairt: “Cad tá agad le deunamh anois?” D’innir ré d’i, agus dubairt rí: “Ná bíod bhoín oir; cis liom-ra an obair rin deunamh dúit.” Ann rin tug rí d’ó arán, mairefeoil, agus éoirfeoil agus fion: Ann rin tarraing rí amac an trplaitín d’raoideasda, buail uiríse an loca léite, agus

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

ḡaoi éeann móimio bí an ḡean-éairleán ar bun map bí ré an lá roimhe. Ann rin duḡairt rí leir: “Ar ō’anam, ná h-innir ōo m’átair ḡo nḡearnaidḡ mire an obair ḡeo ōuit, nó ḡo ḡfuil eólar ar bit ḡḡao oim.”

Ṗráctnóna an laé rin, táinig an ḡean riḡ ḡḡur duḡairt, “ḡeicim ḡo ḡfuil obair an laé ḡeunta ḡḡao.”

“Ṗá,” ar ran mac riḡ, “obair ḡoi-ḡeunta i rin!”

Ann rin ḡaoil an ḡean riḡ ḡo ḡaidḡ níor mó éimáct ḡraoiḡ-eaéta ḡḡ an mac riḡ ’ná ōo bí ḡiḡe féin, ḡḡur duḡairt ré: “Ní’l aét aon ḡuo eile ḡḡao le ḡeunam.” Ṗḡs ré a-ḡaile ann rin é, ḡ cuir ré é le coḡladḡ i nḡaḡlóis an érainn, aét táinig ḡionnḡuala ḡ cuir rí in a ḡeomḡa féin é, ḡḡur ar maidin, cuir rí amac aríḡ ar an ḡḡann é. Le h-éirḡe na ḡréine, táinig an ḡean riḡ cuirḡe ḡḡur duḡairt leir: “Ṗar liom ḡo ḡairḡbéanḡaidḡ mé ōuit ō’obair laé.”

Ṗḡs ré an mac riḡ ḡo ḡleann móiḡ, ḡḡur éairḡéan ōó tobar, ḡ duḡairt: “ḡaill mo máḡair-móir ḡáinne in ran tobar rin, ḡḡur ḡás ḡam é ḡeal má ḡcéirḡ an ḡḡian ḡaoi, ḡráctnóna.”

Anoir bí an tobar ro ceoḡ Ṗroisḡ ar ḡoimne ḡḡur ḡice Ṗroisḡ timéioill, ḡḡur bí ré líonta le h-uirḡe, ḡḡur bí arim ar íḡmionn ḡḡairḡe an ḡáinne.

Nuair ō’imtiḡ an ḡean riḡ, táinig ḡionnḡuala ḡḡur ō’ḡiaḡḡuiḡ, “ḡao tá ḡḡao le ḡeunam anoiú?” ō’innir ré bí, ḡḡur duḡairt rí, “Ir ḡeacair an obair i rin, aét ḡeunḡaidḡ mé mo ḡitcéioill le ōo ḡeata ōo ḡáḡail.” An rin ḡḡs rí ōó maiḡṖeóil, arán, ḡḡur ḡion. Rinne rí ḡiḡeac \* ōí féin ḡḡur éuaidḡ ríor ’ran tobar. Níor ḡḡaḡa ḡo ḡḡacaidḡ ré ḡeatac ḡḡur tinnteac ḡḡ teacét amac ar an tobar, ḡḡur toḡan ann map toirneac árḡ, ḡḡur ḡuine ar bit ōo ḡeirḡeac ḡḡ éirṖeacét leir an toḡan rin ḡaoilḡeac ré ḡo ḡaidḡ arim íḡḡinn ḡḡ Ṗroir.

ḡaoi éeann tamail, ō’imtiḡ an ḡeatac, éoirḡ an tinnteac ḡḡur an toirneac, ḡḡur táinig ḡionnḡuala aníor leir an ḡḡáinne. ḡeacaidḡ rí an ḡáinne ōo mác an riḡ, ḡḡur duḡairt rí: “ḡnóḡais mé an cat, ḡ tá ōo ḡeata ḡáḡáita, aét ḡeuc, tá laiḡḡicín mo láimhe ḡeirḡe ḡḡirṖe. Aét b’éirḡir ḡḡur áḡamail an níḡ ḡḡur ḡḡirḡeac é. Nuair éiuḡḡar m’átair, ná taḡair an ḡáinne ōó, aét ḡaḡair é ḡo cḡuaidḡ. ḡéarḡaidḡ ré tú ann rin le ōo ḡean ōo ḡoḡaḡ, ḡḡur ḡeó an éaoi ḡeunḡar tú ōo ḡoḡa. ḡeirḡ mire ḡḡur mo ḡeirḡḡiḡḡaḡa i ḡeomḡa, ḡeirḡ poll ar an ḡorar, ḡ cuirḡimio uile ar láimha amac map éḡuimḡḡín. Cuirḡiḡ tuḡa ōo lámḡ Ṗriḡ an ḡpoll, ḡḡur an lámḡ éongḡóḡar tú ḡréim uirḡi nuair ḡorḡólaíḡ

\* Riḡeac no ḡiḡeac = “CḡoṖac maiḡ,” ḡóḡt éin uirḡe.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a



m'áchair an doimhne, is í rin lámh an té beirdear aśaḁ mar mnaḁ:  
Tis leat mire o'aithe ar mo laithreín bhirte."

"Tis liom, aśur śrāḁ mo cōioḁe tú, a fionnśuala," ar ran  
mac riś:

Trācḁnōna an lae rin, tāinis an reair-miś aśur o'fiarrait: "An  
bhuair tú fáinne mo mātair móire?"

"Fuairdear śo deimhin," ar ran mac riś; "bí arim 'śā cūmḁac  
ar iphionn, aḁt buail mire iad, aśur buailfinn a reācḁ n-oireāḁ:  
Nāc bhuil fīor aśaḁ śur Connaḁtaḁ mé?"

"Tabair ḁam an fáinne," ar ran rean riś.

"Śo deimhin, ní ciubraḁ," ar reirean; "cōioḁ mé śo cḁuairḁ  
ar a fion; aḁt tabair ḁam-ra mo bean. Teairtaíś' uaim beit aś  
imḁeācḁ."

Cuś an rean riś arḁeāc é, aśur duḁairc, "Tā mo cḁiúir inśean  
'ran reomra rin io' láchair. Tā lámh śāc aoin aca rinte amaḁ,  
aśur an té cōnśbōcār tú śreim uirri śo bḁorśōlairḁ mire an  
doimhne, rin í do bean."

Cuir an mac riś a lámh cḁiḁ an bḁoll do bí ar an doimhne, aśur  
fuair ré śreim ar lámh an laithreín bhirte, aśur cōnśbairś śreim  
cḁuairḁ air, śur fōrśail an rean riś doimhne an treomra.

"Ś í reḁ mo bean," ar ran mac riś; "tabair ḁam anoir rḁrḁé  
o'inśine."

"Ní'le de rḁrḁé aici le fáśail aḁt caoil-eāc donn le riḁ do  
tabairc aḁaile, aśur nār cāśairḁ riḁ ar air, beḁ ná marḁ, śo  
deḁ!"

Cuairḁ an mac riś 7 fionnśuala ar marḁuīśeācḁ ar an ścaoil-  
eāc donn; aśur níor bḁraḁa śo oḁānśaḁar śo oḁí an cōill 'n ar  
fāś an mac riś a cū aśur a reāḁac. Bí riad ann rin rōime, mar  
aon le na cāpall bḁeāś duḁ. Cuir ré an t-eāc caoil donn ar  
air ann rin. Cuir ré fionnśuala aś marḁuīśeācḁ ar a cāpall,  
aśur léim ruar, é réin,

A cū le n-a cōir  
A reāḁac ar a boir,

aśur níor reāḁ ré śo oḁāinis ré śo Rāt Cḁuacāin:

Bí fáilte mōir rōime ann rin, aśur níor bḁraḁa śur pōraḁ é  
réin aśur fionnśuala. Cāit riad beāta fáḁa feunmair,—aḁt ip  
beāś mā tā loirś an trean-cāirleāin le fáśail anoir 1 Rāt-Cḁuac-  
āin Connaḁt:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,  
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

Críoc.

# A SĠĠANAIŠ AN CŪIL ĆEANGAILTE:

A ōġĠANAIŠ AN CŪIL ĆEANGAILTE  
 ĆE A ĠAIĬ MĒ REAL I N-ĒINFĒAĆT;  
 ĆUAIĬ TU 'ĠĒIĠ, AN BEALĆ ĠO,  
 'S NI ĆĀINIŠ TU ĆO M'ĠEUCĀINT:  
 ŠAOIL MĒ NAĆ NĆEUNĠAIĬE ĆOĆAĠ ĆUIT  
 ĆĀ ĆĆIUĆĠĀ, A'Ġ MĒ Ć' IARĠAIĬ,  
 'S ĠUĠ B'I ĆO ĠŌIŠIN ĆAĬAIĠĠEĀ ĠŌĬĀĠ  
 ĆĀ MBEIĬINN I LĀĠ AN ĠIĀĬĠAIĠ:

ĆĀ MBEIĬEĀĬ MAOIN AŠAM-ĠA  
 AŠUĠ AIĠŠEĀĬ ANN MO ĠŌĆA  
 ĆEUNĠAINN BŌIĬĠIN AIĬ-ŠIOĠĠĀĆ  
 ŠO ĆOĠAIĠ ĆIŠE MO ĠŌIĠIN,  
 MAĠ ĠŪIL ĆE ĆIA ŠO Š-ĆLUINNĠINN-ĠE  
 ĆOĠANN BINN A BĠŌIŠE,  
 'S IĠ ĠAĬ AN LĀ Ō ĆŌĬAIL MĒ  
 AĆĆ AŠ ĠŪIL ĆE BIĠAIĠ ĆO ĠŌIŠE:

A'Ġ ĠAOIL ME A ĠŌIĠIN  
 ŠO MBUIĬ ŠEALĆ AŠUĠ ŠĠIAN ĆU;  
 A'Ġ ĠAOIL MĒ 'NNA ĆIAIŠ ĠIN  
 ŠO MBUIĬ ĠNEĀĆĆA AIĠ AN ĆĠIĀĬ ĆU;  
 A'Ġ ĠAOIL MĒ 'NN A ĆIAIŠ ĠIN  
 ŠO MBUIĬ LŌĆĠANN Ō ĆIA ĆU,  
 NO ĠUĠ AB ĆU AN ĠEULT-ĆŌĬAIĠ  
 AŠ ŌUL ĠŌĠAM A'Ġ MO ĆIAIŠ ĆU:

ŠEALL ĆU ĠIOĬA 'Ġ ĠAITIN ĆAM  
 ĆALLAIĬE 'Ġ BĠŌŠA ĀĠŌA,  
 A'Ġ ŠEALL ĆU ĆAIĠ ĒIĠ ĠIN  
 ŠO ĆEANĠĀ ĆĠIO AN ĆĠNĀĠ MĒ:  
 NI MAĠ ĠIN AĆĀ MĒ  
 AĆĆ MO ĠŠEĀĆ I MBEUL BEAĠNA;  
 ŠĀĆ NŌIN A'Ġ ŠĀĆ MAIĬIN  
 AŠ ĠEUCĀINT ĆIŠE M' AĆAIĠ:

## RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,  
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,  
 You passed by the road above,  
 But you never came in to find me ;  
 Where were the harm for you  
 If you came for a little to see me ;  
 Your kiss is a wakening dew  
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store  
 I would make a nice little boreen  
 To lead straight up to his door,  
 The door of the house of my storeen ;  
 Hoping to God not to miss  
 The sound of his footfall in it,  
 I have waited so long for his kiss  
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—  
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,  
 And I thought after that you were snow,  
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;  
 And I thought after that you were more  
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,  
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,  
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,  
 And satin and silk, my storeen,  
 And to follow me, never to lose,  
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;  
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall  
 I am now left lonely without thee,  
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all  
 That I see around or about me.



## COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.\*

A b'fao ó roin, in ran t-pean-aimpír, bí baintreabac d'arbh' ainm b'pígiú Ní Šrádais, 'na cómnuidé i gConradé na Šailime: Bí don mac amáin aici d'ar b'ainm Tadhg. Rugadh é mí tar éir báir a dtáir i lár coille bige aitinne do bí as fáir ar thaoib énuic i nšar do'n tigh. Ar an ádhár rin, šáir na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig tinnear obann ar an mnaoi boict nuair bí sí as feolaó na mbó ruar ar thaoib an énuic.

Nuair rugadh Tadhg bí ré 'na naoiúeanán breaš, asur méadais ré go maic go maib ré ceitpe bliadhna d'aoir, aet ó'n am rin amac níor fáir ré orolac go maib ré trí bliadhna deus, no níor cuir ré cor faoi le coirceim do řiúbal, aet d'feudrad ré imteact go tapa go leór ar a d'á láim asur ar a thaoib řiar, asur d'á šcluin-feaó ré don duine as teact cum an tigh, do buailfead ré a d'á láim fací, asur do macaó ré d'áon léim amáin ó'n teine go dtí an dorar; asur do cuirfead ceo míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí šean móir as aoir óis an baile air, mar do šeibead řiad šreann móir ar, šac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí ré feact mbliadhna d'aoir, bí ré dearlámac asur úráideac d'á máčair, asur d'á máčair-móir do bí 'na cómnuidé i n-aon tigh leir. In ran b'pógšmar, téidead ré ar a lámuib asur ar a thaoib-řiar ruar ar thaoib an énuic, 7 bíod as ite blac na h-aitinne mar šabair. Bí ábann beas ann, roir an teac asur an cnoc, asur do macaó ré de léim tar an ábainn com h-áeieac le šeirřiaó:

Buó řean-šogairde an máčair-móir. Bí sí bođar asur beas-nac balb, asur b'iomda troid do bíod aici řein asur as Tadhg.

Don lá amáin, duđair an máčair le Tadhg, "Caitříó mé, a Čairšín, tóir leatair cur ar do b'píctib; tá mé řšřiora as ceannaac b'píóin, asur nuair b'pídear ré deunta asam caitříó tú dul go táillíur le ceirto d'řogluim."

"D'ar m'řocal," ar řa Tadhg, "ní h-é rin an ceirto b'pídear asam. Níl in ran táillíur aet an naomad cuirto d'řear. Má čugann tú ceirto ar bit d'am, deun p'obairde díom—tá řpéir móir asam in ran šceól."

"Bíod mar řin," ar ran máčair.

An lá 'na d'iais řin, cuair sí cum an baile móir leir an leatair d'řášail, asur nuair řuair buacaillió beas an baile go maib an máčair imtišče, řuairadar poc šabair do bí as páioin bacac O Ceallais, asur cuir řiad Coirnín as marcuieaet air. Ar go

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\* Ó řróinřiar O Connéúđair do řuair mé an řšál řo.

## COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin\* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

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\* Pronounced "Curneen."

bhrádt leir an bpoc, as meigilt éom h-áiríu asur d'feud ré, 7 Coirínín ar a múin as ríseadaoil mar dúine ar a céil, le fáitíor go dtuitfeadh ré, asur buacailiú an baile 'na díais. Agus an poc tshair ar bóatán páirín, asur nuair éonnairc páirín an poc 7 a máirac as teact. faoil ré sur b'é an rean-buacailiú do bí as deact 'na éoinne. Níor fíúbail páirín coirceim le react mbliad-anab nóime rin, aet, nuair éonnairc ré an poc as teact arteac ar an dorar, éuaró ré d'aon léim amac ar an bfuinneóis, asur shair ré ar na cómairannab é do fábail o'n díabal do bí 'na díais.

Bí na buacailiú as shairíde 7 as speadaó bor sur éuir riad an poc ar míre, asur amac airí leir ar an teac. Nuair éonnairc páirín é as teact an dara uair, ar go bhrádt leir, asur an poc asur Coirínín ar a múin 'na díad. Bí adarca fada ar an bpoc, asur bí speim an fíir báirde as Coirínín orra. Agus páirín shair ar shailim, asur an poc d'á leanamaint. D'éirísh an shair asur táinísh daoine na mbailte ar shac taoib de'n bótar amac, asur a leicéir de sháiraoil ní raib ariam i gconradé na shailime. Níor rtao páirín go ndeacairó ré arteac i gcaitair na shailime asur an poc 7 a máirac le na fálaib. Duó lá marshair é asur bí na rráirdeanna líonta le daoineib. Toraish páirín as shaoadé asur as sháiraoil ar na daoineib é do fábail asur bí riad-ran as deunam mashair faoi. Éuaró ré ruar rráir asur anuar rráir eile asur bí as imteact go raib an shuan as dul faoi 'ran tráitóna.

Connairc Coirínín úbla bpeága ar élar, asur rean-bean anaise leó, asur táinísh dúil móir, air, cuir de na n-úbalaib do beit aige. Shaoil ré a speim ar adarcaibhan puic asur éuaró ré de léim ar élar na n-úbail. Ar go bhrádt leir an t-rean-bean asur d'fás rí na h-úbala 'na díais, óir bí rí leat-marb leir an rshannrad.

Níor bfaa bí Coirínín as ite na n-úbail nuair táinísh a máitair i láitair, asur nuair éonnairc rí Coirínín, gearr rí loir na croire uirri féin, 7 dubairt, "i n-ainm Dé, a Coirínín, cao do agus ann ro éú?"

"Fiafpuish rin de páirín O Ceallais asur d'á poc shair; tá an t-ad orit, a máitair, nac bfuil mo muineul bpirte."

Éuir rí Coirínín arteac in a rráirge asur agus shair ar an mbailte.

Aet ir arteac an níó tárla do páirín O Ceallais. Nuair rshair Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinísh ruar leir, éuir a d'á adairc faoi, éait ar a dhuim é, asur níor fear go dtáinísh ré a-bailte. Tuiríng páirín as an dorar, asur éuit an poc marb ar an cairrigh. Éuaró páirín 'na coolaó; óir bí ré leat-marb asur bí ré mall 'ran oirde, asur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still



nuaire d'éirigh ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fáil beo ná marb ; agus dubairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc d'raoióeácta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bit éis ré coiríóeáct do páirín O Ceallais, puo nac raib aise le reáct mbliádnaió noime rin.

Éuaió an rgeul tríó an tír, go scuallaió saó uile fear, bean, 7 páirde 1 scondae na Saillimé é, agus ir iomóa cup-ríor do bí air, noim tráchnóna an laé rin. Dubairt cuio sup poc d'raoióeácta do bí 1 bpoc páirín, 7 go raib ré pannpáirteáct leir ; dubairt cuio eile go mbuó fear ríde Coirnnín, agus go mbuó éoir a dósaó.

An oirde rin, d'innir Coirnnín h-uile níó 1 doaoib na caoi do éis an poc go Saillim é, 7 táinig na buacaillió go teáct b'píóio ní Spádais, agus bí spreann móir aca as éirteáct le Coirnnín as innirint 1 doaoib na marcuisgeácta do bí aise go Saillim ar muin puic páirín Uí Ceallais, agus saó níó tárla leir ar fear an laé.

An oirde rin, nuair éuaió Coirnnín ar a leabuir, táinig brón éigin air, agus 1 n-ait cooalta topaig ré as reiríil. D'éiafpuis a máctair d'é créao do bí air. Dubairt reirean nac raib fíor aise. "Ní'l oir aét reafóio," ar ríre ; "rtoop do cuio reiríil, 7 leig dúinn cooalaó." Aét níoir rtoop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níoir feuo ré spreim d'ite, agus dubairt ré le na máctair, "Raáo amac, go bfeiciró mé an ndéunraó an t-aér maié dam." "D'éoir go ndéunraó," ar ríre.

Leir rin, buail ré a dá láim faoi, agus éuaió d'aon leim amáin go toí an doiar, agus amac leir. Éis ré aóaió ar na h-aitéan-íaió, 7 níoir rtaó go ndéaóaió ré arteaó 'na meapz. Síin ré é féin ioir dá rgeaó agus níoir b'raóa go raib ré 'na cooalaó. Bí b'pionglóio aise go raib an poc le n-a éaoib, as iarrpaió caint do cup air. Dúirig ré, aét 1 n-ait an puic bí fear b'eadz spuaasac taoó leir, 7 dubairt ré, "A Coirnnín, ná bíóó eagla oir nómamra: Ir capao mé, 7 tá mé ann ro le cómairle do leapa do éabairt duic, má glacann tú uaim í. Tá tú do élaipíneáct ó puasó éú, 7 do éuir-masaió as buacaillió an baile. Ir mire an poc sabair do éis go Saillim éú, aét tá mé aépuiócte anoir go toí an puóct in a bfeiceann tú mé. Ní feufainn an t-aépuasó d'fáil go doufainn an marcuisgeáct rin duic, agus anoir tá cúmaéct móir asam. D'feufainn do leapuasó ar ball, aét déarfao na cómarpanna go raib tú pann-páirteáct leir na ríde, agus ní feufá an bapamail rin baint díob. Tá tú do fuidé anoir go díreáct in ran áit an puasó éú, 7 tá poa óir 1 b'pionglóio t'píóio doo' éaoib-fíar, aét ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feufá úráio maié do déunam d'é. Teirig a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do máctair go raib b'pionglóio b'eadz

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

asao go raib luid as fár le coir na h-aiðne do bheirfao riúbal asur lút òuit; abair an fuo ceudna léi trí maidoin anndais a céile, asur creitfiró pí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair raear tú as tóruigeaét na luidhe geobairó tú í as fár taob-fíor de'n éloic móir nigeacáin atá as bruaé na h-aiðne; tabair leat í asur bfuil í, asur ól an rúg, asur beiró tú ionnnán rára do píe anaéaró buacail ar bit in ran bparraírte. Beiró ionganar ar na daoinib i otopac, aét ní maipfiró rin a-bfao. Beiró tú trí bliadna déas an lá rin. Tar 'ran oirde cum na h-áite reo; beiró an pota óir tógta asam-ra, aét ar do beata congbaig ó'innninn asao féin, asur ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bfacaíó tú mire. Imeis anoir. Slán leat."

Seall Coirínín go ndéunfao pé sac nio dubairt an sruasac beas léir, 7 táimis pé a-baile, lútgáireac go leór. Breaénais an mátair nac raib pé com sruamac asur bí pé pul má ndeacairó pé amac, asur dubairt pí, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndearnaíó an t-aér maíe òuit."

"Rinne go deimín," ar reirean, "asur tabair fuo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-áit do beir as reitpíl, cotoail pé go breaé, asur ar maidoin dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí bpionglóio breaé asam ariér, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áiró ar bpionglóio," ar ran mátair; "Ir contráita tuiteann riad amac."

Cait Coirínín an lá as rmuaíneaó ar an scómraó do bí aise leir an ngruasac beas, 7 ar an raibbhear móir do bí le fágaíl aise: Ar maidoin, lá ar na márac, dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóio breaé rin asam ariér arir."

"Go méadaigíó Dia an maíe, 7 go laédaigíó Sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "éulaíó mé go minic dá mbeirdeó an bpionglóio céadna as duine trí oirde anndais a céile, go mbeirdeó pí fíor."

An tríomao maidoin, o'éirig Coirínín go moé asur dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóio breaé rin asam ariér arir, asur, ó tápla go tóáimis pé éusam trí oirde anndais a céile, raearó mé le feucaint bfuil don pípinn inni. Connairc mé luid in mo bpionglóio do beirfao mo riúbal asur mo lút dam."

"An bfacaíó tú in ran mbpionglóio cá raib an luid as fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connairc go deimín," ar reirean; "tá pí as fár taob leir an gclóic móir nigeacáin atá ar bruaé na h-aiðne."

"Go deimín, ní'l don luid as fár anaice leir an gclóic nigeacáin," ar ran mátair; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, asur ní feurfao pí beir ann a-gan-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."



“B'éiríodh sup fár rí ann ó foin,” arsa Coirínín, “asur maíad mire dá tóraigeadt.”

Buail ré a dá láim faoi, asur cuaidh d'aon léim amháin go dtí an doras, asur amac leir. Níor b'ada go maib ré as an scloic nigeacáin, asur fuair ré an luid. Tug ré léimeanna mar fíad a mbeirdeadh saothar 'sá leanamaint, as teact a-baile le teann-lútáire:

“A mátair,” ar reirean, “b'fíor dam mo b'ionglóir. Fuair mé an luid. Cuir ríor dam an pota asur b'uit dam é.”

Cuir an mátair an luid 'ran b'pota, asur timéiol cárta uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí b'uitte asur an rúg fuair, d'ól Coirínín é. Ní maib ré móimio in a bolg nuair fear ré fuar ar a coraid asur tóraig ré as rí fuar asur anuar. Bí iongantar mór ar a mátair. Tóraig rí as tabairt míle glóir asur alcuadh do Dia; ann rin sáir rí ar na cómarannaidh asur d'innir dóib b'ionglóir Coirínín, asur an éad a b'fuair ré úráio a cor. Bí lútáire mór orra uile, mar bí b'ígeo Ní Sraoidh 'na cómarrair mait asur bí mear aca uile uirri.

An oirde rin, éruinnis buacailiú an baile artead le lútáire do deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair. Nuair bíodar uile as cómrádh cia fíúbaladh artead aet páirín O Ceallais. Bí ríad uile as caint faoi an scaoi a b'fuair Coirínín a fíúbal asur lút a énam.

“Go deimín ir dam-ra buó cóir d'ó beir buidead; 'ré an cradh do tug mo poc-sabair-pe d'ó do minne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile duine go dtug an marcúigeadt do minne ré, úráio mó cor ar air dam féin. Oé, mo b'íon! go b'fuair mo poc b'eadh b'ar!”

“Tug tú h-éitead,” ar Coirínín, “'rí an luid do léigearais mé. Rinne mé b'ionglóir trí oirde anois a céile go leigreóad an luid mé, asur tús le mo mátair a érocuadh go maib mé mo élaire-inead tar éir mo teact' ó Sallim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'feudainn mo mionna tabairt go b'fuil mo mac as innrint na fírinne glaine,” ar ran mátair.

Ann rin tóraig céc as deunam madaid faoi páirín, sup iméis ré amac:

Cuaidh sac uile níó go mait le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair 'na diais reó. Aon oirde amháin nuair cuaidh an mátair asur na cómaranna 'na scoola, cuaidh Coirínín cum na h-aitínne. Bí a éaraid, an sruasac beas, ann rin poime, asur bí an pota óir réir d'ó.

“Seó duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i dtairge é i n-ait ar bit ir toil leat. Tá an oirde ann asur deunfar duit fad do beata.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go b’ásgairé mé é in ran bpoll a mairé ré ann,” ar ra Coirínín “aé b’éapairé mé ponn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, aé bíod b’ionglóir eile a’ar mar bí a’ar ceana, a’ar, ’na díais rín, tís leat ponn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talam ro a’ar cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar mugaó tú, a’ar ní f’eiciré tú féin ná don duine i n-aon tís leat, lá boét far do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní f’eiciré tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, a’ar créafós or a éionn, a’ar táinís ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, duairt ré le n-a mátar: “Bí b’ionglóir eile a’ar aréir arí,” 7 an t’ear maidin, duairt ré léi, “Tá mo b’ionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí a’ar aréir go díreac mar bí rí a’ar an dá uair eile; rín trí uaire anóir a céile, a’ar tís liom é reó innreacé duir nac b’f’eiciré tú lá boét far do beata; aé ní tís liom don ruo eile do máó leat o’á taoib.”

An oirde rín, cuairé ré cum an pota óir, 7 tug lán r’poráin dé a-baile leir, a’ar ar maidin tug ré do’n mátar é. “Tá níor mó,” a’ar ré, “in ran áit a t’áinís rín ar, a’ar geobair mé duir é nuair b’eirdear ré a’ar teartál uair, aé ná cuir don ceirt orim o’á taoib.”

Níor b’aró ’na díais reo, gur ceannais b’rígir ní f’aróais bó bainne 7 cuir ar feurac í. Cuairé rí féin a’ar Coirínín ar a’ar go mair, a’ar nuair bí ré ríce bliadán o’ar, ceannais ré f’ab-áitar móir talman timéioll na h-aitinne, a’ar cuir teac b’rías ar bun ar an mball ar mugaó é. Seal gearr ’na díais rín fóir ré bean. Bí mairgín móir aise, a’ar nuair fuair re b’ar le rean-ar, o’f’ás ré óir a’ar a’rígíor a’ar a éionn, a’ar ní f’acair don duine do éóinnais in ran tís rín lá boét aríam;

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.



# bean an fíor Ruairð:

Tá ríad o'á ráð  
 Sur tu ráilín rocair i mbóis;  
 Tá ríad o'á ráð  
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpóis;  
 Tá ríad o'á ráð  
 A míle gráð go dtug tu dam cúl;  
 Cio go bfuil fear le fáil  
 'S leir an táiliúr bean an fíor Ruairð;

Do tugar naoi mí  
 I bpríorún, ceangailte cuair,  
 Voltaíó ar mo éalaid  
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar;  
 Tabairfainn-re ríde  
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuain;  
 Le fonn do beir rínte  
 Síor le Bean an fíor Ruairð:

Saoil míre a ceud-fearc  
 Go mbeir' don tigeir ioir mé 'r tu  
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin  
 Go mbreugrá mo leanó ar do glúin;  
 Mallact Ríó Neime  
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo éil;  
 Sin, agus uile go léir  
 Luét bréige cuir ioir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngráoin  
 Ar a bfarann duilleabair a' r bíat buide;  
 An uair leagaim mo lámh air  
 Ir láirín nac mbuireann mo éiríde;  
 'S é rólár go bár  
 A' r é o'fáil o flaitear anuar  
 Don póisín amáin,  
 A' r é o'fáil o Bean an fíor Ruairð:

Act go dtis lá an traoil  
 'Nna reubair cnuic agus cuain,  
 Tiocfaíó rmúit ar an ngráin  
 'S beir na neulita com duó leir an ngrá;  
 Beir an fairge tirm  
 A' r tiocfaíó na bprónta 'r na truaig'  
 'S beir an táiliúr as ríreabac  
 An lá rin faoi Bean an fíor Ruairð.

## THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,  
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,  
 'Tis what they say,  
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.  
 'Tis what they say,  
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;  
 That the tailor went the way  
 That the wife of the Red man knew.  
 Nine months did I spend  
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;  
 Bolts on my smalls\*  
 And a thousand locks frowning around;  
 But o'er the tide  
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,  
 Could I once set my side  
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.  
 I thought, O my life,  
 That one house between us love would be;  
 And I thought I would find  
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;  
 But now the curse of the High One  
 On him let it be,  
 And on all of the band of the liars  
 Who put silence between you and me.  
 There grows a tree in the garden  
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,  
 I lay my hand on its bark  
 And I feel that my heart must break.  
 On one wish alone  
 My soul through the long months ran,  
 One little kiss  
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.  
 But the day of doom shall come,  
 And hills and harbors be rent;  
 A mist shall fall on the sun  
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;  
 The sea shall be dry,  
 And earth under mourning and ban;  
 Then loud shall he cry  
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

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\* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

## RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.\*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran tír agur ní maib aise aet don mac amáin. Éainis ré reo [Ríoire na sclear] éuise arteaé traenóna oíóce, agur o'iair ré lóirtin do féin agur do'n dá'-p'-eug do bí i n-éinfeacht leir.

"Suairé liom mar tá ré agam le t'agair," ar ran feilméar, "aet tiúbhair mé duit é agur do o' dá'-p'-eug." Fuit ruipear péir dóib com maib a'p bí ré aise, agur nuair bí an ruipear caite, o'iair an Ríoire ar an dá'-p'-eug ro éirise ruar agur píora gairsióeacta do deunam do'n fear ro, ag cairbeánt na ngníomairéa bí aca.

O'éirise an dá'-p'-eug agur punneodar gairsióeacta do, agur ní fáca an duine reo amam píora gairsióeacta mar iad rin, "mairead," aoir an duine-uapal, fear an tise, "níor bfeair liom an oiread ro [de fairbhíear] 'ná dá mbeiréad mo mac ionnán rin [do] deunam."

"Leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agur bliadain, agur beir ré com maib le ceactar de na buacailib reo atá agam."

"Leisfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet go dtiúbhair tu ar air eugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbhair," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar air eugad é."

Fuit bfeacfar ar maidin, lá ar na márac, dóib, nuair bíodar ag dul ag imteacht, agur leis an duine-uapal an mac leó, agur o'fan riad amuis lá agur bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agur bliadain éainis riad air a-baile éuise, agur a mac féin i n-éinfeacht leó. Bí ré [ag] fairé oira, agur bí fáilte pompa aise, agur bí oíóce maib aca. Nuair bíodar tapéir a ruipeir, duhairt Ríoire na sclear leir an dá'-p'-eug éirise ruar air agur gairsióeact do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt an truipeir dóib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, freirin, agur bí ré i ngar do beir com maib le ceactar aca. "Ní'l ré 'na gairsióeac fór com maib le mo éur-re fear, aet leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar fear lá agur bliadain eile."

"Leisfead," ar reirean, "aet go dtiúbhair tu ar air eugam é i gceann an lá agur bliadain." Duhairt ré go dtiúbhair.

O'iméir riad leó, an lá ar na márac 'péir bí na maidne, agur o-fanadar amuis lá agur bliadain eile. Agur i gceann an lá agur bliadain connair an duine-uapal an comliadar ag teacht

\* Tá an rgeul ro focal ar focal go díreac mar do ruairéar agur mar do rshíodar ríor é ó beul mártair Ruairé uí Shíollamná (forróe i mbeirla), i gConrae na Gailíme.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.



cuige arís: “Tug ré fáilte agus ruipéar doibh, le lúctháine iad do beit ar air arís agus a mac leó.”

Caitheadar an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodar ‘féir a ruipéir, duhairt ré le n-a cúir fear éiríse ruar agus píora gairgíóeacta do deunam do’n duine-uapal do bí tabhairt na gnaomhúileact (?) doibh. ‘Déiríse ríad ruar, trí fíu deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b’fearr de’n méad rin. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnán ceart do baint dé act Ríoripe na gcleap féin.

Deir an duine-uapal, “níl fear ar bit aca ionnán gairgíóeact do deunam le mo mac féin.”

“Níl, go deimhin,” ar Ríoripe na gcleap “don fear ionnán a deunam act mire; agus má leigean tu dām-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, béir ré ‘na gairgíóeact com maic liom féin.”

“Mairead, leigfead,” ar ran duine-uapal, “leigfíó mé leat é,” a deir ré.

Aniós, níor iarr ré air, an t-am ro, a tabhairt ar air arís, mar sinne ré na h-amannata eile, agus níor cúir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uapal ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, act ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleap. Bí an t-aicir, ann rin, faoi imníde móir nac raib an mac ag teact a-baile cuige, agus duhairt ré: “ré b’é aic de’n doimhan a bfuil ré, caitfíó mé a fásail amac.”

‘D’imicis ré ann rin agus bí ré ag imteact gur aic ré trí oirde agus trí lá ag ríúbal. Táinig ann rin arteaé i n-aic a raib áruir bpeá, agus amuis anasair an doirir móir bí trí fíu deus ag bualaó báire ann; agus fear ré ag feuchaint ar na trí fearaib deus d’a bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin d’a bualaó le d’a-r-’eug aca. Táinig ré ‘ran aic a raibadar arteaé ann a mearg ann rin, agus ‘ré a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báire leir an d’a-r-’eug eile.

Cúir ré fáilte roim an aicir ann rin: “O! a aicir,” a deir ré, “níl don fásail asad orim. Ní sinne tuar,” a deir ré, “do gnaéa (gnóó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam margair leiréan níor iarr tu air; mire [do] tabhairt ar air eugad.”

“Ír fíor rin,” a deir an t-aicir:

“Anois,” a deir an mac, “ní bfuigfíó tu feuchaint orim anocht, act deunfar trí colaim deus d’inn agus caitfíóear gnaína coince ar an uplár agus deupair Ríoripe na gcleap má aicnígeann tu do mac orra rin. [= ann a mearg-ran] go bfuigfíó tú é. Ní béir mire ag ite don gnaína agus béir na cinn eile ag ite. Béir mire dul anonn ‘r anall ‘r ag bualaó ppioca ann ran-gcúir eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Seobair tu do roshan agus déarfai tu leir suir b'é mé tósfar tu. Sin é an comairte beirim duit, i pioct so n-aicneócaib tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agus ma tógan tu so ceart, beir mé agad an uair rin."

D'fás an mac é ann rin, agus táinig ré arteaé ann ran teac, agus cuir Ríoripe na gcleap páilte noime. Dubhairt an duine-uapal so dtáinig ré ag iarrai a mic nuair naé dtug an Ríoripe ar air leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran maraó," ar ran Ríoripe, "aé ó táinig tu com fada rin d'á iarrai, caiteir ré beir agad, má 'r féidir leat a tógaó amac." Rug ré arteaé ann rin é so reomra a paib trí colaim deus ann, agus dubhairt ré leir, a roga colaim do tógaó amac, agus dá mbuó h-é a mac féin do tógaó ré so dtuicfaó leir a congbáil. Bí na colaim uile ag piocaó na ngrána coirce de'n uirlár, aé aon ceann amáin do bí gabail éart agus ag bualaó ppioca ann ran gcuid eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uapal an ceann rin. "Tá do mac gnócaishte agad," ar ran Ríoripe.

Cait ríad an oirde rin buil (?) a céile, agus d'imtí an duine-uapal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus d'fásgadar Ríoripe na gcleap. Nuair bí ríad ag dul a-baile ann rin, táinig ríad sa baile-mór, agus bí aonac ann, agus nuair bíodar dul arteaé ann ran aonac d'iarri an mac ar a ádair rreang do ceannac agus do deunadh aóartair dó. "Deunfaí mire rtail díom féin," aoir ré, "agus díolfaí tu mé ar an aonac ro. Tuicfaí Ríoripe na gcleap éusad ar an aonac—tá ré do d' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannócaí ré mire uait. Nuair beirdear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-aóartair uait aé congbáis éusad féin é, agus [ir] féidir liom-ra teac ar air éusad—aé an t-aóartair do congbáil."

Rinne an mac rtail d'é féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-áair aóartair agus cuir ré air é. Tarrainis ré ruar ann rin ar an aonac é, agus ir gearr do bí ré 'na fearaí ann rin, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap cuise agus d'iarri ré cia méad do beirdear ar an rtail aise. "Trí ceud púnta" deir an duine-uapal. "Tiúbhaí mire rin duit," deir Ríoripe na gcleap—tiúbhaí ré ruo ar bit dó ag rúil so bfuigfead ré an mac ar air, mar bí fíor aise so maic suir b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbhaí mire duit é ar an airtio rin," ar ran duine-uapal, "aé ní tiúbhaí mé an t-aóartair." "Buó ceart an t-aóartair do tabairt," ar ran Ríoripe:

D'imtí an Ríoripe ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus d'imtí an duine-uapal ar a bealac féin ag dul a-baile. Aé ní paib ré aé amuis ar an aonac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir arir:

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he



“A acair,” a deir sé, “tá mé ar fáil anois agad, acair tá aonac ann a leiteirí seo d’áit amháin agur maicmaoio arteaí ann.”

An lá ar na máin, nuair bíodair ag dul arteaí ann ran aonac eile, duairt an mac: “Deunraí mé rtaíl díom féin agur tiucraí Ríoripe na gcleaí arís dom’ ceannaí. Tiúbraí ré airíod ar bí oim a iarrfar tu, acair ann ran maicmaí naí otiúbraí tura an t-aírtarí dó.” Tarraingeadair ruar ar an aonac ann rin, agur rinne sé rtaíl dé féin agur éir an t-aírtarí aírt agur ír gearrí do bí sé ann, na fearaí, nuair táiní Ríoripe na gcleaí éir agur d’farruig sé dé cia méad do beirí ead ar an rtaíl aige. “Sé ceo púnta,” ar ran duine-uair. “Tiúbraí mire rin duit,” a deir sé. “Acair ní tiúbraí mé an t-aírtarí duit.” “Duí ceairt an t-aírtarí taírt arteaí ran maicmaí,” ar an Ríoripe, acair ní bfuair sé é.

D’imí Ríoripe na gcleaí ann rin agur an rtaíl leir, agur d’imí an duine-uair ar a bealaí ag dul a-baile, acair ní raib sé i mbeanna d’ oirruim ag dul amaí ar an aonac am [nuair] a táiní an mac arís ruar leir.

“Tá go maí, acair,” a deir sé, “tá an uair seo gnótaíte againn, acair ní’l fíor agam ceo deunraí an lá-amháin linn. Tá aonac ann a leiteirí seo d’áit amháin agur tarraingeadair ann.”

Cuadair maí rin ar an aonac an lá ar na máin, agur rinne an mac rtaíl dé féin, agur éir an t-aírtarí aírt agur ír gearrí do bí sé na fearaí ar an aonac i n-am táiní Ríoripe na gcleaí arís éir. D’farruig an Ríoripe cia méad do beirí ead sé ag iarrairí ar an rtaíl beaí rin do bí aige ann ran aírtarí. “Naí gceo púnta tá mire ag iarrairí aírt,” ar ran duine-uair. Níorí faí sé go otiúbraí sé rin dó. Acair ní congbóad airíod ar bí an rtaíl ó’n Ríoripe. “Tiúbraí mé rin duit,” a deir sé. Éir sé a láin ann a bóca agur tús sé an naí gceo púnta dó, agur tús sé ar an rtaíl leir an láin eile, agur d’imí sé leir comí lúat rin gur bearmad an duine-uair é do éir ann ran maicmaí an t-aírtarí taírt ar aírt dó.

D’fann sé ag fáil go bfuilí ead an mac, acair níorí fáil sé. Tús sé ruar é ann rin agur duairt sé naí raib aon maí d’ oirruim (?) [beirí ag fáil] go bfaí leir, ná le naí tead ar aírt arís go bfaí.

Tús Ríoripe na gcleaí ann rin an mac leir, agur bí sé taírt é uile fíor pionnúir agur oirruim d’ oirruim d’ oirruim, agur ní leirí sé é ar boirí le aon duine ag ite a beaí, acair bí sé ann rin cean-íarí, agur an lá leirí sé na íarí eile amaí, ní leirí sé

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eipean leó: Bí ré real faoi mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleaí agus cur oíoc-mear air agus as tabairt uile fóirt pionnúir do:

Tuit ré amac gur imtís Ríoripe na gcleaí an lá ro ar baile, agus o'fásbair ré eipean ann ran bfuinneóis ir áiríe 'ran teac, 'n áit nac faib ruo ar bit le fásail aise; agus é ceangailte ann rin, fuar i n-áiríe. Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine imtísíte ann rin, agus san ar an t-ráio áct é féin agus an cailín, o'iarí ré deoc uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcailín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeideadh faicteoir uirí dá b'fásad a máisirteir amac í, go mar-bócaíó ré í.

"Ní cloirpíó duine ar bit go deó é," aoiré ré, "ná bíod faicteoir ar bit oit, ní mire innreócar [= inneórar] do é." Tug sí fuar an deoc uirge éiríe ann rin, agus nuair éirí ré a clois-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, pinne ré earcon de féin agus éiríó ré ríor ann ran roiteac. Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuis de 'n doirí bí [as] rit go nbeaíó ré arteaí ann ran abainn, agus áit sí amac ann ran ríotán sad a faib o'fuisleac 'ran roiteac aic. Bí reipean as imteaí ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as tarrainst a-baile.

Nuair táinís Ríoripe na gcleaí a-baile, éiríó ré fuar go bfeicead ré an fear o'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é roime ann. O'fíarpuis ré de 'n cailín ar áiríe sí é as imteaí. Dubairt an cailín náir áiríe, áct go tuis sí féin b'raon uirge fuar éiríe.

"Agus cá 'r éirí tu an fuisleac do bí asad?" aoiré ré.

"Áit mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré imtísíte 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoiré ré, "gleur-aíó fuar," aoiré ré, leir an dá-'r-eus gairtídeac, "go leanfamaíó é."

Rinneadair dá mádaíó deus uirge oíob féin agus leanadair ann ran abain é; agus nuair bíodair as teac fuar leir ann ran abainn o'fíris ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir.

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac gur imtís ré ar an abainn, pinneadair dá feabac deus oíob féin agus o'imtígeadair aniaíe an éin—uireó go pinne ré de féin—agus bíodair as teac fuar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannaí leir, agus nac faib ré ionnán uil uacá, bí faicteoir móir air. Bí bean as cácaí amuis ar páiré báin. Tuirling ré 'nuar ar an aéir, ó beir 'na eun, i ngar do'n coirce, agus pinne ré gána coirce de féin.

Tuirling ríad féin 'na diaíe agus pinneadair dá ceapc-francaí

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out. that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them. there was great terror on him.



deus díob féin, [ašur bí an Ríolipe 'na cóileac-ffranciaé]. Tóraig-eadaar aš iče an cóirce ann rin ašur fáoil riato é beit iče aca, aet ní riab. Bí riato aš iče an cóirce so riab riato i nšar do beit rátaé.

Nuair mear reirean so riab a ráit iče aca, ašur nac riabadaar ionnán mórán eile do deunam, d'éirig ré ruar ašur rinne ré rionnac de féin, ašur bain ré an cloigíonn de'n dá ffranciaé deus ašur de'n cóileac:

Bí ceao aige out a-baile d'á ašair ann rin nuair bíodar uile marb aige. Ašur rin deire Ríolipe na Scleap. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

## MO BHRÓN AIR AN BFAIRRGE.

Mo bhrón air an bfairrige  
 Is é t'á mór,  
 Is é sa baid i' d'í me  
 'S mo míle r'óir.

O'rád' 'ran mbaile mé  
 Deunam bhrón,  
 San don trúil tar fáile liom  
 Coir'ce ná go deó.

Mo léun na' bfuil m'íre  
 'Sur mo múirín bán  
 I g-cúige laigean  
 No i g-conradé an Chláir.

Mo bhrón na' bfuil m'íre  
 'Sur mo míle grá'd  
 Air b'or' loingse  
 Triall go 'Meiricá.

Leabuid luad'ra  
 B'i fúm aréir,  
 Agus éit mé amac é  
 Le tear an laé.

Táinig mo grá'd-ra  
 Le mo t'ad'v  
 Suata air suatain  
 Agus beut ar beut.

## MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.\*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,  
 How the waves of it roll!  
 For they heave between me  
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,  
 To grief and to care,  
 Will the sea ever waken  
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!  
 Would he and I were  
 In the province of Leinster  
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—  
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—  
 On board of the ship  
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes  
 All last night I lay,  
 And I flung it abroad  
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—  
 He came from the South;  
 His breast to my bosom.  
 His mouth to my mouth.

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\* *Literally*: My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorreen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]



## AN BUACÁILL DO BÍ A BFAO AR A MÁTAR.\*

A bfao ó foir bí lánamain póрта dar b' ainm pátorais agus nuála ní ciaraáin. Bideadar bliadain agus ríce póрта san don éilann do beit aca, agus bí brón móir eirra, mar nac paid don oirde aca le na gcuir paidbair d' fásbáil aise. Bí dá acra talman, bó, agus péire sabar aca, agus bí tuairm aca so rabadar paidbair.

Don oirde amáin, bí pátorais teact a-baile o teac duine muinntirig, agus nuair táinig ré com fáda leir an poilis maol, táinig rean duine liat amac agus dubairt: "So mbeannaisiú Dia duit." "So mbeannaisiú Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar pátorais. "Cad atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar ran rean duine. "Níl morán so deimhin," ar pátorais, "ní béró mé a bfao beó, agus níl mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair geobar mé bair." "B' éirir nac mbeirdeá mar rin," ar ran rean-duine. "Faraor! beirdear," ar pátorais, "táim bliadain agus ríce póрта, agus níl don coramlact pór." "Glac m'focal-ra so mbéró mac ós ag do mnaoi, trí ráite ó'n oirde anoct." Cuair pátorais a-baile, lútgáireac so leóir, agus d'innir an rseul do nuála. "Ara! ní paid ann ran trean duine act sosaille, a bí ag deunam mas-aíó ort," ar nuála. "Ir maic an rseulair an ainirig," ar pátorais.

Bí so maic agus ní paid so h-ole; real má (pul) nveacair leit-bliadain earc, connairc pátorais so paid nuála dul oirde do tabairt dó, agus bí bróó móir air. Coruig ré ag cur na feilme i n-orougad, agus ag fásbáil sac nio péiró le h-ágar an oirde óis. An lá táinig tinnear cloinne ar nuála, bí pátorais ag cur eirinn óis a látar doir an tige. Nuair táinig an rseul cuige so paid mac ós ag nuála, bí an oirde rin lútgáire air sur tuit ré marb le tinnear eiride.

Bí brón móir air nuála, agus dubairt rí leir an naoirdeanán:

"Ní coirgairó mé tu óm' éic so mbéró tu ionánn an eirinn do bí d' atair ag cur nuair fuair ré bair do earraing ar na freamáib."

Soirdeó páirín ar an naoirdeanán, agus tug an mátar cíoc do so paid ré react mbliadna d'aoir. Ann rin tug rí amac é le feucaint an paid ré ionánn an eirinn do earraing, act ní paid. Nior cuir rin don oroc-meirneac ar an mátar, tug rí arteaé é,

\* O fear dar b'ainm bláca, i n-áice le baile-an-móba, gconuae muis-eó.

## THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"-What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or Little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tús cíoc feaét mbliadna eile d'ó, asur ní naib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn feaét ruar leir i n-obair.

Faoi ceann deirid na ceit're bliadna deus tús a má'tair amac é, le feucaint an naib ré ionánn an crann do tarrainis, aét ní naib, mar bí an crann i n-icir maic, asur as fár so móir. Níor cuir rin don d'roic-mirneac ar an má'tair.

Tús rí cíoc feaét mbliadna eile d'ó, asur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré com móir asur com láirir le fa'ac.

Tús an má'tair amac é asur duairt : “Mur (muna) bfuil tu ionánn an crann rin do tarrainis anoir, ní tiúbaird mé don b'raon eile cíce duit.” Cuir páirín rmuairle ar a lámair, asur fuair s'heim ar bun an crainn. An ceud-iarrair do tús ré, crairt ré an talair feaét b'p'irre ar sae taoib d'é, asur leir an d'ara iarrair d'ós ré an crann ar na f'réamair, asur timéioll píce tonna de éréaróis leir. “S'pá' mo éroide tu,” ar ran má'tair, “ir fiú cíce bliadain asur píce tu.” “A má'tair,” ar páirín, “d'oiris tu so cruair le biad asur deoc do t'adairt d'am-ra ó ruar mé, asur tá ré i n-am d'am anoir ruo éisín do deunam duit-re, ann do f'ean-laetib. Ir é reo an ceud-crann do tarrainis mé asur deunaird mé maide láime d'am féin d'é.” Ann rin fuair ré ráb asur tuas, asur s'earr an crann, as f'asbáil timéioll píce trois de 'n bun, asur bí enar air, com móir le túr de na túraib cruinne do bídeac i n-éirinn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láime nuair bí ré s'leurt as páirín.

Ar maoin, lá ar na má'ac, fuair páirín s'heim ar a maide, d'fás a beannaac as a má'tair, asur d'iméis as d'orrugeaét reir-bíre. Bí ré as riúbal so d'táinis ré so cairleán rís laigean. D'f'arpuis an rís d'é cao do bí ré 'iarrair. “As iarrair oibre, má ré do toil,” ar páirín. “Bfuil don ceir d'asao?” ar ran rís. “Ní'l,” ar páirín, “aét tis liom obair ar bit d'ad n'earnaird fear airam deunam.” “Deunaird mé marasao leat,” ar ran rís, “má tis leat h-uile n'ó a orrocar mire duit a deunam ar fead ré mí, beupaird mé do meadacan féin d'ór duit, asur m'ingean mar m'naoi-pórta, aét muna d'tis leat sae n'ó do deunam, caillir tu do ceann.” “Táim rárt leir an marasao in,” ar páirín. “Téir arteaé 'ran r'gioból, asur bí as bualaó coirce do na ba (buaib) so mbéir do ceud-p'ronn réir.”

Cuair páirín arteaé, asur fuair an rúirte, aét ní naib an rúirín aét mar éraicín i lám páirais, asur duairt ré leir féin,” ir fearr mo maide-láim' 'ná an s'leurt rin.” Toruis ré as bualaó leir an maide-láim' asur níor b'fao so naib an méao

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flailleen was



do bí ann ran rgioból buailte aige. Ann rin éuaíó ré amac ann ran ngaróda agus coruis ag bualaó na rtaíca coirce agus cruicneacáta, sur éuir ré cíteanna spráin ar fead na tíre. Táinig an nís amac agus dubairt, “Coirge do lámh, a veirum, no rsgiorraíó tu mé. Téir agus beir cúpla buiceud uirge cum na rearb-fóganata ar an loc úo ríor, agus béir an leite fuar go leór nuair tiucfar tu ar air.” O’feuc páirín éar, agus connairc ré dá báirille móir folam, le coir balla. Fuair ré spreim orra, ceann aca ann zac lámh, éuaíó cum an loca, agus eug iad lionta go cúl vorair an éairleáin. Bí ionganar ar an nís nuair connairc ré páirais ag teac, agus dubairt ré leir: “Téir arteaó, tá an leite ríeró úit.” Éuaíó páirín arteaó, agus éuaíó an nís cum Dall glie do bí aige, agus o’innir ré dó an maraó do minne ré le páirín, agus o’fiaruis ré d’é, creud do buó éoir dó tabairt le deunam do páirín. “Abair leir dul ríor agus an loc do éaómaó, agus é do beir deunta aige, real má dteiró an sprian faoi, an traenóna ro.”

Šair an nís ar páirín agus dubairt leir: “Taódm an loc rin ríor agus bíó ré deunta azaó real má dteiró an sprian faoi an traenóna ro.” “Mair go leór,” ar páirín, “acé cia an áit a éuirfeair mé an t-uirge?” “Cuir ann ran ngleann móir acá i ngar do’n loc é,” ar ran nís. Ní raib roir an gleann agus an loc acé rsonra, agus bídeá na daoine ag deunam bócair-coire d’é. Fuair páirín buiceud, picóir agus láirde, agus éuaíó cum an loca. Bí bun an gleanna coirrom le bun an loca. Éuaíó páirín arteaó ’ran ngleann agus minne poll arteaó go bun an loca. Ann rin éuir ré a beul ar an bpoll, éarraig anál faoa agus níor fás ré bpaon uirge, iars, ná báo, ann ran loc, náir éarraig ré amac leir an anál rin, agus náir éuir ré arteaó ’ra’ ngleann. Ann rin úin ré fuar an poll.

Nuair o’feuc an nís ríor, connairc ré an loc com tírm le boir do láime, agus níor bfuad go dteáinis páirín éuirge agus dubairt: “Tá an obair rin críochnuighe, cao deunfar mé úit anoir?” “Ní’l don ruo eile le deunam azaó anoir, acé béir neairt azaó le deunam amárac.” An oirde rin, éuir an nís ríor ar ar nDall glie, agus o’innir dó an éaí ar éaódm páirín an loc, agus nac raib ríor aige creud do béarfaó ré dó le deunam. “Tá ríor azaó-ra an nro nac mbéiró ré ionánn a deunam, ar mairin amárac, tabair rsgribinn dó cum do dearbriácar i nŠaillim, abair leir dá ríeró tonna cruicneacáta do tabairt eugad, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi ceann ceirre uaire ar ríeró. Tabair an trean-láir agus a cáirt dó, agus tige leat beir cinnite nac dtiucfaíó ré ar air.” Ar mairin, lá ar na márac, Šair an nís

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus éus an rghribinn dó, agus duhairt leir, “fás an láir agus an cáirt agus céir go Saillim. Tabair an rghribinn reo dom’ dearbhrádaí, agus abair leir dá fícríonna cnuite-neadta do tabhairt duit, agus bí ar air ann ro faoi ceann ceitpe uaire ar fícrí.”

Fuair páirín an láir agus an cáirt, agus éuaíó ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceitpe míle ran uair do ríúbal. Céangail páirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go brát leir, tar enocaió agus gleanncaib, go nbeaéaíó ré go Saillim. Éus ré an litir do dearbhrádaí an rígh, fuair an éruite-neadta agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leir d’á dhuim. Cuir páirín an éruite-neadta ann ran rghiból. Nuair éuaíó muinntir an cáirleáin ’na gceolaíó, éuaíó páirín cum an éuaín, agus níor fás ré rlaópa ar an loingear náir éus ré leir. Ann rin ríómaíó ré faoi an rghiból, céangail na rlaópaíóa timcíoll air, agus ar go brát leir, agus an rghiból agus gac a raib ann ar a dhuim. Éuaíó ré tar enocaió agus gleanncaib, agus níor rtop sur fás ré an rghiból i ládaíó cáirleáin an rígh. Bí laóain, ceapca, agus gíó-eaíó ann ran rghiból. Ar maíóin go moó, d’feuc an rígh amac ar a feompa agus éruo d’feicead ré acé rghiból a dearbhrádaí.

“m’ anam ó’n diaóal,” ar ran rígh “ré rin an fear ir iongancaíge ’ran doóman.” Táinígh ré anuar agus fuair páirín le na maíóe ann a láim, ’na fearam le coir an rghiból.

“An d’cus tu an éruite-neadta éusam?” ar ran rígh.

“Éusar,” ar páirín, “acé tá an trean-láir maró.” Ann rin d’innir ré do’n rígh gac níó d’á nbeaíó ré ó d’imcígh ré go d’áinígh ré ar air.

Ní raib fíor as an rígh éruo do deunrad ré, agus d’imcígh ré cum an Óallí Ghic, agus duhairt leir, “mur (muna) n-innrígeann tu óam níó nac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunam, bainfíó mé an ceann díot.”

Smuain an Óallí Ghic tamall agus duhairt, “abair leir go bfuil do dearbhrádaí i n-irpionn, agus go mbuó maíó leat amarc do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do tabhairt éusad, go mbéiró amarc asad air; nuair a gíópaíó ríad in n-irpionn é, ní leirfíó ríad do teacé ar air.”

Gáir an rígh páirín agus duhairt leir, “tá dearbhrádaí óam i n-irpionn agus tabair éusam é, go mbéiró amarc asam air.” “Cia an éaíó díneódaíó mé do dearbhrádaí ó na daíóib eile acá ’ran áit rin?” ar páirín.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a



“Tá fiacail fáda i gceart-lár a éarbaio uachtarais,” ar ran nís:

Cuir páirín rmuairle ar a máire, buail an bótar, agus níor bfuad go dtáinig ré go geata iinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arteaó amear na nuaibál é, agus níubail ré féin arteaó 'na diais. Nuair éonnairc Delribúb é as teact, táinig faicéor air, agus o'riarruis ré de creuto do bí a' ceartál uair:

“Dearbárait nís laigean atá a' ceartál uaim,” ar páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Delribúb.

O'feuc páirín earc, aet fuair ré níor mó ná dá fícto fear a raib fiacail fáda i gceart-lár a gcearbaio uachtarais aca.

“Ar faicéor nac mbeidead an fear ceart asam,” ar páirín, “tiomáiré mé an t-iomlán aca liom, agus tís leir an nís a dearbárait píocad arca.”

Tiomáin ré dá fícto aca amac noime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i látair éirleáin an nís. Ann rin fáir ré ar an nís agus oubarc leir, “píoc amac do dearbárait ar na fíri (feairib) reó.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus éonnairc ré na diaibail le h-aóaricailb orra, bí faicéor air, rgreao ré ar páirín agus oubarc, “tabair ar air iao.”

Toruis páirín 'gá mbualad le na máire, gur cuir ré ar air go h-irinnonn iao.

Cuair an nís cum an Dail glic, agus o'innir do an níó do pinne páirín, agus oubarc leir, “ní tís leat innirint dam don níó nac bfuil ré ionánn a deunam, agus cailiríó tu do éann ar mairin amárac.”

“Tabair iarríó eile dam,” ar ran Dail glic, “agus ní beir an Connaetac a bfuad beó. Ar mairin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i látair an éirleáin do éadom; bíóó fíri réir asao, agus nuair a geobar tu fíor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fíri (feairib), an éloc mullinn atá le coir an balla do éiteam fíor 'na mullac, agus marbócairíó rin é.”

Ar mairin, lá ar na márac, fáir an nís páirín agus oubarc leir: “téir agus taom an tobair rin tá i látair an éirleáin, agus nuair a beirdear ré deunta asao, beiríó mé hata nuair ouit, ir fuair an cáibín é rin atá orc.”

Bí na fíri réir as an nís le páirín boet do marbóó, dá bfuorad ríad é.

Cuair páirín go bfuac an tobair, luiríó fíor air a beul faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

asur t'oruis as tairmuis an uirge ar teac ann a beul, asur d'á r'áirteac amac uair d'áir go raib an tobair ionnann asur t'irim aise. Bí ionnann beas i mbun an tobair naé raib t'aoiméa, asur éuair p'áirais r'ior le na t'irmiu'á. Éáim' na r'ir leir an g'cloic móir m'uilinn asur éairteadair r'ior ar m'ullac p'áirín é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloic go r'ipeac com' móir le ceann p'áirín, asur r'aoil ré sur b' é an hata nuad do éair an r'is r'ior éuise, asur g'laod ré ruar: "táim buirdeac r'iot, a má'áir'ir, ar r'on an hata nuair." Ann r'in éáim' ré ruar leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann. Bí b'róo móir aise ar an hata nuad. Bí ionganar ar an r'is asur ar h-uile éuine eile, nuair éonnairc r'ad p'áirín leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann.

Bí r'ior as an r'is naé raib don máit d'ó don n'í eile do éabairt do p'áirín le deunam, asur duabairt ré leir, "ir tu an r'earb-r'óganra ir r'earr do bí asam airam; ní'l don n'í eile asam duir le deunam, asur tar liom-ra, go r'cu'áir mé do éuairtal duir. Ní'l m' ingean r'ean go leór le p'órad, áet nuair a b'írear r'í bliadain asur r'ice d'áoir, r'is leat i do beir asad."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' r'airtal uaim," ar p'áirín.

Éus an r'is é cum an éirte, an áit a raib go leór óir, asur duabairt leir: "bain r'iot do hata nuad, asur téir ar teac 'ra' r'ála."

"Go deimín, ní bainr'íó mé mo hata r'iom, b'ionn r'ura orim é," ar p'áirín, "beirdeac ré com' máit duir mo b'íirte do bainc r'iom."

Ní raib an oiréad óir asur a m'eadóéad hata p'áirín, áet r'ocruis an r'is leir as tabairt d'ó d'á mála óir. Éuir p'áirín ceann aca r'aoi g'ac ar call, ruair g'ieim air a máide, an hata nuad ar a ceann, asur ar go, b'ráet leir, tar énoeair asur g'leannraib, go r'áim' ré a-baile.

Nuair éonnairc r'aoime an baile p'áirín as r'eaet leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann, bí ionganar móir orra; áet nuair éonnairc an má'air an d'á mála óir, buo beas náir éuir r'í marb le l'úe-gáire. T'oruis p'áirín, asur éuir ré r'ead b'ead ar bun d'ó r'éin, asur d'á má'air. Rinne ré ceirte leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad, asur r'inne cloeá cúinne r'íob do 'n r'ead. Éongbuis ré a má'air mar m'ndoi uairil go b'ruair r'í b'ár le r'ean-áoir, asur éair ré r'éin beata máit i r'g'ráo d'é asur na g'comairan.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.



## MALA NÉIRIN:

Dá mbéirínn-re air MálA Néirín  
 'S mo ceud-ghrád le mo t-aoib;  
 Ir lágac coirdeólamaoir i n-éinfeadú  
 Mar an t-éinín air an t-criaoib;  
 'Sé do bheilín binn briaclraic  
 Do meudais air mo pían,  
 Agus corlaó ciúin ní feudaim;  
 So n-éusfao, faraoir!

Dá mbéirínn-re air na cuantaib  
 Mar buó duai dam, geobainn rporc;  
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buairínead  
 Agus sruaim orra sac ló.  
 Fíor-rsaiú na n-sruasac  
 Fuair buair d'f clú annr sac gleó,  
 'S sur b'é mo éiríde-rcis tá 'nna sual duib;  
 Agus bean mo t-sruaisge ní'l beó.

Naé doibinn do na h-éiníniú  
 A éirígear so h-áir,  
 'S a corluigear i n-éinfeadú  
 Air don éiríniúin amáin;  
 Ní mar rin dam féin  
 A'f do m' ceud míle ghraó;  
 Ir fao ó na céile orrainn  
 Éirígear sac lá.

Cao é do breaclnuisad air na rpeartuib  
 Traic tís tear air an lá,  
 Na air an lán-mara as éiríge  
 Le h-eudán an éiríde áir?  
 Mar rúo bíor an té úo  
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghraó  
 Mar éirínn air málA rleibe  
 Do t-réisfao a blá.

## THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin  
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,  
 We should nestle together as safe in  
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.  
 From your lips such a music is shaken,  
 When you speak it awakens my pain,  
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,  
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean  
 I should sport on its infinite room,  
 I should plow through the billows' commotion  
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.  
 For the flower of all maidens of magic  
 Is beside me where'er I may be,  
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,  
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,  
 They rise up on high in the air,  
 And then sleep upon one bough together  
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;  
 But so it is not in this world  
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,  
 For, away, far apart from each other,  
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens  
 When the heat overmasters the day,  
 Or what when the steam of the tide  
 Rises up in the face of the bay?  
 Even so is the man who has given  
 An inordinate love-gift away,  
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven  
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

## AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

Δη Γρασιβήν.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige: Agus ghabh sù amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congabháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“ Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “ tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“ Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “ agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “ bhéarfais mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ? ”

“ Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'a thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “ a mhic,” ar seisean, “ caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“ Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

## THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."



“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ni’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ *fowl*-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig si le scacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fágáil agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í aris. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Dcachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear:

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuaile sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncail* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an oncal, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an cochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. “Fud, fad, féasog!” ar san fathach, “mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh.”

“Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!”

“Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfíde ag amharc ar ghaisce ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfaid siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gcloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaoite ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam.”

“Do sheóide í láthair a bhodaigh!” “Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide.”

“Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?”

“Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan.”

“Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin.” Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-íomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.



she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the



“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an geolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhi siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go di an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spórail m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an geolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailin mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á geroicionn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirriúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an scabhac ann san aér, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Ní’l aon fhear le fágáil le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gearraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."



Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaile sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

“Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

### CAOINEAD NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMADUIM CUM AN TRLÉIBHE  
 SO MOĆ AR MAIDIN AMÁRAĆ;  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)  
 “A ÞEADAIÐ NA N-ABRTAL  
 AN BÞACAIÐ TU MO ŞRÁÐ ŞEAL ?”  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

“MAIREAD ! A MUIŞTEAN,  
 CONNAIÐ ME AR BALL É,  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)  
 AŞUR BÍ RÉ ŞADBĒA ŞO CRUAIÐ  
 I LÁR A NÁMAÐ,”  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

“BÍ LUÐÁR 'NA AICE  
 AŞUR MUŞ RÉ ŞPEIM LÁIM' AIN,”  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)  
 “MAIREAD A LUÐÁIR BÞADAIŞ  
 CRUO DO MUINE MO ŞRÁÐ OIT ?”  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

*Literally:* We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. “Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone,” etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

## THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

### A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain  
 All early on the morrow,  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
 "Hast thou seen my bright darling,  
 O Peter, good apostle?"  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)\*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,  
 Have I seen him lately,  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
 Caught by his foemen,  
 They had bound him straitly."  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship  
 Shook hands, to disarm him."  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
 O Judas! vile Judas!  
 My love did never harm him,  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

\* This is nearly in the curious wil'd metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *öch öch agus öch üch ään*, after the first two lines, and *öch öch, agus, öch öü ö* after the next two. Thus:—

ṽḗḗḗḗḗ ḗḗḗḗḗ ḗ ḗ-ḗḗḗ ḗ ḗḗḗḗḗ ḗ  
 (Öc, öc, ḗḗḗḗ ḗḗ ḗḗ ḗḗ)  
 ḗḗḗḗḗ ḗ ḗḗḗ. ḗ ḗḗ ḗḗḗḗ ḗḗḗ ḗḗḗḗḗḗḗḗ.  
 (Öc öc, ḗḗḗḗ ḗḗ ḗḗ ḗḗ.)

“ Ní dearnaidh ré ariamh  
 Dáta ar leanbh ná páirtce,  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó.)  
 Aghur níor éirí ré fearas  
 Ariamh ar a máthair,”  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amach  
 Go mbuó i féin a máthair,  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó.)  
 Tógadair ruar  
 Ar a ngráilnibh go h-áirí í,  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

Aghur buailleadair ríor  
 Ar éileadh na rriáiríe í  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)  
 Éiríodh sí i laise  
 Aghur bí a glúna geárrrta  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

“ Buailíod mé féin  
 Aghur ná bain le mo máthair:”  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)  
 “ Buailfimid é féin.  
 A’r marbhócamaid do máthair,”  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

Stroiceadair an bhráig leó  
 An lá rin ó n-a láthair;  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)  
 Aet do lean an maighean  
 Iad ann ran bhrárac  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

“ Cía an bean í rin  
 ‘Nár nriais ann ran bhrárac ? ”  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)  
 “ Go deimhin má tá bean ar bit ann  
 ‘Sí mo máthair,”  
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

---

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,  
Not the babe in the cradle,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
Nor angered his mother  
Since his birth in the stable.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered  
That she was his mother,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
They raised her on their shoulders,  
The one with the other ;  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely  
On the stones all forlorn,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
And she lay and she fainted  
With her knees cut and torn.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ For myself, ye may beat me,  
But, oh, touch not my mother.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
“ Yourself—we shall beat you,  
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,  
And they left her tears flowing,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
But the Virgin pursued them,  
Through the wilderness going.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Oh, who is yon woman ?  
Through the waste comes another.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
“ If there comes any woman  
It is surely my mother.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

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When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc. |



"Δ εὐὸν, φευέ, φάσαιμ ορε

Cúram mo máthar,  
(Oé ón ašur oc ón ó.)

Conšbais uaim í

Šo šeríochnócaíó mé an páir reó,"  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

Nuair éualaió an máighean

An ceileadhraó cráíóte,  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

Šuš rí léim éar an nšárta

ašur léim\* šo crann na páire  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

Cia h-é an fear bheáš rin

Ar érann na páire  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

An é naé n-aiénišeann tu

'Do máe a máthair?  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

An é rin mo leabó

Δ ο'ioméar mé trí páite;  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

No an é rin an leabó

'Do h-oileadh i n-uéct máire?  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

\* \* \* \* \*

Šaiteadh ar anuar é

'Na rpolaió šeárrta  
(Oéón ašur oc ón ó!)

"Šin éušaió anoir é

ašur caoinišiό buir páit ár,"  
(Oéón, ašur oc ón ó!)

Šlaóó ar na trí mhúire

Šo šcaoinšimio ár nšráó šeal  
(Oéón, ašur oc ón ó!)

Τά οο éuro mná-caointe

Le breit fóe a máthair  
(Oéón, ašur oc ón ó!)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,  
Who comes in this fashion,"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

But oh, hold her from me  
Till I finish this passion."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him  
And his sorrowful saying,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

She sprang past his keepers  
To the tree of his slaying.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there  
In the dust and the smother?"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"And do you not know him?  
He is your son, O Mother."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom  
I bore in this bosom,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Or is that the child who  
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,  
A mass of limbs bleeding.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,  
Now go and be keening."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys  
Till we keene him forlorn,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O mother, thy keeners  
Are yet to be born,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

---

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it  
that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is  
for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy  
share of woman-keepers are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc.  
Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces,  
ochone, and ochone, etc.

béir tu liom-ra  
 So fóil i ngsáirvín pánnctair;  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 So raið tu do bean iomráð (?)  
 I gscáctair šil na nšrára  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

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 TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'ead ó fóin do b'í tobar beannaište i m'baile an tobar,\* i gconradé Muiš Eó. B'í mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobar anoir, ašur ir ar lošs altóra na mainirtre do b'uir an tobar amac. B'í an mainirtir ar éaoib énuic, aét nuair éaimis Ciomail ašur a éuro ršmoraóóir cum na tíre reó, leašadar an mainirtir, ašur níor fášadar cloé or cionn cloicé de'n altóir nár éait-eadar ríor.

Uiaóain ó'n lá do leašadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Muipe 'ran eaprac, 'reao b'uir an tobar amac ar lošs na h-altóra, ašur ir ionšantaé an iuro le ráð nac raið b'raon uirge ann ran rruet do b'í aš bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'uir an tobar amac.

B'í bráctair boet aš dul na rliše an lá ceudna, ašur éuairé ré ar a bealaé le paióir do ráð ar lošs na h-altóra beannaište, ašur b'í ionšantar móir air nuair éonnairc re tobar breáš ann a h-áit. Éuairé ré ar a šlúnaib ašur éoraiš ré aš ráð a páirpe nuair éualairé ré šut aš ráð, "cuir óioet do b'róša, tá tu ar éalam beannaište, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobar Muipe, ašur tá léišeap na mílte caoc ann. Béir óuine léišeapta le uirge an tobar rin anašairé šac uile óuine ó'éirt airšionn i láctair na h-altóra do b'í ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobar anoir, má b'ionn ríao tumta tpi h-uairpe ann, i n-aínm an átar an íllie ašur an špiorairé naoim."

Nuair b'í a páirpeaca ráirote aš an mb'ráctair ó'feuc ré ruar

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\* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, *i.e.*, "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me  
Into Paradise garden.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

To a fair place in heaven  
At the side of thy darling.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

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### MARY'S WELL.

#### A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),\* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

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friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.



ašur connairc colum mór slégeal ar ériann xúðair i nšar dó: buó h-í an colum do bí aš caint. Bí an bráðair sleurca i neudaišib-bhéige, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com mór ašur do bí ar ceann maópa-alla.

Ar éaoi ar bit ó'fuašair pé an rseul do daoimib an baile biš, ašur níor bpaóa so nbeacairó pé tpió an tír. Buó boct an áit í, ašur ni raió aót botáin aš na daoimib, ašur iao líonta le deatac. Ar an áóðar rin bí cuio maít de daoimib caóca ann. Le clappólar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá píctio daoine ann, aš tobar Mhuire, ašur ní raió fear ná bean aca nac ótáinis ar air le raóðarc maít.

Cuairó clú tobar Mhuire tpió an tír, ašur níor bpaóa so raió oilitpeaca ó šac uile conóacé aš teacó so Tobar Mhuire, ašur ní óeacairó don neac aca ar air šan beít léigearca; ašur rao: ceann tamail do bíóeacó daoine ar tíoréaib eile péin, aš teacó so óti Tobar Mhuire.

Bí fear mi-épeiohéac 'na comnuirde i nšar do Baile-an-tobar: Duine uaral do bí ann, ašur níor épeio pé i léigear an tobar beannaišce: Dubairc re nac raió ann aót pírtpeóša, ašur le mašacó do óeunam ar na daoimib tuš pé arall dail do bí aige cum an tobar ašur cum a ceann raoi an uirge: Fuair an t-arall raóðarc, aót tušacó an mašacóóir a-baile com dail le bun do bpióige.

Raoi ceann bliacóna tuic pé amac so raió rašaric aš obair mar šáróacóóir aš an duine-uaral do bí dail. Bí an rašaric sleurca mar fear-oibre, ašur ni raió píor aš duine ar bit so mbuó rašaric do bí ann: Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral bpeóiróte ašur ó'iarrí pé ar a fearbóšanta é do tabairc amac 'ran nšárróa. Nuair táinis pé cum na h-áite a raió an rašaric aš obair, íuio pé píor: "Nac mór an truaš é," ar reirean, "nac ótis liom mo šáróa bpiéaš ó'feiceál!"

Šlac an šáróacóóir truaš óó ašur dubairc, "Tá píor ašam cá bpuil fear do léigreóacó tu, aót tá luac ar a ceann mar šeall ar a épeioam."

"Beirim-re m'pocal nac nbeunpaíó mire rpióeacóóiréacó air ašur íocpaíó mé so maít é ar ron a épioblóirde," ar ran duine uaral:

"Aót b'éioir náir maít leat dul tpió an trliše-plánaišce acá aige," ar ran šáróacóóir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an trliše acá aige má tušann pé mo raóðarc dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Anoir, bí ópoc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar bpaít pé a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

íasairtaibh roimhe rin; Bingsam an t-ainm do bí ari. Ar éadai ar bit glac an íasairt meirneac agus duibairt, “bíod do cóirte réir ar maidin amárac, agus tiomáinir do mire tu go’rti áit do léigir, ní tuis le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beic i ládair ac mire, agus ná h-innir do’don duine ar bit cá bfuil tu as dul, no rior cad é do gnaicte (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingsam réir, agus éadai ré réin arteaac, leir an ngarbadoir do’á tiomáint. “Fan, turá, ann fan mbaille an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an g-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáinir an gárbadoir mé.” Bí an cóirteoir na bíteamnac, agus bí éadai ari, agus glac ré rún go mbeirteac ré as fairne na cóirte, le íásail amac cia an áit raió ríad le dul. Bí a gleur beannaiscte as an íasairt, taob-arciú de’n eudac eile. Nuair tángadair go Tobair Mhuirne duibairt an íasairt leir, “Ír íasairt mire, tá mé dul le do ríadac do’íásail duic ran áit ar éadai tu é.” Ann rin tum ré tui uairne ann fan tobair é, i n-ainm an ádair an míle agus an Spiorad Naoim, agus táinís a ríadac éirge com maid agus bí ré ariam.

“Deurair do mé ceud púnt duic,” ar ía Bingsam, “com luac agus íacfar mé a-baille.”

Bí an cóirteoir as fairne, agus com luac agus connair ré an íasairt ann a gleur beannaiscte, éadai ré go luac an olige agus bairt ré an íasairt. Do gabad agus do crocad é san bíteam nac san bíteamnar. O’feudair an fear do bí tar éir a ríadac do’íásail ar ari, an íasairt do íadad, ac níor labair ré focal ar a fon.

Timcioll míora na diais reo, táinís íasairt eile go Bingsam agus é gleurta mar gárbadoir, agus o’iari ré obair ar Bingsam agus fuair uair i. Ac ní raió ré a bfar ann a íeibir go o’árla o’roc-rud do Bingsam. Éadai ré amac don lá amáin as ríubal trío na páiceannaió, agus do carad cailín maireac, iníean fíri boicet, ari, agus iunne ré marluad uirri, agus o’íás leat-mair i. Bí tríur deairbairt as an gcalín, agus tugadair mionna go marbócad ríad é com luac agus geobairt íreim ari. Ní raió a bfar le fanamaint aca. Gabadair é ran áit ceudna ar marlais ré an cailín, agus érocadair é ar éman, agus o’íásadair ann rin é na crocad.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí milliúinir de míoltógaib cruinniscte, mar énoc móir, timcioll an érainn, agus níor feud duine ar bit dul anaice leir, mar gail ar an mbolad brian do bí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do íacad anaice leir, do dailfad na míoltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.



“Tairis bean ašur mac Æingam ceud púnt o’don duine do bÉarfað an corp amað. Rinne cuio mairé daoine iarrairé air rin do ðeunam, aét níor feudadar. Fuarí ríad púdar le cpaçað ar na míoltógaib, ašur geuga crann le na mbualað, aét níor feudadar a ršapað, ná dul com fáda leir an šcrann. BÍ an breuntar an éiríge níor meara, ašur bÍ eagla ar na cómarpannaib šo tciubpað na míoltóga ašur an corp breun pláigš orpa.

BÍ an dara ršaparc ’na šárhoaðoir aš Æingam ’ran am ro, aét ní ríab fíor aš luét an tige šur ršaparc do bÍ ann, óir da mbeiré-ead fíor aš luét an tige no aš na rpiðeadoirib, do šeobað ríad ašur do érhoçað ríad é. Cuairé na Catoilciš šo bean Æingam ašur duðaradar léi šo ríab eðlar aca ar duine do díbheoçað na míoltóga. “Tabair éugam é,” ar ríre, “ašur má’r féoir leir na míoltóga do díbiré ní h-é an duair rin šeobar re aét a reáct n-oiréad.

“Aét,” ar ríad-ran, “dá mbeiré’ fíor aš luét-an-tige ašur dá nšaðaadoir é, do érhoçaðaóir é, mar érhoç ríad an fear do fuair paðarc a fúl ar air do.” “Aét,” ar ríre, “nac bfeudpað ré na míoltóga do díbiré šan fíor aš luét-an-tige?”

“Ní’l fíor ašainn,” ar ríad-ran, “šo nšlacpamaóio cómarple leir.”

An oirðe rin šlacadar cómarple leir an ršaparc, ašur o’innir ríad do cad duðairé bean Æingam.

“Ní’l ašam aét beata řaošalta le cáilleamaint,” ar ran ršaparc, “ašur bÉarfaíó mé í ar ron na nðaoine boét, óir beiré pláigš ann ran tír muna šcuirpíó mé díbiré ar na míoltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, beiré iarrairé ašam í n-dinn Dé íad do díbiré, ašur tá muiníšin ašam ašur doécar í n’Dia šo řábálfairé ré mé ó mo cuio námað. Téiré cuis an bean-uairil anoir, ašur abair léi šo mbéiré mé í nšar do’n crann le h-éiríge na šréine ar maidin amárac, ašur abair léi ríar do beiré réiré aici leir an šcorp do cup ’ran uaiš.”

Cuairé ríad cum na mná-uairle, ašur o’innir ríad oí an méad duðairé an ršaparc.

“Má éirígeann leir,” ar ríre, “beiré an duair réiré ašam do, ašur orðóçairé mé móir-řeiréar fear do beiré í láçair.”

Çairé an ršaparc an oirðe rin í n-urnaišçtib, ašur leač-uairí roim éiríge na šréine cuairé ré cum na h-áite a ríab a šleup beannaišçte í bpolac. Cuir ré rin air, ašur le cpoir ann a leač-láim ašur le uirge coirpeašçta ann ran láim eile, cuairé ré cum na h-áite a ríab na míoltóga. Čoraiš ré ann rin aš léiŕeað ar a leabair ašur aš cpaçað uirge coirpeašçta ar na míoltógaib, í n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden; he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Astar an Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoim. D'éirigh an cnoc míoltós, agus d'eitill ríad ruar 'ran aéir, agus sunneadar an rpeir com dorpca leir an oirdé. Ní raib fíor as na daoimib cía an áit a ndéadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairé ní raib ceann díob le feiceál (feicrint).

Bí lútgáire móir ar na daoimib, áit níor bfaod go bfaodar an rpióe dóir as teáct, agus glaoth ríad ar an ragarit iú leir com tapa a' bí ann. Tug an ragarit do na boinn agus lean an rpióeadóir é, agus ršian ann gac láim aise. Nuair nár feuo ré teáct ruar leir, éit ré an ršian 'na diais. Nuair bí an ršian as dul ear gualain an tragarit, éuir ré a lám éle ruar, agus gab ré an ršian, agus éit ré an ršian ar air gan féadaint taob ríar de. Duair rí an fear, agus éuair rí trío a éroide, gur éit ré marb, agus d'iméig an ragarit raor.

Fuair na rir corp Bingham, agus éuireadar ann ran uais é, áit nuair éuadar corp an rpióeadóra do éur, fuairéadar na mílte de lúcgáib móra timcioll air, agus ní raib gheim feóla ar a cnámaib nac raib ite aca. Ní éorócad ríad de'n éor agus níor feuo na daoine iad do ruagad, agus b'éigin dóib na cnáma d'fágbáil or cionn talman.

Éuir an ragarit a gleur beannaighe i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngartha nuair éuir bean Bingham fíor air, agus d'iar air an duair do glacad ar ron na míoltós do díbir, agus i do éabairt do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aise air.

“Tá eólar asam air, agus duhairt ré liom an duair do éabairt éise anocht, mar tá rún aise an tír d'fágbáil rú má gpoéar lúct an díse é.”

“Seó dúit í,” ar ríre, agus féadair rí rporán óir do:

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'iméig an ragarit go coir na fairrige; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na Fraince, éuair ré ar bor, agus com luat agus d'fás ré an cuan éuir ré air a eudais ragarit, agus éug buideacar do Dia faoi n-a éabairt raor. Ní'l fíor asainn cao éarla do 'na diais rin.

Tar éir rin do bídeat daoine daila agus caoá as tigeáct go Tobar Mhuirne, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beit léigearca. Áit ní raib ruo maic ar bit ariam ann ran tír reo, nár míleat le duine éigin, agus míleat an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts\* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

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\* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."



Bí cailín i mBailc-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beicé pórta, nuair táinig fean-bean éadó éuici as iarraidh déirce i n-onóir do Dá agus do Mhuire.

“Níl don ruo asam le tabairt do fean-éadóirín cailiú, tá mé boðaraiúte ad,” ar rian cailín.

“Ná raib fáinne an pórtá ort a-éiríche go mbéir tu com éadó a’r tá mire,” ar rian trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí rúile an cailín óis nínneac, agus ar maidin ’na d’iaú rín bí sí beas-nae dail, agus duibairt na cómaranna go mbuó éoir ói dul go Tobair Mhuire.

Ar maidin go moe, d’éirí sí, agus éuair sí cum an tobair, acé creú d’feicfead sí ann acé an trean-bean d’iar an déirce uirín ’na ruidé as bruae an tobair, as ciarae a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaiúte.

“Léir-rúmor ort, a éuilleac úranna, an as palaeae Tobair Mhuire adá tu?” ar rian cailín; “imúis leat no buiríó mé do muineul.”

“Níl don onóir ná meaf asad ar Dá ná ar Mhuire, d’éirí tu déirce do tabairt i n-onóir doib, ar an ábair rín ni cumfaió tu tu féin ’ran tobair.”

Fuar an cailín úreim ar an scailiú, as feucaint í do rreacaeait acé n tobair, acé leir an rreacaeait do bí eatorra do éuit an beirt araeae ’ran tobair agus báiteae íad.

O’n lá rín go dci an lá ro ni raib don léigear ann rian tobair.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

\* \* \* \* \*

# muire aḡus naom̃ ioseph:

nae naom̃ta do b̃i naom̃ iōrep  
 Ńuair p̃ōr rē Muire mātair?  
 nae ē do fuair an taḡartar  
 do b' fearr 'nā an raogal ārde [ādam]?

Om̃ultaiḡ rē do'n ōr burde  
 aḡur do'n c̃rōm do b̃i aḡ ōaib̃i,  
 aḡur b' fearr leir beit aḡ treōruḡaḡ  
 aḡur aḡ m̃naḡ an eōlair do m̃huire mātair;

lā am̃ain o'ā raiḡ an cūpla  
 aḡ riūḡal ann ran nḡairōin;  
 mearḡ na reiriniḡ cūḡarta,  
 blāt ūḡla, aḡur āirniḡe:

do cuir Muire oūil ionnta  
 aḡur c̃nuḡ r̃i leḡ, i lātair;  
 o ḡolaḡ b̃reāḡ na n-ūḡall  
 ūh̃i ḡo cūḡarta dear ō'n āir-o-riḡḡ

ann rin do labair an m̃haiḡḡean  
 de'n cōm̃rāḡ b̃i rann,  
 "ḡain ḡam na reōro rin  
 tā aḡ rār ar an ḡerann;

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\* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

## MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,\* in Erris Co. Mayo.—  
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph  
When marrying Mary Mother,  
Surely his lot was happy,  
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,  
And the crown by David worn,  
With Mary to be abiding  
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,  
And walking through gardens early,  
Where cherries were redly growing,  
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,  
For faint and tired she panted,  
At the scent on the breezes' wing  
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,  
All weary and faint and low,  
"O pull me yon smiling cherries  
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."



“Bain dam mo fáil dea  
 Oir tá me las fann,\*  
 A’r tú oibreacha m’ na ngráda  
 As fáil faoi mo bpoil.”

Ann rin do labair Flaoth Íoréib  
 “De’n cómhád bí teann,  
 “Ni bainfid mé duit na reoda  
 A’r ni h-áil liom do éilinn:

“Glao do ar a’air ó do lein  
 Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann”  
 Ann rin do corruis íora  
 So beannaisce faoi na bpoil:

Ann rin do labair íora  
 So naomta faoi na bpoil  
 “Írtis go h-írioll  
 Ann a fíadnuire a éirinn.”

D’úmlais an eirinn ríor dí  
 Ann a fíadnuire san máil;  
 Agus fuair sí mian a croide-rtis  
 Glain-díreach ó’n sgrann:

Ann rin do labair Flaoth Íoréib  
 Agus éit é féin ar an talam;  
 “Sab a-baile a mháire  
 Agus luid ar do leabuid.  
 So dtéir mé go h-Iaruralem  
 As deunam a’fúige ann mo peacaid.”

Ann rin do labair an Mhaighdean  
 “De’n cómhád bí beannuisce,  
 “Ni pacaid mé a-baile  
 A’r ni luidfid mé ar mo leabuid;  
 Aet tá maiteamhar le fáil as  
 Ó m’ na ngráda ann do peacaid.”

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* “Ann a s-cail” duairt mac nic Ruairdís, aet duairt an callaoileac  
 “las fann” tá me ann a s-cail = “teairtuisceann uaim iat.”

"For feeble I am and weary,  
And my steps are but faint and slow,  
And the works of the King of the graces  
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,  
And stoutly indeed spake he,  
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.  
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,  
Who is dearer than I to thee."  
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,  
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,  
Stoop down to herself, O tree,  
That my mother herself may pluck thee,  
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches  
At hearing the high command,  
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,  
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,  
He cast himself on the ground,  
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,  
To Jerusalem I am bound;  
I must go to the holy city,  
And confess my sin profound."\*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,  
She spake with a gentle voice,  
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,  
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,  
For the King of Heaven shall pardon  
The sin that was not of choice."

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

Trí mí ó'n lá rin  
 Rugadh an leanbh beannuighe,  
 Thainig na trí miighe  
 Agus deunadh aóraighe do'n leanbh.

Trí mí ó'n oirde rin  
 Rugadh an leanbh beannuighe,  
 Ann a rtabla fuair feannta  
 Eirigh bulán agus aral.

Ann rin do labhair an mairghean  
 Go ciún agus go céilliúe,  
 "A mic miighe na gearradh  
 Cía 'n nór mbéid tu ar an traosgal?"

"Béid mé Diardaoin  
 Agus mé díolta agus mo námaid;  
 Agus béid me Dia hAoine  
 Mo éiríochas polt agus na táirgí:

Béid mo ceann i mbáir spíce  
 'S fuil mo éiríochas i láir na rriáide,  
 'S an tréig nime dul tre mo éiríochas  
 Le rriáidealach an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,  
The blessed child was born,  
Three kings did journey to worship  
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,  
He was born there in a manger,  
With asses, and kine and bullocks,  
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,  
Softly she spake and wisely,  
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,  
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,  
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,  
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,  
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,  
And my head on a spike be planted,  
And a spear through my side shall go,  
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,  
And a storm over earth come sweeping,  
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens  
And the sun and the moon be weeping.  
While angels shall stand around me,  
With music and joy and gladness,  
As I open the road to Heaven,  
That was lost by the first man's madness."

\* \* \* \* \*

Christ built that road into heaven,  
In spite of the Death and Devil,  
Let us when we leave the world  
Be ready by it to travel.



## naom̃ pead̃ar:

Chualaid̃ p̃r̃oĩñr̃ar̃ O Coñc̃ub̃air̃, i m'bl'at-luain, an r̃seul ro ó f̃ean-  
m̃naoi d̃ar̃ b' ainm̃ b̃r̃ĩg̃ĩo ni Chãt̃ar̃aĩ̃g̃ ó b̃haile-d̃á-ãb̃ain i g̃coñoáé  
Sh̃lĩg̃ĩg̃, ãs̃ur f̃uair̃i m̃ĩr̃e uair̃o-r̃ean é.

Ann rañ am̃ a r̃aib̃ Naom̃ Pead̃ar̃ ãs̃ur̃ ár̃ Slánuĩ̃g̃t̃eoir̃ ãs̃  
r̃iub̃al na tír̃e, ĩr̃ iom̃da ioñg̃ant̃ar̃ dõ t̃air̃beáñ a Mh̃aĩ̃g̃ĩr̃t̃ĩr̃ d̃ó,  
ãs̃ur̃ d̃á m̃bũd̃ d̃uine eile dõ b̃i ann, d̃'f̃eic̃f̃eas̃ leat̃ an oĩr̃ĩo, ĩr̃  
d̃óĩ̃g̃ go m̃beĩ̃deas̃ a d̃ó̃t̃eas̃ ar̃ a Mh̃aĩ̃g̃ĩr̃t̃ĩr̃ níor̃ l̃áir̃e 'ñá b̃i  
d̃ó̃t̃eas̃ p̃heas̃air̃.

Aon l̃á am̃áin dõ b̃ioid̃ar̃ ãs̃ t̃eas̃t̃ ar̃t̃eas̃ go baile-m̃óir̃ ãs̃ur̃  
dõ b̃i f̃ear̃-ceoĩl leat̃ ar̃ meĩ̃r̃se 'na f̃uĩ̃de ar̃ t̃aoib̃ an b̃ó̃t̃air̃  
ãs̃ur̃ é ãs̃ iarr̃aib̃ d̃eĩ̃r̃ce. Th̃us ár̃ Slánuĩ̃g̃t̃eoir̃ p̃ĩora aĩ̃r̃g̃ĩo  
d̃ó ar̃ ñg̃ab̃ail t̃air̃t̃ d̃ó: b̃h̃i ioñg̃ant̃ar̃ ar̃ p̃heas̃ar̃ f̃aoi r̃in, óir̃  
d̃ub̃air̃t̃ r̃é leĩ̃r̃ f̃éin “ĩr̃ iom̃da d̃uine bõc̃t̃ dõ b̃i i n-eaĩ̃b̃uĩ̃d̃ m̃óir̃,  
d̃'eĩ̃c̃ĩg̃ mo m̃aĩ̃g̃ĩr̃t̃ĩr̃, ãc̃t̃ anoir̃ t̃us̃ r̃é d̃eĩ̃r̃ce dõ'n f̃ear̃-ceoĩl r̃eó  
at̃á ar̃ meĩ̃r̃se. Ãc̃t̃ b' éĩ̃oir̃,” ar̃ r̃é leĩ̃r̃ f̃éin, “b'éĩ̃oir̃ go b̃f̃uĩl  
d̃uĩl aĩ̃se rañ g̃ceól.”

Dõ b̃i f̃ĩor̃ ãs̃ ár̃ Slánuĩ̃g̃t̃eoir̃ c̃r̃eas̃ dõ b̃i i n-iñnt̃inn  
p̃heas̃air̃, ãc̃t̃ níor̃ l̃ab̃air̃t̃ r̃é f̃ocal d̃'á t̃aoib̃.

An l̃á ar̃ n-a m̃árac̃ dõ b̃ioid̃ar̃ ãs̃ r̃iub̃al ar̃ĩr̃, ãs̃ur̃ dõ caĩ̃r̃ad̃  
b̃r̃á̃t̃air̃ bõc̃t̃ oĩ̃ra, ãs̃ur̃ é c̃r̃om̃ leĩ̃r̃ an doĩ̃r̃, ãs̃ur̃ beãg̃-nãc̃  
nõc̃t̃ta: D̃'iaĩ̃r̃ r̃é d̃eĩ̃r̃ce ar̃ ár̃ Slánuĩ̃g̃t̃eoir̃, ãc̃t̃ ni t̃us̃ Seĩ̃rean  
aoñ aĩ̃r̃ĩo aĩ̃r̃, ãs̃ur̃ níor̃ f̃r̃eas̃air̃ Sé a im̃p̃r̃e.

“Siñ ñĩo eile nãc̃ b̃f̃uĩl ceair̃t̃,” ar̃ ra Naom̃ Pead̃ar̃ anñ a  
iñnt̃inn f̃éin; b̃i eas̃la aĩ̃r̃ l̃ab̃air̃t̃ leĩ̃r̃ an M̃aĩ̃g̃ĩr̃t̃ĩr̃ d̃'á t̃aoib̃,  
ãc̃t̃ b̃i r̃é ãs̃ caĩ̃lleam̃aint̃ a d̃h̃ó̃t̃eas̃ g̃as̃ uile l̃á.

An t̃rãt̃ñó̃na ceũd̃na b̃ioid̃ar̃ ãs̃ t̃eas̃t̃ go baile eile nuair̃  
caĩ̃r̃ad̃ f̃ear̃ d̃all oĩ̃ra, ãs̃ur̃ é ãs̃ iarr̃aib̃ d̃eĩ̃r̃ce. Ch̃uĩ̃r̃ ár̃  
Slánuĩ̃g̃t̃eoir̃ caĩ̃nt̃ aĩ̃r̃ ãs̃ur̃ d̃ub̃air̃t̃ “c̃r̃eũo t̃á uair̃t̃?”

“Luac̃ l̃óir̃t̃ín oĩ̃d̃e, luac̃ r̃uĩ̃o le n'ite, ãs̃ur̃ an oĩ̃reas̃ ãs̃ur̃  
b̃eĩ̃r̃deas̃ ãs̃ t̃ear̃t̃ál uaim̃ am̃árac̃; m̃á t̃is̃ leat̃-ra a t̃ab̃air̃t̃ d̃am̃,  
g̃eob̃air̃ tu c̃uĩ̃t̃ĩũg̃ad̃ m̃óir̃, ãs̃ur̃ c̃uĩ̃t̃ĩũg̃ad̃ nãc̃ b̃f̃uĩl le r̃á̃g̃ail  
ar̃ an t̃raõg̃al b̃r̃ó̃nac̃ ro.”

“ĩr̃ maĩ̃t̃ ĩ dõ c̃aint̃,” ar̃ rañ Tĩ̃geaĩ̃na, “ãc̃t̃ ní̃l̃ tu ãc̃t̃ ãs̃  
iarr̃aib̃ mo m̃eall̃ad̃, ní̃l̃ eaĩ̃r̃b̃uĩ̃d̃ luac̃-l̃óir̃t̃ín nã r̃uĩ̃o le n'ite  
oĩ̃r̃t̃, t̃á óir̃ ãs̃ur̃ aĩ̃r̃g̃ĩo anñ dõ p̃óca, ãs̃ur̃ bũd̃ c̃óir̃ d̃uĩ̃t̃ dõ  
b̃uĩ̃r̃eas̃ar̃ dõ t̃ab̃air̃t̃ dõ D̃h̃ia f̃aoi dõ d̃ĩol go l̃á dõ b̃eĩ̃t̃ ãg̃ad̃.”

Ni r̃aib̃ f̃ĩor̃ ãs̃ an d̃all g̃ur̃ b'é ár̃ Slánuĩ̃g̃t̃eoir̃ dõ b̃i ãs̃ caĩ̃nt̃  
leĩ̃r̃, ãs̃ur̃ d̃ub̃air̃t̃ r̃é leĩ̃r̃: “Ni r̃eañm̃ó̃ra ãc̃t̃ d̃eĩ̃r̃ce at̃á mé  
'iarr̃aib̃, ĩr̃ ciñnte mé d̃á m̃beĩ̃deas̃ f̃ĩor̃ ãg̃ad̃ go r̃aib̃ óir̃ nã

## SAINT PETER.

## A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—  
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgíodh a sham go mbainfeadh díom é, 'cúsa' leat\* anoir, ní tearn-tuigseann do cáint uaim."

"Go deimhin ir ví-céillidhe an fear tu," ar fan Tighearna, "ní b'eidh óir ná airgíodh a sham i bhfad," aghur leir rin o'fás ré an dall.

Bhí Peadar agh éirteacht leir an gcómhád, aghur bí dúil aige a innreacht do'n dall sur mbuó é ar Slánuišteoir do bí agh caint leir, agh ní bhfuair ré don fáill. Agh do bí fear eile agh éirteacht nuair duhdairt ar Slánuišteoir go raibh óir aghur airgíodh agh an dall. Buó rghuoradóir millteach do bí ann, agh do bí fíor aige náir innir ar Slánuišteoir don bheug ariamh. Chomh luach aghur bí Seirean aghur Naomh Peadar imtíste, táinig an rghuoradóir cum an dall aghur duhdairt leir, "Tabair dhá do cúio óir aghur airgíodh, no cuirfeadh rghian tré do éiríde."

"Ní'l óir ná airgíodh a sham" ar fan dall, "dá mbeidheadh, ní beidhinn agh iarradhb déirce."

Agh leir rin do fuair an rghuoradóir sgreim air, do cúir faoi é, aghur do dhain dé an méad do bí aige. Do gáir aghur do rghreadh an dall comh h-áir aghur o'feud ré, aghur eualair ar Slánuišteoir aghur Peadar é.

"Tá eugóir d'á deunamh ar an dall," arfa Peadar.

"Fás go fealltach, aghur imteodair ré an éaoi ceudna, gan caint ar lá an bheiteamhair," ar ar Slánuišteoir.

"Tuigim tu, ní'l don ruo i b'rolach uair a mháiririr," arfa Peadar.

An lá 'na díais rin do b'headh aghur ríubhal coir fáraigh, aghur táinig leóman cíocrach amach. "Anoir a pheadair," ar ar Slánuišteoir, "ir minic duhdairt tu go gcaillfeadh do beatha ar mo ríon, anoir teirigh aghur tabair tu féin do'n leóman aghur imteodair míre faoir."

Do rmuair Peadar aige féin aghur duhdairt, "b'fearr liom báir ar bíe eile o'fághail 'ná leirint do leóman m'ite; támaoio corluach aghur tigh linn ríe uair, aghur má feicim é agh teacht ruar linn fanraibh mé ar deirdeadh, aghur tigh leat-ra imteacht faoir."

"Bíodh mar rin," ar ar Slánuišteoir.

Do leir an leóman rghreadh, aghur ar go b'ráe leir 'na ndíais, aghur níor b'fada go raibh ré agh b'heir oirra, aghur i b'fogaí d'óibh.

"Fan ríar a pheadair," ar an Slánuišteoir, agh leir Peadar air féin nac gcaularb ré focal, aghur o'imtígh ré amach ríomh a mháiririr. D'iomparigh an Tighearna ar a cúil aghur duhdairt ré leir an leóman, "Teirigh ar air go rí an fárae," aghur rinne í é amhair.

\* "Cúsa leat" = "imtígh leat," "amach leat," no ruo de'n tróir rin. B'éoirir sur "cúise leat" buó dóir do beir ann, 7 cúis an Deamhan!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.



D'fheú Peadaar taobh-íar d'é, agus nuair éonnairc ré an leóman as dul ar air do fear ré go dtáinig ar Slánuiḡteóir ruar leir. “A Peadaar,” ar Sé, “d'fás tu mé i mbaoḡal, agus —puo buo méara 'nā rin,—d'innir tu breuḡa.”

“Rinne mé rin,” ar Peadaar, “mar bí fíor aḡam go bfuil cúmaḡt aḡao or cionn ḡac nío, ni h-é amāin ar leóman an fára-aiḡ.”

“Coirḡ do beul, agus nā bí aḡ innreáḡt breuḡ, ni raib fíor aḡao agus dá breicreá mé i mbaoḡal amāraḡ do éreḡreá mé arí, tá fíor aḡam ar rmuáintib do éroide.”

“Níor rmuáin mé aruam go nḡearnaio tu aon nío nac raib ceart,” ar-ra Peadaar:

“Sin breuḡ eile,” ar ar Slánuiḡteóir. “Nac cuimhin leat an lá do tḡ mé déirc do'n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirḡe, bí ionḡantar ort agus duḡairt tu leat féin ḡur iomḡa duine boḡt do bí i n-earbúio móir d'eitḡ mé, agus go dtḡ mé déirc do fear do bí ar meirḡe mar bí dúil aḡam i ḡceóil. An lá 'na diaḡ rin d'eitḡ mé an rean-bháḡair, agus duḡairt tu nac raib an nío rin ceart. An traḡnóna ceuḡna ir cuimhin leat creuo tárla i tḡaoib an daill. Mineóḡaio mé anoir duit cao fáḡ rinnear mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de máit 'nā rinne fice bháḡar d'á fórt ó ruḡao iao. Shābāil ré anam cailin ó pian-taib iprinn. Bhí earbúio boinn ariḡio uirri agus bí rí aḡ dul peacāo marbḡac do ḡeunam le na fáḡail, áḡt coirḡirḡ an fear-ceóil í, tḡ ré an bonn dí, ciḡ go raib earbúio dḡe air féin an t-am ceuḡna. Maioir leir an mbháḡair, ni raib aon earbúio air-rean, ciḡ go bfuair ré ainm bháḡar buo baill de'n diaḡal é, agus rin é an fáḡ nac dtḡ mé aon áirio air. Maioir leir an daill, do bí a Dhia ann a bóca, óir ir fíor an rean-focal, “an áit a bfuil do éirte beio do éroide léi.”

Seal ḡearr 'na diaḡ rin duḡairt Peadaar, “A Mháḡirḡir, tá eólar aḡao ar na rmuáintib ir uaiḡnḡe i ḡroide an duine, agus ó'n nóimio reó amāḡ ḡéillim duit annr ḡac nío.”

Timéioil reáḡḡaine 'na diaḡ-rin do bíodar aḡ riubal tre énoaib agus rleibtib. agus cáilleadar an bealaḡ. Le tuitim na h-oioḡe táinig teinnḡeáḡ agus toirneáḡ agus fearrḡain érom: Bhí an oioḡe com doricā rin nāri feuoḡadar corān caoraḡ d'feiceáil. Thuit Peadaar anaḡaio carraḡe agus loit ré a cor com dona rin nāri feuo ré coircéim do riúbail.

Chonnairc ar Slánuiḡteóir folur beaḡ faoi bun cnuic, agus duḡairt Sé le Peadaar, “fan mar tá tu agus raḡaio mire aḡ tóruḡeáḡt conḡnam le d'iomḡar.”

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“Ní'l aon éognam le fáigil ann ran áit fíadán reo,” ar Peadar, “ásur ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin.”

“Bíod mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, ásur leir rin do leis ré fead, ásur éainis ceathrar fear, ásur cia bí 'na éairtín orma aet an fear do rghior an dall real noime rin. D'aicnis ré ár Slánuigíteoir ásur Peadar, ásur duhairt ré le n-a éuir fear Peadar d'iomcár go cúramac go dti an áit-éomnuide do bí aca amearg na ghenoc. “Chuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ó ar ásur airtghio ann mo beatac-ra real gearr ó roim.”

D'iomcáir riad Peadar go dti reomra faoi éalam; bí teine bpeas ann, ásur éuireadar an fear loitce i ngar dí, ásur éugadar deoc dó. Thuit ré ann a éotlaó ásur do rinne ár Slánuigíteoir loig na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, ásur nuair d'uiris ré d'feud ré riúbal com maic ásur d'feud ré riam. Bhí iongantár air, nuair d'uiris ré, ásur d'fearfuis ré ceud do bain dó. D'innir ár Slánuigíteoir dó sac nio mar éarla.

“Shaoil mé,” ar ra Peadar, “go raib mé marb ásur go raib mé ruar as doirur flaitir, aet níor feud mé dul arteaé mar bí an doirur doirute, ásur ni raib doirreoir le fáigil.”

“Airtling do bí asad” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, “aet ir pior i; tá an flaitear doirute ásur ní'l ré le beic forgailte go bpeas' mire bár ar ron peacair an éine daonna, do éuir fearg ar m'áir. Ni bár coitcionnta aet bár náireac geobar mé, aet éireócar mé air go glóimár ásur foirgeólar mé an flaitear do bí doirute, ásur beir turá do doirreoir!”

“Óra, a Mháirtir,” ar ra Peadar, “ni féidir go bfuigtea bár náireac, nac leigfeá dam-ra bár fáigil ar do fon-ra, tá mé réir ásur toilteannac.”

“Saoileann tu rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir.

Thainis an t-am a raib ár Slánuigíteoir le bár fáigil. An traenóna noime rin bí ré féin ásur an dá abrtal deus as reire, nuair duhairt ré, “tá fear asair as dul mo bpat.” Bhí trioblóir móir orma ásur duhairt sac aon aca “an mire é?” Aet duhairt Seirean, “an té éumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear bpatfear mé.”

Duhairt Peadar ann rin, “dā mberdear an domán iomlán i d'asair,” ar reirean, “ni beir mire i d'asair,” aet duhairt ár Slánuigíteoir leir, “pul má goireann an Coileac anocht ceitiró (reunfar) tu mé tri h-uair.”

“Do geobainn bár pul má ceitfinn tu,” ar ra Peadar, “go veimín ni ceitfead tu.”

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was



Νυαίρ τυζαὸ βρεϊτεαῖνναρ βάιρ ἀρ ἀρ Σλάννιγθεόιρ, βί ἃ εὐιὸ  
 νάμναὸ ὀ'ά βυαλαὸ ἀγυρ ἀγ καταὸ ρμυζαίρτε αἰρ. Ὀνί Ρεσθάρ  
 ἀμνιγ ἀνν ραν γεούρτε, νυαίρ τάνιγ καίλιν-αἰμπίρτε εὐιγε ἀγυρ  
 οὐβαίρτε λειρ “βί τυρὰ λε ἡλώρα.” “Νί'λ φίὸρ ἀγαν,” ἀρ ρα  
 Ρεσθάρ, “καὸ ἐ τὰ τυ ράὸ.”

Νυαίρ βί ρέ ἀγ οὐλ ἀμαὸ ἀν γεατα, ἀνν ριν, οὐβαίρτε καίλιν  
 εἰτε, “ρῖν ρεαρ ὀο βί λε ἡλώρα,” ἀὸτ τυζ ρεῖρεαν ἃ μίοννα νὰ  
 ραῖβ εὐλαρ ἀρ βιτ ἀιγε αἰρ. Ἀνν ριν οὐβαίρτε εὐιὸ ὀε na ὀδοῖνιβ  
 ὀο βί ἀγ εἰρτεαὸτ, “νί'λ ἀμῖραρ ἀρ βιτ νὰ ραῖβ τυ λειρ, ἀιτνιγμῖο  
 ἀρ ὀο ἀαῖντ ἐ.” Τυζ ρέ na μιονναῖὸ μόρᾱ ἀνν ριν, νὰρ λειρ  
 ἐ, ἀγυρ ἀρ βαλλ ὀο γλαὸὸ ἀν κοίτεαὸ, ἀγυρ εὐιμνιγ ρέ ἀνν ριν  
 ἀρ na ροκλαῖβ οὐβαίρτε ἀρ Σλάννιγθεόιρ, ἀγυρ ὀο ρίλ ρέ na ὀεόρᾱ  
 ἀιτῖρτε, ἀγυρ ρυαίρ ρε μαῖτεαῖνναρ ὀ'n τε ὀο ἔειλ ρέ. Τὰ εὐόρᾱ  
 ρλαίτῖρ ἀιγε ἀνοίρ, ἀγυρ μὰ ρίλεαν ρῖνne na ὀεόρᾱ ἀιτῖρτε ρᾱοῖ  
 n-ἀρ λοḡταῖβ μαρ ὀο ρίλ ρεῖρεαν ἰαὸ, γεὐᾱμαῖοῖο μαῖτεαῖνναρ  
 μαρ ρυαίρ ρεῖρεαν ἐ, ἀγυρ εὐιρῖὸ ρέ εὐοῖ μίλε ράιλτε ρόμᾱῖνν;  
 νυαίρ ρᾱḡαρ ρῖνne γο ὀορῖρ ρλαίτῖρ:

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

## MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.\*

Bhí ár Slánuigheóir agus Naomh Peadar as rparrdeóradt trathnóna, agus do caraib sean-éar oirra: Bhí an tuine boét rin go dona, ní raib air aét ceirteada agus sean-cóta rtróicte, agus san riú na mbriós faoi n-a éoraib. D'iair ré déire ar ár oTigearna agus ar Naomh Peadar. Bhí truaig as Peadar do an donán boét agus faoil ré go dtiúbraib an Tigearna ruo éigin dó: Aét níor éur an Tigearna don trum ann, aét d'imtíg re éair san fheadairt éabairt dó: Bhí iongantair ar pheadar faoi rin; óir faoil ré go dtiúbraib an Tigearna do gac aindeir-éoir a raib oirra air, aét bí faicéoir air don nuó do ráib.

An lá ar na maraib bí an Tigearna agus Peadar as rparrdeóradt air ar an mbótar ceudna, agus cia d'féicead raib as teadé 'na scoinne ann san gceart-aic ann a raib an sean-éar boét an lá roime rin aét riobáilíde agus cloideam nócta aige ann a láim: Tháinig ré éuca agus d'iair ré airgíod oirra: Thug an Tigearna an t-airgíod dó san focail do ráib, agus d'imtíg an riobáilíde: Bhí iongantair dúbailta ar pheadar ann rin, óir faoil ré go raib an iomarcuib meirnis as ar oTigearna airgíod do éabairt do gairuib ar faicéoir: Nuair bí an Tigearna agus Peadar imtígte tamall beas ar an mbótar níor féud Peadar san ceir do éur air: “Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna” ar ré “nac otug tu dardam do'n donán boét d'iair déire oir anóé, aét go otug tu airgíod do'n bideamnac gairuib do táinig éugad le cloideam ann a láim: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ar mbeir agus ní raib ann aét éar amáin; tá cloideam asam-ra” deir ré, “agus b' éair an éar mire 'nā eirean!” “A pheadair” ar san Tigearna “ní féiceann tura aét an taob amuis, aét éidim-

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\*Fuar mé an rgeul ro, o éar-oibre do bí as Rivington De Róirte. Druim an t-reasail, aét éabair go minic é. Ní h-iaib ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuairéar é.

## HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. . The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.  
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter  
Were walking over the hills together,  
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,  
Beside the border of Galilee,  
Just as the sun to set began  
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!  
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,  
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,  
Penury stared in his haggard eye,  
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.  
Peter had only a copper or two,  
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.  
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—  
With hunger and cold in every limb.  
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,  
He turned away and He nothing gave.  
And Peter was vexed awhile at that  
And wondered what our Lord was at,  
Because he had thought Him much too good  
To ever refuse a man for food.  
But though he wondered he nothing said,  
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.  
It happened that the following day  
They both returned that very way,  
And whom should they meet where the man had been,  
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!  
And in his belt a naked sword—  
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.  
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;  
He won’t get anything from us.”  
But Peter was seized with such surprise,  
He scarcely could believe his eyes  
When he saw the Master, without a word,  
Give to the man who had the sword.  
After the man was gone again  
His wonder Peter could not restrain,  
But turning to our Saviour, said:  
“Master, the man who asked for bread,



re an taob-arthu: ní feiceann túra aét corra na n-aoine nuair feicim-re an cpoide. Aét béiré fíor aghao go fóil” ar Sé “creud fáit do pinne mé rin.”

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin 'na díais rin go n-deadair ar t-úigearna agus peadar amúga ar na rleibitib. Bhí teinnthead agus toirnead agus fearrúain mór ann, agus bí ríad báirde, agus an bótar cailite aca. Cia d'feicead ríad euca ann rin aét an nobáilide ceudna a rúas an úigearna airgidio dó an lá rin, nuair táinig ré euca bí truaig aige dóib, agus rúas ré leir iad go rúti uais do bí aige faoi bun cairrige, amearg na rleibthead, agus bain ré an t-eudac rluic' díob agus éirí eudais tirmie orra, agus tús neart le n'ite agus le n'ól dóib agus leabuir le luidie air, agus gac uile fóirt d'feud ré deunam dóib do pinne ré é. An lá ar na márad nuair bí an rtoirim eart, tús ré amac iad agus níor fás ré iad gur éirí ré ar an mbótar ceart iad, agus tús lón dóib le h-aghair an airtir. “Mo cóinriar!” ar peadar leir féin ann rin, “bí an ceart ag úigearna, ir maic an fear an gairide; ir iomda fear cóir,” ar reiréan, “nac n-dearnair an oiréad rin dain-ra!”

Ní raib ríad a bfaio iméighe ar an mbótar ann rin go bfuair ríad fear marb agus é rínte ar éinam a droma ar lár an bótar, agus d'airnig peadar é gur ab é an fear-fear ceudna do díultais an úigearna an díre dó. “D'olc do pinneamar” ar peadar leir féin, “airgidio do díultuagad d'ó n-ruine boét rin, agus feuc é marb anoir le donar agus anró.” “A pheadar” ar ran úigearna “téir eall éirí an bfeair rin agus feuc créad tá aige ann a róca.” Éirí peadar anonn éirí agus toirais ré ag láimhuagad a fear-dóca agus creud do fuair ré ann aét a lán airgidio gail, agus timéioll cúpla ríer bonn dír. “A úigearna,” ar ra peadar, “bhí an ceart aghao-ra, agus cia bé ruo deunfar tu no dearfear tu díir, ní raadair mé i d'aghair.” “Deunfair rin a pheadar,” ar ran úigearna. “Glac an t-airgidio rin anoir agus caic arthead é ann ran bpoll

The poor old man of yesterday,  
Why did you turn from him away?  
But to this robber, this shameless thief,  
Give, when he asked you for relief.  
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;  
We needn't have feared him, we were two.  
I have a sword here, as you see,  
And could have used it as well as he;  
And I am taller by a span,  
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see  
Things but as they seem to be.  
Look within and see behind,  
Know the heart and read the mind,  
'Tis not long before you know  
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day  
Our Lord and Peter went astray,  
Wandering on a mountain wide,  
Nothing but waste on every side.  
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,  
Peter followed, the Lord went first.  
Then began a heavy rain,  
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,  
Another deluge poured from heaven,  
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.  
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,  
A man came towards them through the bent,  
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,  
When he knew again the robber wight.  
But the robber brought them to his cave,  
And what he had he freely gave.  
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,  
He strewed them rushes for a bed,  
He lent them both a clean attire  
And dried their clothes before the fire,  
And when they rose the following day  
He gave them victuals for the way,  
And never left them till he showed  
The road he thought the straightest road.  
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,  
"The robber is better than better men,  
There's many an honest man," thought he,  
"Who never did as much for me."  
They had not left the robber's ground  
Above an hour, when lo, they found  
A man upon the mountain track  
Lying dead upon his back.  
And Peter soon, with much surprise,  
The beggarman did recognize.

μόνα ελλι, νι βιονν ανν ραν αιησιον σο μινιc αcτ μαλλαcτ μόρι  
 Chpuinnis̃ ρεαοαρ αν τ-αιησιον le céile, αςυρ ευαιθ ρέ σο οτ̃  
 αν poll-móna leir; αcτ νυαιρ βί ρέ ουλ ο'ά cαιτεαι̃ αιρτεαc,  
 “οcón,” αρ ρέ leir ρέιν, “ναc αιθβέυλ αν τρυας̃ αν τ-αιησιον  
 bpeás̃ ρο οο ευρ αμύςα, αςυρ ιρ μινιc βιονν ocpar αςυρ ταρc  
 αςυρ ρυαcτ αρ αν Μάιςιρτιρ, όιρ νι ευςανν ρέ αον αιρ οό ρέιν,  
 αcτ congβócaiõ μιρe ευο οe 'n αιησιον ρο αρ ρον α leapa ρέιν,  
 α ςαν ρίορ οό, αςυρ ο'ρεαρροe é.” leir ριν οο cαιτ ρέ αν τ-  
 αιησιον ςeal uile, αιρτεαc ανν ραν bpoll, ι ριόcτ σο ςcλuinρeαθ  
 αν Τιςεαρνα αν τοραν, αςυρ σο ραοιλρeαθ ρέ σο ραιθ ρέ uile  
 cαιττε αιρτεαc. Νυαιρ τάνις ρέ αρ αιρann ριν ο'ριαρρuiς̃ αν Τις-  
 eαρνα, οé “Α ρheαοαιρ,” αρ ρέ, “αρ cαιτ tu αν τ-αιησιον ριν uile  
 αιρτεαc.” “Chaitear” αρ ρεαοαρ, “αcτ αμáιν πίορa όιρ no  
 οό, οο congβαις̃ μέ le biaθ αςυρ οeoc̃ οο cεannac̃ ουιτ-ρe.”

“Ο! α ρheαοαιρ,” αρ ραν Τιςεαρνα, “cρέαο ράc̃ ναc̃ nθεαρ-  
 ναιθ tu μαρ ουβαιρc̃ μιρe leac̃. ρεαρ ρannταc̃ tu, αςυρ βέιθ  
 αν τραιντ ριν ορc̃ σο bράc̃.”

Sin é αν ράc̃ ραοι α ορuil αν Εαγλαϊρ ρannταc̃ ó ροιν;

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right  
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,  
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now  
Feel his pockets and let us know  
What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,  
And found within the lining plenty  
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know  
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,  
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take  
And throw those coins in yonder lake,  
That none may fish them up again,  
For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,  
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.  
But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin  
To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,  
And money is money—I'll keep the gold  
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,  
For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw  
The *silver* coins to the lake below,  
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think  
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood  
And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;  
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,  
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,  
Since I thought we might find them very good  
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,  
And they are inconvenient to do without,  
But, if you wish it, of course I'll go  
And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,  
"You should have obeyed me at my word,  
For a greedy man you are, I see;  
And a greedy man you will ever be;  
A covetous man you are of gain,  
And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,  
The clergy are since so fond of gold.



# FIGAIR NA CROISE NAOMTA.

O námad mo éireoin, námad mo tír,  
 Námad mo éoinne 'r mo céile,  
 A tigeapna deun mo comairce  
 Le figair na Croire naomta:

Le báir na Croire ceannais tu  
 Sluocht [mí-] fortúnae éba,  
 Ó roin anuar ir beannaisgte  
 An comairce ro áir-naomta:

Do pleur an cappaig, do duih an shian;  
 Do éroit an domhan go h-éacta,  
 Nuair o'áiraisgead ruar an Slánaisgteoir  
 Air dhuim na Croire naomta.

Faraor! oá bictin rin, an té  
 Naé mbéir a éiríoe o'á reubad,  
 A'r deoir aicrige as ríleat uair,  
 Or comair na Croire naomta!

Ir seair é réim an duine laig  
 Sior le pán an t-raogail-re,  
 Ni taomann (?) an Spiorad malluigte  
 Luict figair na Croire Naomta:

Sgannrócar sac don faoi shreim an báir  
 O'á taéat ruar, as eugad,  
 —Ir doct béir lá an anapa  
 San ríat na Croire Naomta:

## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,  
 From the foes who would us dis sever,  
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,  
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,  
 For vain was our endeavor;  
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,  
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade  
 The darkening world did quiver,  
 When on the tree our Saviour made  
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart  
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,  
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start  
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,  
 Down like an ebbing river,  
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand  
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,  
 When the soul and the body sever,  
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust  
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

# bea a ttrí mbó. nn

So péir, bean na ttrí mbó!  
Ar do bólaet na bí teann:  
Do éannaic meiri san go,  
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann.

Ní maireann rairbhear do gnát,  
Do neac ná tabair táir go mór;  
Cúgar an t-éas ar gac taob;  
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó

Siuét eogain mór 'ra mómáin;  
A n-iméacé do gní clú dóib,  
A reolta sup léigeadar ríor;  
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Clann gairge tigeapna an Cláir,  
A n-iméacé-ran, ba lá leoin,  
San rúil pe n-a tteacé go brát  
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dún baol na long,  
Ua Súilleabáin ná'r tím glór;  
Féac sup tuit 'ran Spáin pe clairdeam;  
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir MagUirí, do bí  
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;  
Féac féin sup imtíg an oir:—  
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Síol gCearbail do bí teann;  
le mbeirí gac geall i ngleó;  
Ní maireann don díob, mo díe!  
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do bpeir  
Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a dó,  
Do rinnir-pe iomorca a péir:  
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

## An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluings, a ainoir ir uairbeac gnáir;  
Do bíor san dearmad fearmác buan 'ra tnué:  
Tríd an raemur do glacair peo' buaib ar ttrí;  
Dá bfaiginn-pe realb a ceatair do buailpinn tú.

## THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!  
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.  
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—  
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;  
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;  
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—  
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.  
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;  
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,  
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;  
*Mavrone!* for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.  
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?  
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,  
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;  
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—  
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:  
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.  
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—  
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,  
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;  
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?  
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,  
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;  
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;  
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,  
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,  
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,  
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)  
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical  
 version (pp. 68, 69).



AN RANN SAEÐEALAC.

Agus ro fann leat-páiganta eile do cualaí, ó huine o Contae  
 Dúin-na-ngall; buí mí-íuasáinneac ráró na h-Éireann, mar ir  
 cormúil, nuair rinnead é—

Νάρ μαρβδαὶο μῖρε βουνε ἀρ βιτ  
 Δ'ρ νάρ μαρβδαὶο δον βουνε μέ,  
 Δέτ μά τὰ δον βουνε ἀρ τι μο μαρβτὰ  
 Ξο μβυθ μῖρε μαρββφαρ ἐ!

Δὲ πο πᾶνν εἰτε ἀρ ἀν ἡελίῃ, πο βί ἀα ἰ ἡεὺσε μῦσαν, ἀεὺρ  
πο βεῖρ Ὁ Ὀάλαῖς ὀύινν—

Seacain feadhmanar cille,  
 le buirdin na cléirí ná deun coingrò,  
 No ir bagozal do d'cuir uile  
 imteacht mar dhuileabhar ar b'áir tuile!

As ro pinn ar an meirge, do chualair mé ó m' éapair Tomár  
bairclais. Is beagnac i n "Deirdre é"—

Ni meirge ir mipe liom,  
 Δēt leirg Δ peicrint oim,  
 Gan oiḡ na meirge ir mipe an ḡreann,  
 Δēt ni ḡnācāc meirge gan mi-ḡreann.

Δὲ πο πᾶν τοῦτο εὐαγγέλιον ὁ ἅγιος πνεῦμα, ἀπὸ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ ; ἀλλὰ  
 ὅτι ἀπὸ τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ υἱοῦ τοῦ Θεοῦ—

ʔaʔoʔo teine ʔaʔoi loʔ  
 No ʔaʔeʔaʔi ʔloʔ te ʔuaʔi,  
 ʔoʔaʔiʔe ʔo ʔaʔaʔiʔe ʔo ʔiʔaʔoi ʔoʔiʔe  
 ʔi ʔuʔille ʔ'oʔoʔ\* ʔi ʔaʔaʔiʔi ʔaʔaʔi:

Δὲς πο ἥανν μι-λάῃς εἰτε ἀρὶ νὰ μνησθῇ, τοῦ ἐυαταρ ἰ ὕConnac-  
ταρ—

Ելի ուն իր թուղից ձ մնա՞ծ  
 Եւս, ուս, ձսր մնալե !

\* Aliter, "doirín," mar, cualar é ó fear eile.

## IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,  
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,  
But if ever any should think to kill me  
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.\*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,  
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,  
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,  
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then  
Much mind to be seen drunken.  
Drink only perfects all our play,  
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,  
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,  
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,  
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,  
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

\* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

As ro rann ar an bfeair boib, do cialar i scondáé  
Rorcomáin—

Cómaire do tabairt do duine boib  
Ni bfuil ann aét nio san céill,  
So sclaoirítear é 'na loét  
'S so nistéar é 'na aím-lear féin.

As so cómaire do tug ragar i scondáé Mhuig Eó do cailín  
do bí ró gail-bheurac gleurca, do cialaio mé ó'n bfeair  
ceutona—

A cailín dear ná mear sur móir i do ciall,  
'S so bfuil "nótion" agho nár cleaét do pór ariam,  
bólaét-bleaét do b'aire leó ar rliab,  
'S ní cóta bheac ar pleac (?) do tóna riar.

As ro focal bríogmair ar condáé Mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "dar liom féin,"  
Sin tri fiaðnuire atá as an mbreig.

Asur duibairt fear ó'n scondáé ceutona so cruinn ciallmair le  
duine a maib an-caint asur toga an béarla aige, aét do rinne  
brioc-uirgebeata—

Ni béarla gnio bpaic  
aét a ruatao so maic!

As ro rann maic ar an trior-émoio rin atá ar bun ior an  
toil asur an tuigrint, air ar labair an Rómánac, nuair duibairt  
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boét an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!  
Mo tuigrint óm' toil, a'r mo toil as bfuirim óm' céill,  
Ni tuigtear dom' toil sac loét dom' tuigrint ir léir,  
No má tuigtear, ni toil léi, aét toil a tuigriona féin.

\* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [*i.e.*, laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [*literally*, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring  
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,  
His fault must find him, he must be crost,  
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.\*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,  
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,  
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,  
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

“No doubt sure,” “Myself believes,” “Thinks I,”  
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,  
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, “I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse”—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,  
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,  
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,  
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: “I think,” “I'm near-sure,” and “it seems to me,” those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Δὲ πο μανν εἰλε; ἢ ρεαν-ῥοκαλ κοῖτῆιονν “νὶ τὺγεανν ἀν  
ῥάτῃ ἀν ρεαν” —

Ἰῖορ ἀῖρῖς ἀν ῥάτῃ ῥάμῃ ἀν τ-οεῖαδ μῖαμ,  
S νὶ ἑάμῖς μῖαμ τῥάτῃδ ῥαν λάν-μῖορ ὀβανν ‘να ὀδῖς;  
Ἰῖ ὀῖονν ῥάμῖτ δὲ μῖαῖδ λε ῥοεῖαῖε λῖατ,  
S νὶ ἑῖς ἀν ὀάρ ῥῥάρ ὀο ὀῖνε ἀρ βῖτ ἀμῖαμ.

Δὲ πο μανν εἰλε ἀρ ἑῖλλ δῖορ ἀρ μὶ-ἑῖλλ —

ἑῖλλ δῖορ μὶ-ἑῖλλ  
ὀῖαρ ναδ ῥεῖαβανν λε ἑῖλε!  
ἢ ὀδῖς λε ρεαρ ῥαν ἑῖλλ  
ῥορ ‘βέ ρέιν ὕῖορ να ἑῖλλε!

Δὲ πο μανν εἰλε ἀρ ἀν ὀῖνε δ ὀῖοῖλ δ ἀῖρε δῖορ δ ἰννῖονν  
ἀρ ῥάν ὀῖο —

ἑῖανν τοῖοῖδ ἀν τ-ῖῖὀαρ,  
νὶ ὀῖονν ἑῖοῖε ῥαν ὀῖορ ῥῖαρ,  
ἰοννῖαν δ’ ῥαν δ βῖτ ‘ῥαν ἰμῖαῖε  
ῥεῖδ ἰνν δ’ ῥαν δ ἀῖρε ἀρ!

Τῷ μοῖαν μανν ἰνν, δὲ ἰννῖντ ὀῖοῖδ νεῖτεῖδ ἀν τῥοεῖαῖ.  
ἑῖοῖνν ῥο ὀῖοῖλ ἀν ἑῖοῖ ἢ μὶ δῖα κοῖτῆιονν ὀο’ν ὀῖλεῖν ἀρ  
ῥῖο. νὶ ἑῖῖὀῖαδ ἀνοῖρ δῖτ ἑῖανν δῖα μῖαρ ῥομῖα, ὀο ῥέῖρ μῖαρ  
ἀτῷ ῥέ ἢ ῥεονῖαδ Ἰννῖς-ἑῖο —

ὀῖοῖδ ἰννῖε, ὀῖαδ,  
ὀῖοῖδ ἀῖτε, ἰοῖαδ;  
ὀῖοῖδ ἑῖρῖν, ἑῖνεῖδ,  
ὀῖοῖδ ῥῖῖντε, ὀῖνα:

Δτῷ μῖαρ ἀν ῥεῖοῖνα δ λάν ὀε ῥαννῖαῖδ δὲ τοῖαδ ἰεῖρ ἀν  
ὀῖοκαλ “μῖοῖς” δὲ ὀεῖνῖν τῥῖαῖε ῥῖοῖ νεῖῖδ εῖῥῖαῖα: Δὲ

\* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.



Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,  
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,  
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,  
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.\*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible  
Never foregather,  
Yet the senseless one thinks  
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,  
It is green to see, and grows never gray,  
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam  
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,  
The end of a kiln is burning,  
The end of a feast is frowning,  
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

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† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an scondáé Rorcomáin, mar do  
cualar iad—

1r maiṛṣ do ḡnib bṛannṛa ṣan-riol,  
1r maiṛṣ bíor i dtíṛ ṣan beit tṛeun, (a)  
1r maiṛṣ do ḡnib cómháḡ ṣan rlaét,  
    Ḃṣur dḡ máirṣ nac ṣcuirṛeann rmaét ar a beul;

Ḃṣur aríṛ—

1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a éarad fann,  
    1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a élann ṣan rlaét;  
1r maiṛṣ a bíḡear i mboḡán boét,  
    Ḃṛ dḡ máirṣ a bíḡear ṣan olc ná maít:

1r iomḡa rann ann, mar an ṣ-ceutḡa, coraíḡear le “1r fuat  
liom.”

1r fuat liom cairleán ar mhóin,  
    1r fuat liom fḡḡmṛ beit bárdte;  
1r fuat liom bean buinneac (?) ar bṛón;  
    Ṣur 1r fuat liom rlaḡa ar íḡṣarṛa:

Aríṛ—

1r fuat liom cú tṛuaḡ  
    Ḃṣ reat (rit) ar fuḡ tṛḡe;  
1r fuat liom tuine-uaral  
    Ḃṣ fṛearṛal dḡ mṛaḡi!

Tḡ rann corṛúil leir reḡ i dtḡoib fṛinn mṛic Chumail—

Ceítṛe nṛ dḡ dtuḡ fionn fuat—  
    Cú tṛuaḡ, aṛ eac mall,  
Tḡḡearna tṛṛe ṣan beit ḡlic,  
    Ḃṣur bean fṛi nac mbéarṛad élann;

Buḡ ḡnáḡac leir na uḡoinib beitṛḡeac éḡin do mṛbḡad ḡsur  
tḡite oirḡe fṛéile mṛḡarṛain. Thḡrṛa, an oirḡe reḡ, nac raiḡ  
le mṛbḡad ḡṣ mṛaḡi an tṛḡe áct muc bṛeac, ḡsur níor máit léi  
rṛin do deunam. Áct buḡ mṛian leir an mac béile máit do beit

(a) Aliter, tṛéirḡeac.

*Literally:* Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],  
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes  
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no  
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,  
For the weak who go through a foreign land,  
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,  
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.\*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,  
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,  
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,  
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,  
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,  
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,  
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house  
That drag their mangy life,  
I hate to see a gentleman  
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,  
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,  
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,  
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχρὸς ᾗς ἡ βεστος*.]

‡ *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a \* \* \* (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aiſe aſur éuaíð ré i bʼfolac ar éúl an tige, vʼatʼraiſ ré a ſuʼt;  
aſur oubaírt ré vʼé ſlóir ſránna uaʼbʼarac an rann ro—

Míre Mártan veapſ Dia,  
Aſur ar ſac realb buainim feóil,  
Mar nár marb tupa an muc breac  
Marbʼaríð míre vʼo mac Cormac óſ.

Vo rſannraiſeav an máʼtar, óir ſaoil rí ſur vʼé Naom Mártan  
fein vʼo bí aſ laʼbaírt, aſur marb rí an muc.

Aſ ro rſeul vʼo rſríob mé ríor o beul mʼiceáil míc Ruaiʼríſ  
“an file ar éonvʼacé mʼuíſ-Eó,” mar leanar:

“Bí beírt ſaſart aſ rparíveópaʼct, don lá amáin, aſur éonn-  
aírt ríav [aſ] tigeaʼct na n-aſaíð leaʼt-amaʼvʼan naʼc raib don éiall  
aiſe, aʼct bí ré an ſearr-míoballaʼc [ſéir-ſreʼaſaríʼac], aſur arpa  
ceann vʼe na rſaírt leir an brear eile, ‘cuírfíð mé ceírt ar  
vʼhíarmuíro anoir nuair éiuʼcʼaríð ré i nſar vʼúinn.’ ‘Ír fearr  
vʼuit a leíſean éaríʼ ar ran fear eile: Nuair éáiníſ vʼíarmuíro  
i n-imʼtíſ (?) [= i nſar] vʼóib, arpa ceann vʼo na rſaírt leir, ‘Íar-  
amaʼvʼoíro oírt [= ríarʼruiſímirí vʼíot] caʼv é an úair vʼéívear a éaint  
aſ an bpreʼacʼán vʼub’? Vearí vʼíarmuíro ruar ann ran aſaíð  
ar an rſaírt, aſur ‘innreóʼaríð mé rin vʼuit,’ ar reiríean

Nuair éómmóʼcar an t-iuríac [t-iolar] ar an nſleann,  
Nuair ſlanſar an ceó vʼe na cnuic,  
Nuair imʼteóʼcar\* an traint vʼe na rſaírt  
vʼéíro a éaint aſ an bpreʼacʼán vʼub.

‘Noir,’ ar ran rſaírt eile, ‘nár brearí vʼuit éírteʼaʼct le  
vʼíarmuíro!’”

Aſ ro rann eile vʼo ruair mé ó’n mʼbáírtaiſeav—

ſeallʼaríð an fear breuſac  
ſac [a] breuʼvʼar a éíoríve,  
ſaoilʼríð an fear ranníʼac  
ſac a ſealltar ſo bʼruiſʼ.†

Aſ ro ceann eile ó éonvʼacé mʼuíſ Eó—

An té léíſear a leabar  
A’r naʼc ſcuíreann é i meabʼar,  
Nuair éailíeann ré a leabʼar  
vʼíonn ré na baileabʼar (?)

\* “aʼct ſo n-imʼtíſ,” oubaírt mac uí Ruaiʼríſ, aʼct ní léir vʼam rin.  
† = ſo bʼruiſírfíð ré ſac níó ſealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,  
Out of every herd one head is mine,  
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day  
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.\*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,  
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,  
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,  
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid'!"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised  
Whatever thing he could,  
The greedy man believes him,  
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took  
His learning from his book,  
If that from him be took  
He knows not where to look.‡

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\* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *pealt* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).



SEÁŠAN AN DÍOMAIS;  
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.  
CONÁN MAOL;

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CAIB. I:

bile na coille:

Ir iomrha fear gairgseamail do h-oileadh i n-úlaibh ó Coin Cúlainn anuas go dtí Seáshan an Díomair. I bpróin na cian-taibh do rugadh ann Miall naoi nGiallaic, ní cúmáctas do bí i dTeamhair. Ir minic do mótuigh na Rómánaigh i mBreatain a corrairte rúth. I gceann d'á turpuraibh tug ré leir mar éime buacail ós d'ár b'ainm 'na diaibh rúth pádruijs. Do b'é an éime úr an Tailgin sup innir na dpraoite roim nae a teact. Tá a clú, 7 a ceannar go h-aibíth fóir imearjs Saedéal, aet dála Néill naoi nGiallaigh ir beas nac bfuil a ainm dearmadta. Ar a fion roin ba móir le rádh an ní úr lá, 7 ar a leappaca d' fár an aicme ba cumaraigh 7 ba calma d'á raib i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féidir ar dhuim an domain. Cuapdaigh rair na scrioc eile, féac imearjs aicmibh abur 7 tall 7 ní bfuigfir fir d'aon éineadh amáin do b'áilne dprad, do ba calma i ngleo, do ba gléir-inntineac i gcómairle 'na na ráir-fir do fíolraibh ar fear do gceadta bliadhán ar an bpréim uairil rin Muinir Néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaoth móir timceall crainn daine i n'donar ar lár macaire, san bainc le n-a neart aet amáin na duilleoga do rgiobadh de 7 po-ceann d'á gceasraibh do bprad le h-áir idirraet, do ba mar rin do na Saranaigh ar fear ceitpe céad bliadhán d'á mbarad féin i gcoinnibh na gcuairde úr do táinig ó Miall naoi-nGiallaic; 7 ir é mo tuairim ná buairfidhe coirde oiréa rúth muna mbéadh sup eirigeadar i n-aghaid a céile.

Ní raib fear ar an gcineadh ba mó cáil 'na an Seáshan ro do luadmuid. Éireannaic 'na ballaibh do b'ead é, cóim maic 'na loctair 7 'na tréitibh fearamla. Ní raib ré cóim glia i gcómairle 'na cóim gair-cúirad i gceirt le h-aoibh Ó Néill d'foglaimir cleapadadac miasla i dtijs Éiré, bainmoga Sarana. Ní raib bun-eólar cogair aise cóim clirde le h-eogan Ruadh, aet níor fáruis don duine aca ro é i nghairge, i ngníomh, 'na i ngrádh d'á tír. Tá don rmal amáin ar a ainm. D'foillirig





## SHANE THE PROUD.

## A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages : and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanaisḡ ḡo roiléir an rmal roin dúinn ḡo h-ātorac, mar ba beas opta Seáḡan Ó Néill. O'fuaḡaisḡ ré bean Calḡaisḡ Uí Dómnail, deirḡfíur do ḡigearna na nOileán coir Albain, ḡ ir dóic le n-a lán úḡḡar ḡur éaluisḡ rípe leir le n-a toil féin. Ir ruarac náe raiḡ ré cóim h-ole leir na Sapanaisḡ féin ar an ḡcuma rain, aet amáin ḡo n-aomócaḡ reirpan a ḡroé-éleacḡaḡ mar níor ba rimineac é, aet fear rírinneac ná ceirpeaḡ a cáim;

## Caib. 2.

### Éire le n-a linn:

Ní fearaḡ inir fáil lá ruaimhir riam "ó ḡaḡ reóica na Normánae i ḡcuan ar "ḡráisḡ an ḡainḡ" le Diarmair na nḡall inir an mbliḡḡain 1169. Táimis na Normánaisḡ ḡo Sapaná ó'n ḡfrainc céaḡ bliḡḡan roim an am roin, fá rciḡrúḡaḡ liaim buaḡḡaisḡ, ḡ do rḡairpeaḡar na Sapanaisḡ i n-aon ḡruisḡin amáin. Bí na Sapanaisḡ fá coir ḡan moill ḡ Normánae 'na rúḡ ḡ 'na buanna opta fearḡa. Níor ba ḡala roin o'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rin an ḡara Hanrí ḡo ḡḡí an t-oetḡaḡ Hanrí bí rúḡḡe Sapaná 'na "ḡḡigearnaiḡ" ar Éirinn. Ní raiḡ ré i mirneac aon rí aca Rí Éireann do ḡlaḡḡaḡ air féin ḡur ceap an t-oetḡaḡ Hanrí ḡur cóir do féin beic 'na rí ḡáiríruḡ ar Éireannaisḡ.

Ar an aḡḡar roin cuir ré ḡairim rḡoile amac ḡo raiḡ ré riacḡanae ar ḡaoirpeacaiḡ móra Éireann cruinníḡaḡ ar aon láḡair ḡo mbronnraḡ ré cíoḡail ḡ talam opta.

Do b'é nór na ḡtaoirpeac roin ḡo ḡḡí rúḡ beic 'na ḡcinn ar an ḡrpeib ḡ rloinneac a ḡrpeibe féin do cḡḡbáil. Bí Ó ḡruain mar ceann ar Muinḡir ḡruain, Ó Néill mar ceann ar Múinḡir Néill, ḡ mar rin ḡóib. Cuirpíḡ an t-oetḡaḡ Hanrí deirpeaḡ leir an nór roin fearḡa, ḡ o'á réir rin cuirpeann ré rḡḡra aḡ ḡriall ar áro-ḡaoirpeacaiḡ Éireann náe ḡruil uair aet ríotcáin do ḡéanaḡ leó, ḡ ḡo nḡéanraḡ ré ḡigearnaiḡ móra ḡóib, ḡ ḡo mbronnraḡ ré talam na rpeibe opta aet ḡéilleaḡ ḡó. Do mācḡnuisḡ na taoirisḡ. Do réir nór na h-Éireann an uair rin níorḡ' leir an ḡtaoirpeac talam na rpeibe, aet leó féin ḡ leirpan i ḡteannta cáile. Bí reirpan mar ceann opta mar o'áruisḡeāḡar féin é ar cóinḡeall ḡo ḡtaḡarraḡaḡ ré ceapc ḡóib. Ar an aḡḡar roin bíḡḡar raor ḡ ní leóimraḡ an taoirpeac a ḡcuro



action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

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## CHAPTER II.

### IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,\* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

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\* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talman do baint díob mar bí an oipead cirt aca féin cum na talman roim 7 bí aigeSean.

Aéit féad an tlige seo do ceap an t-octmáth Hanrí 7 a minir-téir glie Wolsey. Deaó an taoipead fearú mar mhaigirte: ar 5ac tpeib i n-ionad beit mar do bí ré 5o tci ro 'na uadúarín orda. Níor éatmí 5an 5nó i n-aon cori leir an tpeib, aéit do péiróit 5é 5o dian maic leir na taoipeadúib, 7 do rmuainiú 5ac ceann aca ar a fion féin 5o maib ré 7 a tóáiní 5oimír tndáite, tuirpead le cómpac i n-aíar na Sapanad, 7 5ur mictio cor 5o cúir leir an impear.

Dá cionn roin léigimí 5ur tpuall taoirí 5móia na h-Éireann anonn 5o lúnduin cum Hanrí inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearf Conn Ó Néill; 7 5o maib an ní 5o rial, fáiltead, urraimead leó, 7 5o n-deáirnaíó ré iarlai 7 tigeairnaí díob do péir a 5céim 'ra tpaogal.

Ba túbairtead an tuir é mar do deáail ré 5ac tpeib i n-Éirinn ó'n nóir do bí aca leir na ciantaib—ré rin flait do déanaó díob féin ar an tpeib 5an rpleadócar do m 5 Sapanad. Caitirío ríad fearúá úmalúgar do'n iarlai nuad ro do cum an ní díob, 7 muna mberí ríad úmal do cuirpear rai 5túirí Sapanad cum cabruigite leir an iarlai nuad i 5cómair rmaet do cúir ar an tpeib nóán. Ní fuláir do'n iarlai nuad leir aipe tabairt do féin nó ároócarí Sapanad iarlai eile 'na ionad a beirí úmal 7 muintearúda do'n maígalcar.

### Caib. 3:

#### 5RUAIM I TCIK EÓ5AIN:

Níor b'iongnad 5o maib ríormairnaí 7 tciú Eó5ain ar tead ar n-air do'n iarlai nuad, 7 cogairnad 7 cpoctad ceann 7 láim-reáil claidéam 5o bagairtead ábur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an céad Ó Néill do érom a 5lún cum m 5 iarláda," ar ríadran, 7 tugaóar rúil ar Seághan, aoránad Cuinn. "Tá aóóar m 5 ann," adubraóar le céile; "fan 5o b'áiríó ré. Féad an 5ruaí 5aóa, fáinnead, fionn roin air, 7 an dá rúil larmáia 5lára roin aise. Tá ré a 5 borraó 5o tui 5. Tá bpeir 7 ré tpoigite ar áiríe ann ceana féin: Féad 5o cruinn air, ná leatán-5uailnead ruinnite fearraóad atá ré; cóm dípead le pleig, cóm lúctmar le ríad,

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

èom d'án le tarb t'ána. Beir Seághan mar f'laic orainn 7 caic-  
piò lapa nuad an oetmàd Hanpi s'neadò leir."

Cualaid Conn Ó Néill an cògarinac 7 do foill ri air.  
Cualaid ré p'p as caint le céile 7 faobair 'na maòarc. "Ir  
annra leir an mac togarca, Matú an fearboirca, 'na Seághan  
a mac uirtineac féin do tug a bean-tigearna d'ó, an bean ir  
uairle i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'í mácair Seághan ingean an Gear-  
altais, lapa Cille Dara, an fear ba cúmaictaige i n-Éirinn.

D'iarr an t-oetmàd Hanpi ar Conn a oighe d'ainmniúgað.  
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinnead bapün Dúngenanainn de Matú  
laidreac. "Caitfead-ra mo ceart d' f'ágaíl," a'Veir Seághan.  
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lapa i fúlaib a mic. Connaic ré an  
sruaim ar an otreib. "Beir Seághan mar oighe orm," a'Veir  
ré fá d'eiread, tar éir móran tafaint.

D'iarr Matú cabair ar Sarena 7 fuair ré i san moill mar  
ba maic leir na Gallaid an leatrgéal cum muintir Néill do  
cup ar céaraib a céile. Cuiread p'or laidreac ar Conn Ó Néill  
i scómair páraim do baint de i d'eadó inatú do dí-lácairugað,  
d'et ní maad ré riap ar a geallamaint do Seághan 7 buailead  
vá glar i mbaile-ata-cliaí é.

#### Caib: 4:

### FAOBAR CLAIÖM:

Do blaöm Seághan an Dìomair ruar 7 glaoðaid ré ar a  
muintir eirge amad, le n' atair d'fuarzlad. N'ior b'fearr leir  
na Sarenais gnó bí aca. Seólad pluag ó tuaid go cúige Ulað  
i scómair rmaic do cup ar an b'fear ós baot ro, d'et do táinig  
reirean aniar orca go h-obainn, do gab ré triota, 7 bioðar  
as baint na pála d'á céile as teicead uaid. Do gléarad pluag  
eile ar an mbliadain do bí cúgann (1552), d'et do tiomáin  
Seághan noimir iad 'nór r'gata gabar. Bí fear i n-asaid na  
Sarana an cor ro. Sgaiolead Conn Ó Néill le tí r'iotcána  
do déanað d'et ba beas an maicear é. Do blair Seághan an  
Dìomair fuil.

"Caitfead an fear mórbálad boib ro do corz," arpan fear-



Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I* must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a



Ionaid ó Sapanais, 7 do éoiriú 7 do gléar ré plóigeaíocht láirí. B'i a gcuidíocht ó tuairí i n-airdear mar do buaileadh Seághan leo 'ra n-áit náe maib coinne leir, baineadh ré geit arda, baineadh ré se arda, 7 óruideadh ré leir go uán, míocúibearaí.

Bailiú Mácu óream de'n tpeib, mar do lean cuid aca fá na bpat-ran, 7 do gluar ré cum cabruíocht leir na Sallai, aet o'éaluis Seághan 'na tpeib i lár na h-oiríoché 7 do éir ré ar Mácu go tapaid. "Óeanfaim daingean i mbéaltreiríoché cum a rmaíctuisíte," aoir an púiríe Uilliam Órabaron. Óuir Seághan irtead oíra inr an tóin neam-óiríochuisíte úo 7 do míll ré a bfuiríoch. Óuir ré ar an gcuma gcéadna irtead ar óream eile do luét conganra Órabaron coir Óoirí 7 do ríar ré iad. Níor b'iongnadh gur éaluis eagla ar na Sapanaisib 7 gur rgein-neadair leo ar n-air go baile-aet-cliaí.

Leigead do ar feara éiríoché mbliadán 'na uairí rúo (1554-8), aet ní maib don fonn ruairíochí ar Seághan an Dìomair. Cúiríochí ré gur le n-a rínnreair cúise Ulaí. Bíod an lám láirí i n-uadair, aoir ré leir féin. B'éadh ré maíctanad ar na tairíochí eile géilleadh do. Dá mbéadh ré ómí glíoch le h-Adó Ó Néill do óeanfadh ré ceangal 7 capadair leir na tairíochaisib boirba úo i n-ionaid do éir o'fíadaisib oíra géilleadh do.

Dubairt Ó Ríagallais, íarla nuadh Óreirí, leir náe géillreadh ré féin i n-don éoir do, aet léim an feara teinnreadh tpeib, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Ríagallais beirí uíal do feara. Níor mair rín de Ó Dóinnail i tTír Conail. Ní mó 'na géill an Clann Dóinnail ó Albainn o'áitíoch na gleannra coir fairíoché i n-don tpeib, aet tuis Seághan aghair oíra go léir íoirí Saeóil 7 Sall. Níor eiríochí leir go maib inr an íaríoch do gúíoch ré cum clanna cruada Tír Conail do tabairt fá na maíochí, mar p'reab Calbad Ó Dóinnail i gan fíor air 'na éabán ír oíoché ag Baile-aghair-éadoin 7 ba beag náir míll ré Seághan. Do tuit a lán o'á éiríochí inr an maíoch obann úo, 7 do éall ré airíoch 7 capall, 7 'na meiríoch a ead éiríochí féin. Do b'é an t-ead cogairíoch úo an capall ba b'reagha i n-éiríoch. Mac-an-fíolair do tugadair uiríoch. Fuair Seághan ar n-air aríoch í. Níor éiríoch an bac úo coiríoch adair leir an b'rear gcumaraíoch n'án.

Do tuit Mácu i ngríochíoché éiríoch le cuid de muintirí Seághan inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 do gúíoch na Sapanais íaríoch ar an gcuir do éir i leir Seághan féin aet dubairt ré náe maib don baint aise le báir Mácu 7 go gcáiríochíoch beirí fára leir an b'reagha ríoch. Fuair Conn Ó Néill báir ar an mbliadán do bí éiríochíoch. "Ta an bóiríoch réiríoch do Seághan anoir," aoir an tpeib; "ní beiríoch íarla mar éann oiríoch a éiríoch."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

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## CHAPTER V.

### O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

## Cairb. 5:

## Ó Néill Ulað:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaisóis, a Seághan an Dóimair! Tá an leac níosáda ann as feiteam leat leo' coir veir do bualað uirte mar gníðeas do rinnrean níshte mómat! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tulacós, agus do ríneas ríat bán díneac cuige mar cómarca coiraim ciut o'á tpeib; buaileas clóca gnéarua ar a flinneánaið cumapaca 7 catbárr ar a ceann. Caiúeas ríupéio a coire riar tar a shuainn: Capas míle claið-eam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeas mac alla na sceanntar le fuaim-ghór míle ríorua—"Ó Néill abú! So maíur ar bflaíe a toga!" Do taitnim an shian ar ceannaishte dátaimail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coin móra ar iallaib amartuac arua fé mar eualadar ualparuag an mactíre 'ra coill 7 séim na h-eilite ar an ghenoc.

"Do b'onóiríge liom veit am' 'Ó Néill Ulað' 'ná am' ní ar Spáinn," arsa doð tír Eóghan tamall maíe 'na díar rúo. "Ír mó le h-Ulaig an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerar' le Rómánais," ar an ríuoróoir Mountjoy.

## Cairb. 6:

## "DEARBURÁTAIR TAIOS DÓMNAIL."

Cuilleas Máire, bainneogain Sárana fá'n am ro, 7 bí Eilir 'na h-ionas. Do b' i an bean mí-banamail reo an éiríde cloice 7 na ríaraca práir an bean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do érom rí féin 7 a maíaltar láitneac ar cúir irteac ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm o'á fear-ionas i n-Éirinn. Shuair fé o tuar do Dúndealgain 7 cúir fósra cum Seághan teact 'na shair. Níor leis Seághan air shu eualas fé an fósra act cúir fé cuineas cum Sydney teact cum a tíge 7 veit 'na ádair bairtíde o'á mac ós. Níor dúltas an fear-ionas do 7 do fearaim fé leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulað le toil na tpeibe reo," arsa Seághan. "Ní tearvuirgeann uaim cómrac le Sárana má leigtear dom, act má cuirtear orm, bíos oraið féin." Bí Sydney fárra leir rin 7 bí ríotcáin ar fear tamall i n-Ulað

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### "DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no



Sussex 'na fear-ionas go h-Éirinn. “Ní béad aní fuaimear,” aoir ré, “go mberò Ó Néill fá coir,” 7 do gléar 7 do coiríis pluas le h-aíar an gnotha. Fear realitac, borb, glac, do b'ead Sussex ro aet ní raib ré com gear-inntineac le Sydney. Do cabruis Calbac Ó Domhnail leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann Domhnail na hAlbann, i nAontuim. Do gearán Seághan-an-Diomair go rabtar as cup air san éir. Bí a éiríse as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maítear. Tasaò teactaire Elíre 7 féacac ré. Níor cuir Elír ruim 'na éirí cainte aet leis rí o'á fear-ionas gluaireact ó tuar go h-Árto-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Pneab Seághan go h-obann irteac go Tír Conaill rui a raib coinne leir 7 do ríob ré leir rean Calbac Ó Domhnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo o'fás an rmál ar a ainm. Do cuir an cleas cogair obann roin mearbhall ar na Tír Conaillí 7 do tocuir Sussex a ceann le canscar. Car Seághan ó deas fá mar do béad ré ar tí iarraict do tabairt fá Baile-ata-Clia. Bí Mac-an-íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaoib Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann oreama oíríreac o' ultacab. Níor tuis Sussex cao é an fuadar do bí fá Seághan. Fá deiread do ríib ré go raib Seághan 'na glaise aise 7 do beartuis ré innit oó. Do oíur ré míle fear irteac go Tír Eógan as creaca 7 as corraire, 7 o' fan ré féin coir Áirto-Maca as reicam le Seághan. Baillí an míle fear na céadta ba oúba, na caoirí bána, 7 na capail, 7 do gluaireadar ar n-air go buacac. “Féac Mac-an-íolair,” arfa ruine éigin, “tá Seághan an Diomair éiríab!” Ní raib le Seághan ar an láair úo aet céad 7 ríce marcac 7 o'á céad coiríote, aet gairíobí blosbéimeaca do b'ead iad. Bí cinn 7 cora 'na gearánab ar an macaire úo fá ceann uaire an clois, 7 an fuigleac beas creaca, ríollta, as rgeinnead go h-Árto-Maca, na baillí raobraca o'á n-gearrad 7 o'á n-éirleac, 7 an gair-caa uamnac úo—“Lám deas abú!” 'na gcluarab. innreann Sussex féin le cráó croide an raon-madma do cuiread air.—“Ní raib ré i míreac don Éireannais riam fór rearam am' aíar-re, aet féac moiu Ó Néill reo 7 san aise aet a leat n-oiread fear liom, as brúctad irteac ar mo arm breas ar macaire réir leatán. Do gairíinn cum Dé ríall o'fásail air 'na leiríre o'áit san coill i ngorraet trí míle oó le ríac do tabairt o'á éirí fear. Mo náire é, o'fóbaí ná fáspad ré aet oom' arm beo i n-uair an clois, 7 ir beas ná rírac ré mé féin 7 an éirí eile amac leir ar oaingean Áirto-Maca.”

Ní éromrad Sussex ar Tír Eógan do creacad go fóil aríre. Cuir an bpreac úo ríannrad oíra i lúntuim 7 o'íar Elír ar



notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám deas abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him\*:—

“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

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\* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—ED.

lapla Cilleodara, b'fàidair Seághan an Dìomair, rìothcáin do d'ádh. Cuir pí teacetairead mairteamhair cum Seághan 7 cuiread cuise teadct go Lúnduin le labairt léi. "Ní corróca cor," a'vair Seághan, "go dtugaid arim Sárana a mbótar ort a ar Ulaó." "Bíod mar rin," a'vubairt Elír.

Nuair do mead Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cup, b'fíom: Tá a r'ghibinn féin cum Elíre mar fíadnaire ar an b'feall. 1 mí na Lúghara 1561, r'ghíobann ré cum na bainríogha rin sup táirg ré luac céad marc 'ra mbliadain de éalam do Niall Liat, maortíge Uí Néill, ar cóimgeall go muirbeóca ré an flait rin. "Do múinear do cionnur d'éalóca ré leir tar éir na bearta," a'vair ré. Ní fíor d'úinn an fíad Niall Liat d'áiríub, a'ct gíbe r'geal é ní cloirtear sup gíob ré, i'ar'ra'ct ar Seághan do d'únnar'bu'gaó.

### Caib: 7:

#### SEÁGHAN-AN-DÍOMAIRS 1 LÚNDUIN:

Rinne lapla Cilleodara ríothcáin roir Ó Néill 7 Sárana, mar ba móir le h-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladair aríon anonn go Lúnduin, 7 n'viread na bliadna, 7 gá'ra g'allóglac 1 n'éirfead leo.

Dubairtar le Seághan náe b'fíllfead ré ar air go deó, toirg go fíad an tuag 7 an ceap 'na cómair a'g Elír, a'ct b'í muirígin a'gírean ar a teanga líomta 7 b'í d'óic a'gíe nár mead ré ríam 1 n-aon c'úmhanga.

Dean uallac do b'ead Elír: B'í pí d'atamail, g'ruais ruad uirte, 7 fíla glara aici, an t-éadac ba b'ead'ga 7 ba d'aoirle le fágail uirte, 7 an iomaó de aici le h-í féin do cóm'gaó go minic 'ra ló. Péacós do b'ead í le féacaint uirte, a'ct b'í c'píob an beata'dais allta, gan trua'g, gan trua'gméil aici, 7 inntin 7 a'gíe tar m'ndí an d'omáin. "An labairtar b'earla cúici?" ar'ra d'úine éigin le Seághan. "Ní labórad go d'eimín," ar r'iréan, "mar leónrad an teanga d'uarle g'ránná roin mo cóm'ráin." B'í f'raincir 7 Spáinir 7 Lir'weann a'g Seághan 1 d'eannta a teanga binn b'lar'ra féin. Dean teangaca do b'ead Elír leir, 7 dubairtar sup f'áruis Seághan 'ra b'f'raincir í 7 sup eitig pí cóm'rad leir 'ra teanga roin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá nochtas beas inr an mbliadhain 1562 do buail ré irteac do reómha píogaíochta Éilip. Bí sír calma ré troisgte 7 níor mó na cuirteacta, do mór mór Herbert ós, aet connacatar láirteac náe maib ionnta aet rppearáin i n-aice Seághan-an-Diomair. Tugann rtdáir na Sapanac cúntur ar a éuairt 7 ar a éruet. “Bí falluings buirde-óearis do déanmúr óaor ar rileaó riar ríor do calam leir, 7 spuas fionn-ruaó do eirpineac, cam-arac tar a flinneánaib ríor do láir a óroma, rúla glara ríadaine aige o’féac amac ort cóm lonnrae le sac spéine; corip fuinnnte lútmair aige 7 ceann-aigste dán.” Bí na céarta as iarraib raóaire o’fághail air féin 7 ar a gallóglacá: Deir a tuairis do raóadar ro ceann-lomnocta, foilt fionna ortá, léinteacá lúirig ó muineál do glún ortá, eiriceann mactíre tar shuailnib sac sír aca, 7 seáir-éuas cata i láim sac don aca. Níor b’ ionntaib fearis do éur ar a leitéirib ríu. Ir deall-raeac do raóadar i mbuirigín áromaca. “Úmaluigib!” arpa Seághan de sut glórac 7 ní maib an focal ar a béal nuair do bí na gallóglacá ar a leat-glúin. Stao ré i gcómhar do’n cataoir píogaíochta mar a maib Éilip, asur i éaruisgte ar nóir péacóige, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a glún, 7 do fearaim ré annroin cóm díreac le gáinne. O’ féac ré féin 7 Éilip roir an dá rúil ar a céile. Labair sí i laideann leir 7 o’ fíreagair reiréan i do binn-bíraeac. Do mói ré a móirdeat 7 duirair ré sur óall a rseim 7 a éruet é, mar ba mín i a éeangá le mnáib. Níor luirig rúil Éilip maib ar a leitéir o’ fear 7 ba éinn léi é beir ’sá bíreagá. Do éearbáin sí do i n-ainneóin a cómairleóirí sur éaite ré léi, sí do maib na cómairleóirí rin ar tí a éurí pola do dóiréac. Duiradar leó féin do maib spéim aca anoir nó maib air, 7 sí do sur éuagáir na coingil do ná bainríde leir ar a éurur, méaradar, mar ba gárac, an glar do bualaó air. “Tátaoi ar tí an coingil do bíreac,” ar Seághan do dán. “Leisfeair ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil leir, “aet ní fuil don am áirigste ceapuisgte ’ra coingéall roin!” “Meallaó mé,” arpa Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré irteac do láirair Éilipe 7 o’iarr ré coimre uirte: “Ní leómtear don bártáinn do déanaó duir,” aoir sí leir, “aet caiteir fanamaint asáinn do fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do méall Seághan i: Ba maib léi le n-a h-air é, 7 meairtar do maib raéar spáiró ainmíde aici do, 7 ir é iongnac sac leigsteóra sur rtaoil sí uairte é fá deiréac ar géall do mbéac ré úmal ví féin amáin 7 san baint ’sá fear-ionac i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear do maib eagla uirte leir o’á gcuirteir i gcuiréac é do noéanraó Muinirí Néill ríait de éoirdealbac luineac ó Néill ’na ionac



bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him



⁊ do b'annra léi Seáðan 'nà eipean. B'i Sussex a⁹ cogaint a teangan le buile toir⁹ nà'p baineað an ceann de òlaimn Seáðain i lúnduin, ⁊ cuir pé r⁹eala cum Elíre so rai⁹ pé leat⁹a ar fuo Éipeann sup meall Seáðan i d'á feab⁹ar i a h-inntleact ⁊ sup ⁹nì⁹ rí rí ar Ula⁹ òe. D'iar⁹p ré ceao uir⁹te é mealla⁹ so Baile-áta-Cliat i ⁹còir ⁹reama d'fá⁹ail air, act b'i Seáðan rí⁹-amara⁹ac ⁊ ní⁹r ⁹ab pé i n⁹aor do Baile-áta-Cliat, ⁹ì⁹ sup ⁹eall Sussex a òeir⁹b'fí⁹r mar mnaoi ò⁹ act<sup>r</sup> teact d'á feicrint:

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Caib: 8:

nim ⁊ fuil:

In⁹ an mbliadain 'na òiar⁹ rí⁹ (i. 1563) do epom Sussex ar cuir ir⁹eac ar Seáðan ⁊ ar uir⁹e fá talam do òeana⁹ ioir é féin ⁊ Elír. Do cab⁹ui⁹ ⁹ean-námair⁹e Seáðain, na Tír-Connaili⁹ ⁊ Albana⁹i⁹ aontuim, le Sussex, ⁊ do ⁹luair reir⁹ean ó tuar⁹ so h-Ula⁹ in⁹ an Ab⁹án 1563, act má ⁹luair do ⁹nì⁹ Seáðan lia⁹rí⁹⁹ coir⁹ òe féin ⁊ d'á flua⁹, ⁊ b'i Sussex an-bur⁹eac so rai⁹ pé 'na cumar teic⁹eac le n'anam. ⁹⁹rí⁹⁹ Elír cum Sussex rí⁹⁹cáin do òeana⁹ le Seáðan, mar nác rai⁹ don maid ò⁹ beir leir.

Do ⁹nì⁹ Sussex fuo ar Elír, ⁊ ar an am ⁹c⁹aona cuir pé réirín rí⁹⁹cána cum Seáðain—uala⁹ ríona mear⁹ui⁹⁹te le nim: D'ól Seáðan ⁊ a linn-ti⁹e cuir òe'n ríon ⁊ d'fó⁹air so mbéa⁹ ré 'na pleir⁹. B'i ré a⁹ cómr⁹ac leir an mbár ar fea⁹ d'á lá, ⁊ nuair do táin⁹ ré cuir⁹e féin ní⁹r b'ion⁹na⁹ so rai⁹ pé ar òear⁹-lara⁹ le reir⁹ ⁊ sup ⁹léar pé a buir⁹ean cum cogair⁹. Leir Elír uir⁹te so rai⁹ rí ar buile i òtaob an feill-beair⁹ ú⁹ ⁊ do ⁹eall rí so òtabar⁹ar⁹ rí ceair⁹ ò⁹ act a fuair⁹near do ⁹laca⁹. Do ⁹lao⁹air⁹ rí abair⁹e ar Sussex. Leir rí uir⁹te sup mar fáram do Seáðan é, act do b'⁹e an cuir do b'i aic⁹ ar Sussex sup meac ré. Do rnaidm rí rí⁹⁹cáin ⁊ capar⁹ar mar d'eac le Seáðan air⁹, ⁊ b'i ré 'na rí⁹ d'airí⁹r⁹b ar Ula⁹ anoir ⁊ leir⁹eac ò⁹: Act mar rin féin b'i a fuac do'n ⁹all cóim ⁹ear ⁊ b'i ré riam. D'á cómar⁹a roim cum pé cair⁹leán ar bhuac loca n-eac. Fear tagar⁹a do b'eac é ⁊ ceap ré sup bea⁹ ar na Sapanai⁹ riar⁹e an cair⁹leán rin ⁊ do bair⁹e ré air “fuac na n⁹all.” Òeir⁹ear sup ceap ré an uair reo rí⁹⁹aact na h-Éipeann do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

ḡabáil éuise féin, 7 na Sapanais do ḡlanað amac aipde: Aét níor éabruis na h-Éireannais leir. Do rḡpíob ré cum ruḡ na fḡrain e aḡ iarrað congnaim aip. “Má éugann tu òom ré míle fear aip iapaét,” aip reiréan, “tiomáinfead na Sapanais aip an tóir reo irteac ‘ra bḡairrḡe.” Do ḡeobað ré a òeic n-oiréad roin i n-Éirinn féin ó’a mb’áil leó eirḡe leir, aét níor éorruisḡeadaip cor.

### Caib: 9.

### lám dearg abú!

Muna ḡcabruisḡó Éire linn, map rin féin caipream toul aip aḡaíð. Bí an Clann Dómnail reo i n-Dontrium ó uair ḡo h-uair aḡ cabruḡað leir na Sapanais. Amápanna do b’eað na fḡir calma úo. Éangadaip ó Albain aip éuiread éuinn Uí Néill 7 a aḡaip, 7 do éuireadaip fḡta i n-Dontrium 7 i n-Dalriada. Ní raib Seághan rápta ‘na aighe fað do bíodaip ‘ra típ. Do ḡéill-eadaip óó 7 do éabruisḡeadaip leir don uair amáin, aét ní raib don ionntaíð aighe aipda. Dubraadaip leir náé raib don rmaét aighe oirḡa, 7 náé raib ré maétanaé oirḡa cabruḡað leir, aét le n-a tóoil féin. Do ḡpíoraíð bainrḡoḡain Elir iad i ḡan fḡior. “Sead má’r ead,” aḡeip Seághan leo, “ḡreadaíð lib abáile. Ní fuil don ḡnó aḡampa oib fearda.” Aét do éuir na h-Albanais colḡ oirḡa féin 7 dubraadaip leir ḡo bḡanfaḡuir map a raib aca ḡan rpleadadaip óó roin: “Do buadmaip aip ó’aḡaip-re éeana 7 aip Sussex ‘na ieannta,” aḡeip na h-Albanais óána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Dìomair a éopa aip Mlac-an-ḡiolar, baileḡ ré a ḡluaiḡte timéall aip 7 do bḡur ré irteac ḡo h-Dontrium aip nóir tuinne fairrḡe. Buail na h-Albanais leir i nḡleanntaire ‘na nḡreamaib nḡirḡireada 7 do fearrað cat fuiltead eatoirḡa. Tá rean-bóḡaip oia. éuar de’n baile rin bun-abann Duinne, i ḡconḡae Dontrium, 7 do éuir Seághan-an-Dìomair a ead éiorḡub, Mac-an-ḡiolar, aip cor-in-aipde tar corraib Albanac ann, 7 rá méadon laé bí Clann Dómnail ‘na rraḡaib rinte timéall aip. Do marbḡeadaí annrḡó Donḡur Mac Dómnail 7 readḡ ḡcéad ó’a éuir fear, do ḡabad 7 do ḡonað Séamur Mac Dómnail, 7 do éóḡ Seághan leir Somairle Duirde, an taoiréad eile bí oirḡa. Do b’fearr óóib ó’a ótóḡraḡuir a

## CHAPTER IX.

Lám Dearg abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"



cómaisle 7 sreadaó leo ar a ílíge, 7 do b'feáir do roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac na buíone úo do máirb le feall é féin óa bliadain 'na óiaó rúo.

Ní maib ré an uair reo aét oét mbliadna déas ar ícío d'aoir, 7 ní maib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaét 'na é. Leis na Sapanais orca go maíodar go móir leir. Bí ácar orca ar oúir sup mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir: Cuig Seághan go dian maí iao. Ní gan fáct do cúmaó an rean-focal úo—"dpanntán maíora gáire Sapanais." "Ir maí an puó," ar maíora, "Clann Dómnail do beít claoirte mar níor b'fíor dúinn cá h-am. do cábrócaúir leir na n-Éireannais, aét mar rin féin beít O Néill ró-láirir ar fáo anoir."

Ir truaş ná'r gúo ré caradar le taoireadaió Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionaó roin érom ré ar a cúp d'fíadaió orca géilleaó dó gíbe oic maí leó é. "Caitríó taoirig Conaét a gcáin bliadantaíail do tábairt domra mar ba gádaó leo do rígtiú Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eitig na Conaétais é 7 p'reab ré go h-obann i látair tígearna Cloinn Riocáro, an fear ba t'reire i gConaét, 7 mill ré é gan puinn duaid. Do éreac ré Tír Conaill inr an mbliadain gcéadna (1566), 7 táinig r'ganmaó ar Sapan. Do gúioraíó Elír íarla fearn Muineac, Maguíoir le h-eirge 'na aóar, aét do meileá an Maguíoir fá mar do meileáó b'ó muilinn d'orán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Aroiurcír arí ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionaó Sussex, 7 bí aítne maí aige ar Seághan. Cuir ré teadairé maíaltair d'ar b'ainm Stukeley cúige le h-áiteam air beít réio. "Ná h-eirig amaó i naóar na Sapanac 7 geobair gíbe níó do tearduirgeann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déan-par íarla Tír Eogain díot má'r maí leat é." Cuir Seághan r'pann ar 7 labair ré go neamaóac. "Úreágan ir eaó an íarlaét roin," ar reirean. "Do gúíóeabair íarla de Mac Cárcais i gcúige Munan, 7 tá buacaili aimpire 7 r'ir capall aóamra acá cóm maí d'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé érocaó nuair do bí g'reim aóab oim. Ní fuil don muinigin aóam ar buir ngeallamna. Níor íarpar ríotcáin ar an mbainpíogáin aét d'íarir ríre oimra í 7 ir ríbre féin do b'ir í. Do éiomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbair 7 ar Dúnoimá 7 ní leirgeaó d'óib teadé ar n-air go deo. Ní leóimraíó Ó Dómnail beít 'na flait arí ar Tír Conaill mar ir liomra an áit rin fearoa. Ná bíó do meapbéal orc sup liomra cúige Ulaó. Bí mo r'innreap romam 'na rígtiú uirte. Do buadar í lem' élaíóeam 7 lem' élaíóeam do cóingbeócaó í."



[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked *it* of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Thò go raib Sydney 'na fear an-mìrneamail, tréan, b'í a éiríde 'na béal aige nuair d'innir Stukeley d'ó an cómpáid roin. "Muna n'óantair áir iarraict beir Éire iméighe ar ár lámh. Ir le h-Ó Néill ulað go léir 7 caitear é corḡ," ar Sydney le h-Éire. "Buail é láirlead," ar ríre. Do feól rí ríream Sapanac anall 7 do bailiḡ Sydney rir ar ḡac áir 1 n-Éirinn, Sapanaiḡ 7 Éireannaiḡ, mar ir iomda taoirlead do cábhuiḡ leir. Do b'í cuir aca leirḡeamail go leor cum an ḡnóta aet do b'Éigean d'óib beartúḡad oḡta cum cabairta le Sapanai fá mar do ḡnídó inoiu.

Tátarí cúḡat, a Seághan-an-Dìomair, a maircaḡ an élaróim ḡéir, ḡléar Mac-an-ḡiolair, 7 cóirḡ do buirdean beaḡ laoc. Ní fuil aḡaib aet neart buir ḡcuirleanna féin, mar náe b'fuil cabair 'na congnaim d'ib ó éinneac larmuic.

An ḡádaí do ḡoiréide ar éanntraiḡ na Sapanac timcéall baile-aḡa-Cliaḡ. Do léim Seághan irlead innte ar nór cóirniḡe do raob 7 d'arḡain ré í go ballaíde baile-aḡa-Cliaḡ. Cúḡ ré iarraict fá dainḡean na Sapanac 1 n'Dunḡealḡain 7 b'í b'ruigean áir aige le Sydney coir an baile rin. B'ítear ríó-mair do Seághan annró, 7 cuirlead ar ḡcúl é le duad, aet d'imir ré éirlead ar ḡluagḡaib Sydney rir ar d'ruir ré leir. Lean Sydney ar aḡaib. Do ḡluair ré tré Tír Eóḡain, 7 ar roin go Tír Conaill, 1 n-ainḡeoin Seáḡain, aet do lean reirean ḡac órlac de'n trliḡe é 7 ba beaḡ an ruaimnear do cúḡ ré d'ó ar fead an tuiruir. Níor teapbáin ré riam roime rin cleara cóirpaic níor feárr 'na an uair reo. B'í Sydney 7 a ḡluag líonmar cḡáirde tuirlead ó foḡanna obanna Seáḡain. Do d'ruir ré 1 nḡár d'óib lám le Doirí 7 cúḡ cat d'óib. B'ruigean ḡarḡ do b'ead í, mar do tuit a lán fear ar ḡac taob, 7 ramluiḡ Seáḡain go raib an buad leir, aet fairíe go bráḡ! Féad an ríream ro aḡ teadḡ aniar air—na Tír Conaillí cḡuaḡa fá Ó Doimnaill do b'í 1 ḡcóm-nuirdé 'na cóinnib—7 b'ruirlead ar Seáḡain fá d'uirlead.

Do d'ruir ré leir ar ḡcúl go bealaḡe Tír Eóḡain aḡ ríannḡan ar Sydney. B'í ré cóim neameaḡlaḡ roin, 7 cóim muiníḡneac roin ar féin go raib fairéior ar na ḡallaib teadḡ 'na ḡoiríe 7 do ḡluairleadar oḡta go baile-aḡa-Cliaḡ arir ḡan ruinn do bárr a d'ruiruir aca. "Cuirlead riam mo lám oḡta fóir," adair Seáḡain. "Ní raad d'ití aca ar n-air muna mbiaḡ na cuirpḡiḡ rin 1 d'Tír Conaill; tá ráite beac annroin aḡa am' éráḡ 7 am' éalḡ le raḡa, aet bain an éluar díom, ḡo múcraḡ iadran ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

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## CHAPTER X.

### CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

## Cait. 10.

## SĠAMAILL AĠUS BĠS.

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodair aĠ cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dóimnail 1 san fíor, 7 'sá ġríoradh 1 ġcoinnib Seághain. Doð do b'ainm de'n Ó Dóimnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar caillead Calbad le déirdeannaisge. Níor b'fuláir do'n truat nuadh ro éadct éisín do déanadh 1 uoradh a ruagla, mar ba ġnádac le ġac flait an uair úd. Buir doð irthead go Tír Eóghain ar óróúgadh na Sapanac 7 do éread pé an taob tair tuair di. Do buib 7 do dearg aĠ Seághan-an-Dóimuir. Dar claidéam ġairġe Néill naoi nġiallais, díolfair Ó Dóimnail ar an ġcorġairt reo!

Do éirí tróigthead 7 marcais aĠ truat ar ġac áirí fá déin tíġe móir Boinnboirib roim eirġe ġréine 1 uoradh na Bealtaine inr an mbliadhain 1567. Érom na coin móra ar uail le teardac ar teadct na ruag, 7 aĠ lútal 7 aĠ croctadh a n-eardball, mar do fíleadair go mbíadh reitġ aca mar ba ġnádac. Rit an fíadh ruadh 7 an maectíre 1 b'rolac inr na coilltib móir-uotimdead mar fíleadair roim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go rabctar ar a uotóir.

Ní raib dúil 1 reatġ aĠ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deaðadh air cum Ó Dóimnail do éradadh, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a flóigeadct trí míle fear riar ó tuair. Deardadh daoine pírreóġada go raib na cáġa aĠ rġréadcais ór cionn tíġe Seághain-an-Dóimair an máidean ro, 7 nár éualair pé ceól na cuaidce ná píobairdeadct an loim duib inu.

“Nac dān iad na Tír Conaillis reo, 7 nac móir an truatġ uotóir beic 'sá ġcur a flíġe a marbctā,” ar reiréan, nuair do connaic pé Ó Dóimnail 7 a buidean deaġ ruotce ar áirí an ġáiré ar an uoradh tuair d'inbeair Súilis 1 nDún na nġail.

Bí an taoidé trádġte ar an inbeair 7 do fílit Ó Néill ġur ġainm éirí do bí ann 1 ġcómnuide. Níor mar rin do Ó Dóimnail. Bí aictne máit aġerean ar an áit úd, 7 do toġair pé 1 1 ġcómair é féin 7 a éirí fear do éoraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirġeann an taoidé go tuig 7 go h-obann annró.

Aġur féad 1 n-áirann le céile an ruotct do táinis ó beirt mac Néill naoi nġiallais—na Tír Conaillis ó Conall ġulban 7 na Tír Eóghainis ó Eóghan, é ruí do buir a éroide le brón 1 noidair Conaill nuair do marbuidéad an curadh roim.

Deirctear nac raib don fonn b'ruighe ar Ó Néill nuair do



new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did



éonnaic ré an rluas beas do bí ag Ó Dóimnail 'na éoinib, 7 sur b'féar leir dá ngéillfíoir, aet mar rin féin do beartuis ré a éuro fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúmar ré 'na noimeamib 7 'na noíormuib tarina an éuair fairrige iao. Tus Ó Dóimnail foza fearad pá'n scéad éuro do íroic anonn 7 do búr ré iao. Muna maib móian fear aige, caic f adais do b'ead iao go léir. Rinne ré mar an scéadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Caic-fear iao do éur ar roin," arsa Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin ar ceann cóir capall, aet do ppeab marcais Uí Dóimnail amac ar los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'á feabhar é Seághan-an-Dóimair 1, ar éigin do bí ré 'na éumar coris do éur leó. D'féad ré timceall air. Bí cuio d'á bpeamuib meargta tré n-a céile 7 a tuillead aca rgarra ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seághan pát an mearbútail go bpeacair ré an taoide ag eirge 7 rgeoin ag teact ar a éuro fear, 7 Ó Dóimnail le n-a buidean laoc ag éur oirca go dian. Níor meac cpoide Seághan inr an amgar úo, 7 do érom ré ar éirleac le n-a marcais go fiaðain, 7 a d'ul ar éorandírode annro 7 annruo ag glaoðac ar a éinnpeadna a gcuro fear do éoiriúgao. Do gnió ré féin iarraet ar an rluas do bailiúgao leir i n-easair éoir, aet ní maib rligé éum capad aca, 7 bí cuio aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an taoide ag rómair timceall oirca. Fir ó lár tuata do b'ead a bfuirmóir. Táinig rgeoin níor mó oirca 7 bupre dar.

Bátao 7 marbúigeao trí céad déas fear aca. Do b'é cat deipeannac Seághan-an-Dóimair é agus an tubairte ba mó do tárluis maib do. An méio a éuair tpearna plán tar inbear mílteac Súilis do teiceadair leo, agus do rgeinn a bflait ruar coir na habann ag cuaroad áta, agus doirn marcad leir. Do teapbáin Tír Conallac d'ár b'ainm Gallcábair at 'ran abainn do d'á míle ó páirc an buatao agus do tus Seághan Ó Néill a éul ar Tír Conail, allur air, a teangsa agus a éarbail éom te, tirm, le rméaróio teine, agus cnar na rgorraiz le buaidíre aigne.

Bí Ó Dóimnail 7 a páir-fir go meirpeac, 7 a oteinnte cnám aca d'éir an buair, aet ní maib fíor aca go rabadair ag déanao oibhe na Sapanac, obair do teir ar na Sall rin ar fead éuis bliadna déas poime in, sió sur éuilleadair na mílte fear 7 dá milliún púnt éuige.

Caó do déanraio Ó Néill Ulaó anoir? Deir leabair na Ceirpe Ollamain go maib ré éaotrom 'na éeann dar éir bpuighe Áirio an Síre, aet ní fuil 'ra méio rin aet cor cainte. Bí an cupao úo ró-aigeanamail 7 ró-láir i gcoirde 7 a gcorp éum éromao ar plubaiqeal agus ar éneadais i dcaob bupr ad don bpuighe amáin. Ní maib ré dá fíceao bliadna d'aoir fóir 7 bí mipeac an leomain i gcomnuide aige. D'iarir cuio d'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oir-seada coisear air seilleadh do Sàpna a'c nìor b'è rin intinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaoil pé Somairle Duidhe do bi mar òime aise le dà bliadhain, 7 cuir mar teactaire so Cloinn Dòmhnail i n-Albain é as iarraidh congantha orda. Do shealladar do i, 7 gnìò pé féin 7 sàrda marcad ionad coinne leo i mBunabann Duinne, i n-Dontrium. O' ùmluigeadar so talam do 7 gléaradar pé rda i gcábhán fairsing do. Tàinig fear eile ar an làthair leir, o'ar b'ainm Pierce, brata-dóir ó Elire do eualaidh cad do bi ar riubhl as Seághan. Nì fuil don rghuibinn le fásail do dearbuidh ann sur tuis an captaen Pierce úo viol pola do na h-Albanais, a'c tá mpar sear as fad úgdar air.

A Seághan-an-Dìomair, tá do gnó deanta.

Deir do nàmhaidhe féin amain, so maib do lám láirir mar rghat i gcómnuidhe as an b'ear las, 7 nác maib sadiuide ná fear mí-maighalta io' ceanntaraib leu' linn. Deir maib, leir, sur b'è do gnát san fuide cum bíò so mbiaò a ráit de'n feoil do b'feárr, mar deirteá, as boct ib Cpioro, do cpiunniúead ar do táirrig. A'c tá deirteá leu' féileact 7 leu' gairse láitneac, mar tá na h-Albanais so cíocnac as cogarnaig le Captain Pierce inr an gcábhán. Nì cloirfir uail de conairc asur ní lean-fair an fad maib tpe coilltib enó na Tmúca so deó arir. Nì cloirfir pluaghte tír Eóghan do gáirca nìor mó, mar tá ríce Albanaic ar do cúl a san fíor duit 7 Pietoe o'a nsguogad sur marbuidir a n-aicreaca i mbuidirín Gleanna taire. Preab io' fuide ó'n mbóro roin a Seághan-an-Dìomair 7 féac dia tiar viot mar tá an tpleas i nsgorpaet órlais deo' órom leatan.

Asur liúshann an coirpliún amuic ar Spuit na Maoile, 7 bpireann na tonna bána ar an tpráig le fuaim coir Bunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánann na daoine annpuo capn cloc i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Dìomair 'na cóola le bpeir asur trí céat bliadhain.

“Seact mbliadhna Searceatt cúic céo  
Míle bliadhain ip ní b'péce,  
Co báp tSeágh mic mic Cuinn  
Ó toirdeet Cpiort hi ccolainn.”

Tós Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nÉirinn 7 bainead an t-éadac daor de corp díceannta lí Néill. Fuair Pierce a míle punt mar viot ar an gceann ó'n mbainpuogain, 7 buailead an ceann caithreac úo ar b.orr ar an pinn do b'áirde ar cáirleán Baile-áta-Ciast.



# APROCLAMAYON



Shall be the Kings High and only son James  
General of the Queenes Highnes Army in Ireland with  
Challens and Content of the People and Command  
of the same Realme.



James most excellent maiesty calling to remembrance the presumptuous arrogant  
and wicked rebellious & traitorous deeds of James Connell since the first coming into this  
Kingdom of Ireland of his highnes sonne Leutenant general of this Realme and  
how he hath often her graces honorable and merciful dealing with him been brought in  
his handes & traitors Romane hath stoutly thought & good to open to her good and  
loving subjects the same manner of her graces & merciful proceeding with him to reduce him to the  
acknowledging of the true obedience & dutie of a faithful subject as also of his arrogant traitor  
ous crimes & treasons & traitors & traitors to the subverting of the universal quiet of this Realme  
the disturbance of all her maiesties good and faithful subjects and the great perrell and danger of  
her maiesties Honorable Dominion & Crown of this Realme contrary to his dutie to almightie  
god and his allegiance to his sovereign Lady the Queene.

First upon an hosting called and a Joine made by her maiesties said Leutenant James  
against James mar Connell and his Brethern taken enemies then repented: & have byd not  
only to repair to her maiesties said Leutenant but also to his & traitorously byd with all his  
force & power or men of warre repair to James mar Connell conspiring & conspiring with him  
against our honorable Lady Queene mary and therein perished so far as he most unaturally &  
traitorously Joined in battell with the said James then an open enemy against her maiesties said  
Leutenant & the Nobles of this Realme then assembled with him and the same day & cut off god  
giving the victory: he was taken to light at the return of her maiesties said Leutenant & by the  
sure made by him to his pardon with his promise & other open taken to be a true and faithful  
subject & from thenceforth he was then in respect of common quiet that thereby was hoped to  
ensure favorably graciously and mercifully received & pardoned of his many offences past & truly  
and truly returned to his own habitation where he owed to him all the more he could under call  
to be the better able to serve when he should be commanded.

After an other hosting called and a Joine prepared against James mar Connell  
and his Brethern still repented as taken enemies & have byd not only contrary to his other trust  
to repair to her maiesties said Leutenant then being at the Newrie accompanied with Charles of  
Leicester Comandant and Desmond and others the Nobles of this Realme upon their protection  
or assurance that they could make resolution but also when Charles of Leicester and Desmond  
with a great part of the Army were sent through Eyron to pass that waies to the same he for  
fear of losing of his goodes repayed upon them with all his force and promised to go  
with them to her said Leutenant and after 12. or 14. dayes abode with them he turned to Threlle of  
Leicester to take victuals and promising to the said Erie to fetch victuals & return immediately  
he departed the Campe without farther knowing and so returning presently into his fostering  
and keeping the goodes and cattels of James mar Connell & his Brethren he as a traitor & perjured  
traitorously & traitorously with them & procured an assault to be made in a pace apd her maiesties  
Army in their return and therapd byd not only traitorously & traitorously cause his men to pray  
and borne the possessions of breithers her maiesties true and faithful subjects within the English  
pale but also byd contrary to the lawes of this Realme exouse Threlle of Eyron his father & the  
Baron of Dounagann his brother honorable faithful and true subjects & servants to her maiesty

GOD SAVE THE QUEENE.

H. D. Cancell.	E. Ounbo. & Oflery.	Serrail, Desmond.	James. C. Connell.
Rowland. Baitiglas.	Richard. Montgaret.	James. Slane.	Christofer. Donlany.
P. B. of Trimletted.	James. Bylline.	Christofer. Houthy	John. Curraughmore
W. Fitz. Wylliams.	Henry. Radcliff.	George. Stanley.	Jacques. Wenghyld.
John. Plonket.	Robert. Dillon	James. Bath.	John. Parker.
Thomas. Cusake.	John. Trauers.	Fraunces. Harbart.	Fraunces. Agarb.
Humfrey. Warne.	John. Challenger.		

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Humfrey, Powell.





as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred  
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,  
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn  
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

## (D) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE

Séamur ua Dubháil:

Bí cailín fao ó i dtígh na mbráitire agus ní bíod don teópa leir an méio oibre bíod rí a cup poimprí le déanamh.

Ir cuma cao a beaó san déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó ré san déanamh ar feaó ráite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fheada bíod aici i gcóinníre: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Céap na bráitire ar dtúir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airtí le bráitirib eile.

Don lá amáin a táinig fean-bráitair eua ó máimirtir eile, agus, nuair a euala ré an t-áir-molaó ar cailín na mbráitire, "Beio fíor asam-ra," ar reirean, "an bfuil rí com maic agus veirtear uim i beic."

"Cosar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráitirib, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteacó i reómpa na leabair agus, nuair a beio rí irtió ann, abair léi sur ceart oi na leabair a nige."

"Agus cao cuige go scuipinn obair óinrige mar rin poimprí? Beao fearis uirtí agus b'féidir go bfaófaó rí rinn. Ní fuirte cailín mar i 'faóil seallaim dúit."

"Déan iur oim," ar' an fean-bráitair.

Do glaoóuis ré ar an scailín agus ní raib rí i bfaó as teacó, agus, nuair a táinig rí, dubairt an fean-bráitair léi go bog réio: "Cloirim sur anaóailín tá. Ir móir an t-iongnacó uim, a b'igio, na leabair reo beic san nige asat fóir."

"Bíor díreacó cun é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a áitir."

"Ó ní gádaó dúit é, a b'igio," ar' an bráitair eile go fearib: Ó 'n lá rain go dtí an lá inoiu tá Cailín na mbráitire mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "cun é rin déanamh" i n-ionacó é beic déanta:

## (F) AN SAO MARA

nó

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Tamall maic ó poin anoir bí daoine 'na gcóinníre i n-oileán beas i n-íocair na héireann agus ní raib aca acó an fadéil: Mar seall air go mbíod daoine raibíre as teacó ar cuairt ar

## THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

## THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine bocta ná raib uata aet an Deanta o'rógluim agus go mberoir raiboir go deo. Leanann an galan céadna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beir aca 'nā bí ag muintir an oileáin.

“Aet cá raib an bhearla le fágáil?” b'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'fíor aca go raib bhearla i n-Éirinn, aet cuairtear go raib an bhearla doob' fíor 'ra doiman i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráir focuigeadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an bhearla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacht baó dóig leat sup go hAimeirice a bí ré ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoine ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus críonna, go dtí port na héireann agus cuiread an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an mbáir ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teachtair an bhearla plan aca agus o'imtigh air go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beir tamall 'ra éadair bí bhearla aise, óa focal, “Good-morrow,” agus ceap ré go raib ré i n'am aise fillead a baile. Bí ré cuiread go leor ó beir ag coir-deacht, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féir an éirte i n-aice na fíorise, fíor ré ríor.

Bí na focail go cruinn garta aise, 7 le heagla go mbead ríad cailte aise, bíor ré ag ráo mar raiboir “Good-morrow,” “good-morrow,” “good-morrow.”

Bí an aimpir fíuic agus bí féir an éirte bog. Go deimh, bí rí 'na tóin ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boet ag dul trarna, cuair ré ar lár agus o' fíorair ó beir báirte. Tarpainis ré é féin amad i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amad an talam tirim. Aet, mo éreac ir mo éar! bí an bhearla cailte aise.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innir ré a fíeal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buairtear go leor, agus 'ré duhairt gac duine aca leir féin sup móir an truaig nac é féin a cuiread go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Aet cao a bí le déanam anoir? Bí an bhearla cailte i bfeir an éirte agus b'féir go mbéad ré le fágáil fíor.

Do gluar peirair de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báir go dtí an dtír móir agus fear an bhearla le n-a goir. Tarpáin ré dóir cáir cailt ré an bhearla i lár na féirte.

Crómadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taorad agus níor b'fíor dóir ag fábáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mara leo.

“Sin é an focal,” “Sin é an focal,” arateachtair an bhearla, “gao mara,” “gao mara.”



English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."



## FÁIT-SGEAL:

ní macairé mire go b'rád ar gcúl  
 ná r éigin deit úmál daoib 'r móir mo leun,  
 muna dtis liom riúbal, muna dtis liom riúbal,  
 muna dtis liom riúbal ar mo páirc-pe féin.

Éáimis an trachtóna teit, 7 rin mé riar ar banca breáð féir, ar  
 éaoib an bóchar, agus níor b'fada sup éuit mo córlaó oim.  
 Agus im' córlaó connairc mé airtling.

'Do bí mé as riúbal, mar fadail mé im' airtling, i dtír anairt  
 naé raió mé ariam roime reó i n-don tír éorúil léi, bí rí com  
 breáð rin. Bí bóirce caola dó-riúbalta as dul trío an tír  
 áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus féar bog uairtne,  
 agus h-uile fórt bláé d'á b'facaio rúil ariam, as fár ar fad don  
 éaoib de'n bóchar. Aét do bí an bóchar féin cam corraé cloéac,  
 agus bí r'púilleac as réiréaró air, do loit agus do dail rúile  
 na ndaoine do bí as riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'facaio mé fear ós lútmair láirir amac  
 róimam, as fadail an bóchar mar do bí mé féin. Agus connairc  
 mé an t-ógánac ro as fearam go minic cum an púdar tír do  
 bí d'á réiréaró ar an mbóchar do éuimilt d'á rúil. Agus do  
 bí an bóchar com h-airtneiró agus com cloéac rin sup éuit ré  
 anoir agus airt mar bí ré as riúbal. Agus an uair deiréannac  
 do éuit ré níor féaró ré éirise no go dtáimis mire com fada  
 leir, agus éugar mo lám dó sup éós mé ar a d'á éoir airt é,  
 agus duairc mé leir go raió rúil agam naé raió ré gortuighe.  
 D'fearair reiréan de b'rairaió binne blarta naé raió ré gortuighe  
 go móir, aét go raió fairtneiró air naé dtuicéaró ré go  
 deiréaró a airtir an lá rin, mar do bí an bóchar com farió agus  
 com c'ruaró rin. Agus d'fearair mire d'á an fada do bí le dul  
 aige. Duairc reiréan náir b'fada, aét sup mian leir dul go  
 baile-móir do bí cúis míle amac uainn, rúil éáimis an oiré air,  
 óir buó mian leir ruó le n'ite, agus leabuir, fásail, agus san  
 an oiré do éairéam amuis ar an mbóchar f'adain rin.

Agus nuair éualairó mé rin do bí iongantair oim, óir bí d'á  
 uair de'n lá againn fóir, roim luiré na gréine, agus b'fóir do  
 duine ar bit do bí com lútmair láirir leir an ógánac rin cúis  
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, d'á b'fásaró ré an r'ocbóchar agus  
 d'á riúbalaró ré ar an macaire b'ead réiró do bí le n-a éaoib;  
 agus duairc mé rin leir.

"Ná bíó iongantair oir fúm-ra," a deir ré, "óir ní réirir  
 le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bóchar fásail. Com cloéac  
 enarac corraé agus acá an bóchar, cairtneiró duine fanamaint air.

## AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

“Do not be surprised at me,” says he, “for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

má fásgann ré an bótar le riúbal ar an macáire breáḡ réir, iocpariḡ ré ar ḡo ḡéar. Tá luēt ḡáirḡa ar an mbótar ro aḡur ar h-uile bótar in ran tír reo, raiḡuiriariḡ móra duba. Iṛ iao na raiḡuiriariḡ reo do pinne ḡaḡ aon bótar ann ran tír reo aḡur iṛ oic do pinneaoar iao, aḡt má fásgann duine tuirreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macáire, leantari é leir an nḡáirḡa dub ro, aḡur beiriḡ ari, aḡur tiomáinir iómpa é, ḡo ḡcuiṛiḡ ar an mbótar ariṛ é, ḡan buirḡeacari ḡó.”

“Aḡt,” ar ra mire leir an rṡrainrṡari, “ni réirir ḡo bṡuil an oirḡao rin ḡe raiḡuiriariḡ duba ar ḡaḡ aon bótar in ran tír le luēt riúbailta na mbótar do rmaḡtuḡaḡ aḡur do ráruḡaḡ mar rin. Naḡ mbionn luēt-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomaḡamla ’ná an ḡáirḡa dub ro, aḡur naḡ bṡeaoṡaḡ riao an lám uacṡairi ráḡail orra, aḡur bṡireao arṡeac, in a n-aimḡeoin, ar an macáire mín áluinn rin, aḡur ḡan ranaḡaint ar an mbótar ḡránaa rúḡaraḡ poll-lionḡari ro?”

“O’ṡeaoṡairir rin ḡéanaḡ ḡo cinnte,” ar ran rṡrainrṡari, “oir bionn ríḡe rṡari láirir ar an mbótar i n-aḡairḡ an aon ḡáirḡa amáin, aḡt aḡá róirṡ ḡraoirḡeacṡa rḡarṡa aḡ an nḡáirḡa dub, ann ran rṡéir or cionn na mbótar, aḡur iṛ ḡóirḡ leir an luēt-riúbail naḡ bṡuil aon neair aca na bóirṡe o’ráḡbáil, aḡur tar éir ḡaḡ oir aḡur ḡoḡair aḡur ḡóláir o’á ḡaḡann orra ann rna rliḡṡṡiḡ millṡeacṡa malluḡṡe reo, ní’ an cṡoirḡe ná an coráirṡe aca iao o’ráḡbáil, aḡur iṛ ḡóirḡ ḡur ab é rin mar ḡeall ar an ḡraoirḡeacṡ do rḡar na ḡaoine duba. Aḡt iṛ é an ruo iṛ ionḡantaḡe aca uile, naḡ bṡuil in ran ḡcu o iṛ mó ḡe na raiḡuiriariḡ reo aḡt corḡúir eacṡa raiḡuiriariḡ; iṛ rḡáilirḡe ḡan bṡiḡ ḡan rṡbṡaint iao, aḡt iṛ ḡó ḡ le luēt-riúbailta na mbótar ḡur rṡuil aḡur reoir iao, aḡur ḡo loirṡirḡ riao an duine ráḡṡar an bótar le n-a ḡcuiḡ arim.”

Do riúbilamari ar ári n-aḡairḡ le céile ann rin, ḡ níor bṡaoa ḡo rabaamari cōm ráruḡṡe rin ḡur b’éirḡin ḡúinn ruirḡe ríor ar an mbótar, aḡur do ḡoill an tarṡ aḡur an tuirṡe orrainn ḡo móri. ḡubairṡ mé ann rin leir an óḡánac, “Ní bṡéinn cōm ḡona ro ḡá mbeirṡ ḡeoc uirḡe aḡam.”

“Tá tobair breáḡ ríor-uirḡe,” aḡubairṡ ré, “rá bun cṡainn breáḡ úbail, ceatṡamla míle amaḡ ríóḡainn, aḡt tá ré ar an taoirḡ arṡiḡ ḡe’n élairḡe, in ran macáire, aḡur ní ḡlirḡeannaḡ é ḡul cōm rāḡa leir.”

Aḡt do ḡoill an tarṡ orim cōm móri rin ḡo nḡubairṡ mé, “Cairḡirḡ mé ól ir, ḡá marḡóḡairḡe ar an móimirḡ mé. Tṡeoirṡiḡ mé ḡo ḡṡi an tobair ro.” Táinḡ raiṡcior ar an óḡánac, aḡur ḡubairṡ ré, “Iṛ i mo cōmairṡe ḡuit ḡan ḡul ann, aḡt má ’r éirḡean ḡuit, ni bacṡairḡ mé tu. Ráḡṡairḡ mé do cṡuirḡeacṡa nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,



tiucfar mé com fáda leir an tobair. Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; aét ni marbócaíó tu mire."

"D'éirígeamar ann rin, agus riublamar le céile, go b'acamar crann móir áluinn as éiríge ar an macáire, timcíoll píce péirre arteaó ó'n mbócair. Cuairó mé ruar ar bárr an élaíde do bí ar éaíob an bócair, agus connaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge d'á rseítearó amac fá bun an éraínn áro áluinn, agus connaic mé bláca bána agus úbla beasa agus úbla leat-aruiró agus úbla móra deapasa lán-aruiró, as fáir le céile ar an seirann rin. Aét do bí an oiréaró rin de rmaét agus de rshannaró ar óaíob na tíre rin náir baínearó oiréaró agus don uball aca, agus ba léir óam, ar an b'éar fáda fáramail do bí éar timcíoll an tobair éaíob-áluinn rin, nac ócaínis don óuine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Aét nuair connaic mire an méaró rin do seir mo éraíob i lár mo élaíob, agus dubairt mé 's or-áro, "Baínearó mé cuir de na h-ublaíob rin agus ólraíó mé mo bócaíob de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir aca i n'óan óam."

Agus leir rin d'éiríge mé de léim áro éaíobom a'éaró de bárr an élaíob-teóirann agus arteaó ar an macáire m'áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an n'ó rin, do leis ré orna ar, óir ba óaíge leir gur b'é mo báir do bí mé d'á bóirígeaét.

Agus nuair éaínis mire leat-bealaíge roir an seiríob agus an tobair, d'éiríge raígeíobir dub, mar beir armaét áro-béal úr-sháanna, ruar, ar an b'éar fáda, agus do óas ré élaíobam móir le mo éaínn do rsholcaró, mar fáoil mé. Agus do éaíob mé ar mo éul an rshéaró do éuir an t-óganac ar an mbócair ar, le teann-faíteíor. Níor lúga 'ná rin an faíteíor do bí orim féin, óir ni faíob arim ar bíte asam le mo éoraint. Aét do érom mé ar élaíob máit móir do bí fá mo éoir, com móir le mo óorim féin, agus éus mé toga uréar de'n élaíob rin leir an raígeíobir áro-béal. Do buail an élaíob é, mar fáoil mé, i searpt-láir a éaíann, agus éaíob rí amac ríob a éaínn, amail agus nac faíob ann aét rsháile. Agus ar an móimíob níor léir óam éur ná cuma an traígeíobra, aét do bí ruo san éur ann amail rlam de'n éeó, agus do leas an ceó rin, agus do rshar ré ann ran r'éir, agus ni faíob óaíob éaíobam-re agus an tobair. Éus mé ann rin nac raígeíobir ná fear cogairó do bí ann, aét ruo b'éasaé 7 rsháile do rinnearó le óraíobeaét, cum na n'óaíobine do rshannruaró ó'n tobair. Cuairó mé go r'ar an t-uirge agus níor bac ruo ar bíte eile mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáit óé, agus dar liom-ra go faíob ré com máit le fíon. Baí mé uball móir deapasa de'n éraínn ann rin agus d'ítear é, agus do bí ré com mílir im' béal le míl. Nuair connaic mé rin, glaró mé ar an óganac agus dubairt mé leir "teaét ar aca éuam, óir nac faíob óaíob



beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacadó.” Com luad agus eus ré rin fá deapa, táimis ré féin ardeac tar an sclairde, agus é fá eagla mói, agus rinne ré ar an tobair. Oól ré a fáit ar, agus oít ré a fáit de na h-úblai, agus fineamair riari le céile ar an bféar bpeáig bog, agus coruigeamair as caint. Agus o’fíarpuig mé óe ainm na tíre rin, “óir” ar ra mire leir, “ir í an tír ir iongantaisge o’a bfuil ar an domhan í.”

Corais ré ann rin as innrint rseula na tíre rin dam, agus duhairt ré, “Tá an tír reó na h-oileán, agus do érucais Dia í amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riari de’n domhan, an áit a shánn an shuan cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir í an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úire í o’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus veir tura sur tír iongantac í, áct ní tuigseann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneada uirri, Banba agus fódla agus éire.”

Nuair eualair mé rin, do eus mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán de’n éirinn, mar fáoil mé,—agus dúirig mé.

Agus ar bporrait mo fúile dam, riú mé mo luide ar an sclairde ar taoib an bótar, ioir bail-at-cliait agus bótar-na-bruighe, agus mo éapa Diarmuid Bán ‘s am’ fátao i m’ earra-chaib le maide. “S mictio duic beic dul a-baile,” a veir ré.

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar ra mire, “ná bain liom. Ní fácaio mac mátar ariam a leicero o’ airtling agus connaic mire.” Agus leir rin o’innir mé mo bhuonglóir oó, ó túr go veiréad.

“Mairead! mo sháó tu,” ar ra Diarmuid, nuair bí mé réir, “agus b’ fíor do bhuonglóir. Fáir agus file tu,” a veir ré.

“Cio nur rin?” ar ra mire, “míng dam é.”

“Ir ar éalam na h-éireann do bí tu san don amhar,” ar ra Diarmuid, “áct do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-éireannaig uile as riúbal, ar na bóitir do rinne na Sacpanaig le n-a scuio olighe agus le n-a scuio fáiriún féin, agus rin bóitir nac féitir le shaebeal riúbal orra san cuirliugad agus san tuicim, san dochar agus san dólár. Áct má éiríseann riad bótar an tsacpanaí agus an béarladair, agus iad do dul ardeac ar a macaire bpeáig feurmar féin ní beic’ riad as riúbal go cruaid ar fead an laé iomlán, mar an t-éireannaic boct rin do connaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruipéar o’fáigil ran oirde; áct do fácaioir fá oó níor faide, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do connaic tu, an tobair nac leighead na sháiridair duha rin do na daoimib oól ar, nac otuigseann tu sur tobair na glan-shaebeilge é rin, agus cia bé éireannaic olpar deoc ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a béal, o’a neartugad agus o’a fionn-fuara. Agus an raigtoir duh rin o’éirig ioir tura agus éirinn na n-úball, b’ é rin an fáiriún Sacpanac, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é τ'ímētis pé ar amápe map ceó, óir tigeann na páiríúin map ceó, ásur má éornann duine é féin orra imētigeann ríad map ceó aír. Ásur na bláta bána, ásur na h-úbla, do éonnaic tu ar an gceann áro álúinn, rin é an toraó atá as fár ar mácaipe na Saedaltácta, ásur má fásann na Saedeil na bóire ip ar éuir na Sacpanaig iad le dul arteaó ar a tcalam féin ara, na h-úbla rin nári blar ríad le dá céad bliadán bainpíó ríadrapír so tiug iad. Ásur as rin duit anoir, a Éraoibín, map míni sim re τ'áirling,” ar pé.

“M’ anam a Óia, a Óiarmuir,” ar ra mire, “ní’l do fámaíl de míniģteóir ar calam na h-Éipeann, ásur an céad áirling eile béirdear ásam ip éugad-ra tiucear me. Ir fearr ’ná Daniel tu. Dhorcuig orr anoir ásur béiróir as dul a-baile.”

## ΤΑΥΣ ΣΑΒΑ.

### CAIBIDIL 1.

Bí Ταύς ua bpoín ’na šava, ásur bí a céapóca ar éaoib an bócair i n-aice le Dhoicead na Šeavaiģe, deic míle i tcaloib tiar do Cill Áirne:

Ceapóaiģe maic do b’eao Ταύς. Ní raib ’na páiríóirde féin, ná b’féoir i Šciarraide, fear do b’fearr a éuirfeao crúó fá capall ná clár ar céacda. Áct map rin féin, ní raib Ταύς šan a loódaib féin. Ir dóca nári táinig ríam lá donaiģ ná mapšao ná feicpíó Ταύς ar ríad Cill Áirne, ásur ip ró-annam a bí pé as teaó abaille trácnóna šan beic rúšac so leor, nó b’féoir ar meirģe. Dá noéapao don’ne le Ταύς ar maoin lae an donaiģ, “An bfuilir as dul so Cill Áirne inoiu, a Táirģ?” ’ré an ppeaģra a šeobao pé, “Ní fearar,” nó “B’féoir dom”—’ran am céadna as bualaó buille dá cárúr ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ip dá mbéao pé as ráó, “Ir móir atá rior uait.”

Nuair a bí lá an mapšao ann bí ’fir as šac uile duine soe raib šnó aiģe ar an gceapócam so mb’foearr do fuirac ra bail dá mbaó maic leir a šnó beic véanta i gceapic. Ir iomda rģéal gpeannmar a bí ar fúad na páiríóirde timceall Táirģ ásur a éuro oibre maoin lae donaiģ, map ar éuir pé taiģiģe imbeo, lá, i gcapall šeaģáin léit, ásur map ar poll pé ar móir otuacal clár a bí aiģe dá éur ar céacda le Domnall ua bpuigín.



go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Δ Ἐρασμῖν*, how *I* interpret your dream,” said he.

“My soul to God, Dermot,” said I, “there isn’t your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, ’tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home.”

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### TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O’BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, “Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?” the answer he would get would be, “I don’t know,” or “Maybe I would”—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, “It is much you want knowledge” (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí peirmeoir beas 'na comhairde i mbéal na Seandaise darbh ainm do Miceál Crón, aet níor tugadh ruam air aet Miceál na gCear. Tá mbéad don gnó as Miceál na gCear ar an gceardcham ní fárdóad don lá do dul ann aet lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fior aise go raib Taois as dul go Cill Airne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod marbhad Cill Airne ar an Satharn agus bíod donac ann an céad luan do'n mí, mar atá anoir.

Maidin lae donais bí Miceál as an gceardcham cun rróimíní 'fagáil dá muca, agus connaic pé ná raib puinn le déanamh as Taois.

"I' doéa, Taois," ar Miceál, "go mbéid t' ar an donac."

"B'féidir dom," ar Taois. "Bí Séamur Táilliúra as ráb liom inoé go mbéad pé as sa áil roir timcheall an t-aon uair déas, 7 dá mbad maic liom dul leir go b'fagáil marbhadac uair."

"Má'r mar rin atá 'n rseal," ar Miceál, "ní'l don maic dom mo céadac a b'fagáil anuair cun é 'cup i'o peo."

"Ní'l, go deimín; táim san sual, agus caiteir m' dul a o'iarrair beagán sual agus ábhar iarrainn."

Nuair a bí Miceál na gCear as dul a baile do ear pé i'teac cun tige pílib Óis, peir meoir beas eile bí 'na comhairde i n-aice le Miceál péin.

"Cá raibair, a mícíl?" ar Pílib.

"Bíor as an gceardcham as péa aint an mbéad an gabá ullam i mbápac cun pionnaí 'cup im' b'paca. Bí Taois as taéant oim é 'cup éuige inoiu mar ná raib móran le déanamh aise."

"Nac b'fagáil pé as dul go Cill Airne?"

"Cuala é as ráb go mbéad iacall air an t-aral a cup go Cill Orslan a o'iarrair beagán sual."

"I' maic liom gur gabáir i'teac éugam. Bíor as caint le Taois a'pugad inoé, agus 'pé dubairt pé liom ná béad am aise don ní a déanamh lem' céadac go dtí Dia Céadaoin peo éugainn. Tá an ainmhir as pleamnuagad uaim agus san puinn déanta asam. 'Sé i' p'p'p' dom a déan m' mo cé ad a b'fagáil éuige anoir ó tá caoi as an n'gabá. Ní b'ad don'ne as teadac éuige inoiu."

Do deap Miceál a píopa, agus o'iméir pé air a baile.

Nuair o'fag Miceál an ceardcham, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanamh as Taois éuair pé i'teac cun é péin a b'p'p'ad 7 a glanad i gcomhair an donais. Ní raib pé aet leat-b'p'p'ca nuair do cup Pílib a ceann i'teac an doir as ráb, "Bail ó Dia annro."

"Dia 'r Muiré duit," ar Taois, aet ní ó n-a éiríde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aise náir táimis Pilib gan gnó; “ir dóca go bfuilir as dul ar an tpráir.”

“Ní’lim, go déimín; tá a malairt de gnó agam ná práirígeadé,” arsa Pilib.

“Ir iomróa lá beir tú ar taoib an teampaill, a Pilib.”

“Má’ reasó féin, ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanamh an fáir atáim ar an rasoal ro, 7 anoir baó maic liom dá scuipéa mo céadó 1 tpeo dam. Cím naé bfuil tú ró-gnócaé.”

“Ir truaig liom, a Pilib, naé féidir liom don ní a déanamh leó’ céadó inoiu—ní’l don gual agam, agus tá iacall orm dul go Cill Áinne dá iarrair.”

“Ní gádaó duit don tmuoblóir a beir ort mar gheall air rin; tá máilín gual ra trucaill agam.”

“Droic-éiric ort féin ir do céadó,” arsa Taois dá n-a fíac-laib. “Caó tá le déanamh ar do céadó, a Pilib?”

“Tá clár a cup air, cruair a cup ar an roc, 7 é cup beagán ra bfoó. Teartuigeann beagán cruairde ó bair an cóltair 7 caiteir bolta nua a déanamh do’n raca.”

“Ní’l don cruair agam acé don rmuicín amáin a gheallar a cup ar rann-aicín do Sheagán Séamuir,” arsa an Gabá.

“Tá lán mo dótáin cruairde agam-ra ra baile,” arsa Pilib. “Bí-re as baint an trean-cláir do’n céadó; beaó-ra ar n-air leir an scuair gan moill.”

“Duo maic liom, dá mb’féidir liom é, do gnó a déanamh inoiu, acé do rgoil cor m’úir noé nuair a bíor as cup iarrainn ar roé le Sheagán Bpéac, agus beir iacall orm cor nua cup ann. Bíor cun cor a bpeit abailé liom inoiu ó’n donacé.”

Fear beag canncapac do b’easó Pilib Óg. Connaic ré go maic gur a d’iarrair leir-rgeil do déanamh do bí Taois Gabá, agus bí a cócal as éirge.

“Sé mo tuairim, a Taois,” ar reiréan ra deiréad, “naé bfuil don fonn ort m’obair do déanamh. Baó cóir go mbéad mo cúir airgíro-re cóim maic le hairgead lílicil na gcleap, acé cím naé mar rin atá an rgeal, agus ó tá mo cor ar an mbócar tá gailne eile ra páirpóirde cóim maic leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga ruo; ní’lim-re a’ brait ar do cúir airgíro, a rsgannpóir! Beir leat do fearn-céadó pé áit ir maic leat,’ arsa an Gabá.

“Ir maic é mo buirdeacáir, a Taois; acé ir dóig liom go mb’féidir duit fanamaint ra baile ná beir io’ maipín laéaige ar práir Cill Áinne, as caiteam do cóo’ airgíro 7 do fláinte.”

“Ir cuma duit-re, 1 n-aicín an diabail! Ní hé do cúir airgíro-re a bíim as caiteam, a rppuínlóigín. B’féidir naé é gac don Gabá beaó cóim bog leat ir bíor-ra as déanamh cruirde doo’



"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-šroga ar do bailiúgað fean-iafmann. Imtíz leat anoir, asur b'féirir so fagta fean-éruð capail ar a' mbótar," asur leir rin do óún Taðs an dofar.

Bí pilib as cur de sur bain ré amað ceapóca Áro-a'-Cluigín. B'é an saba bí i n-Áro-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí tamall maít ó roin 'n-a púntíreac as Taðs Saba. Ó o'fás ré Taðs bí ré tamall dá aimir i sCorcais 7 bliaðain nó óó i nAlbain. Buacail ciallmair do bí ann 7 ceárhoaróe maít. Eošan ua Laošaire do b'ainm óó: Ní maib móran fáilte aise roim pilib nuair do connaic ré é as teact, asur ní mó 'ná rin bí aise roimhir nuair o'innir pilib óó ar an s Cairmire do bí roir é féin 7 an fean-saba.

Oubairt an saba ós le pilib so maib easla air ná béaró caoi aise ar don ní do déanam le n-a céacóca so o'tí veirear na reactmame. Níor maít leir pilib o'eireac, act bí rúil aise ná béaró pilib fáirta le feiteam óom fada rin asur so mbéaró ré as breit a céacóca leir ar n-air so o'tí Taðs nó so o'tí saba éisín eile, act ní maib don maít óó ann.

"Fásfao-ra annro mo céacóca," arsa pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireac leir so ceann coisctóir ó 'noiu, 7 tar éir an doiróe béil a fuairar ó Taðs Saba an lá ro ní baogal óó so brát arír pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a pilib," arsa Eošan, "tá a fíor asat so maít nað bpuil Taðs ró-buiróac óiom-ra i otaoir teact annro, asur ní'lim a ráó act an fírinne nuair a veirim so mb'feair liom so móir ná fásfá-ra ceapóca Cairó cun teact cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fírinne ir córa mað a veit," arsa pilib, "act veirim leat muna mbéaró don saba eile ar ro so catair Corcais ná faisear Taðs ua bpoim don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarún féin as Eošan ua Laošaire. Ní maib do clainn as Taðs Saba act don ingean amáin. Ní maib pí act 'n-a gearrcaile as dul ar rsoil nuair do bí Eošan 'n-a púntíreac as a haðair. Bí pí ana-ceanamail ar Eošan, asur níor b'feair leir veit 'meas buacaili eile mar é féin 'ná veit i láir rgaata páiróí asur gleó aca do cuirfearó allairóir oit. Mar seall air reo ní maib leanó 'ra baile gan veit ceanamail ar an nSaba ós, asur bíoróar so léir so han-uaigneac nuair o'fás ré Taðs ua bpoim. Ua mó an t-uaignear do bí ar lleilli bis a' saba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair o'imtíz Eošan, asur éaom pí so fuiseac 'na óiaró.

O'fár lleilli ruar 'n-a cailín deap sártaimail. Óo caillearó a mátar nuair bí pí react mbliaróna déas o'aoir, asur ó bár a mátar 'rí lleilli bí mar bean-tis as Taðs, asur ní miróe a ráó so maib pí 'n-a mnaoi-tis e maít. Ní maib ar pabal na Tuaité

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's





father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,



and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow."

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"Where are you going," says Mick.

"I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit 'in the sod.' We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod."

"Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift."

"Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod."

"I will do that and welcome," says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

ἀέτ, ἰ ν-ιοναὸ Μιέιλ το βυαλαὸ λειρ ἀν ἡσκαρῦρ, ὁ' αἰμπίς πέ κορεάν μόρῃ βί ἀρ ἰαρεὲτ ἀς ἃ μῆνοι εὖν οἷαν το ὁατυζαὸ. Ὕρῡτ Εὐόσαν ὡα λαοζαίρε 'να ἑαρῶαίγε μαίτ ? ”

“Cá b'fior dām-ra roin,” arfa Taðs, 7 ní zo ró-mílir; “aét ní dóiz liom supab é feabap a ceárhoaídeáct’ atá as taprac na ndaoine eúige; ’ré a éur b'laðair meallann iao. B’i an teangza zo pleamain miam aige. Bað cuma liom dá gcuirfead ré ruar d’ó péin as Orhoídeao na leamna nó tíor ar a Míanur, aét ir d’óiz liom-ra sup móρῃ an náire d’ó teáct 7 ceapóca do éur ruar éóm aécumair dam asur tá ré ’noir.”

### CAIBIDIL 11:

Capra na daoine ar a céile,  
aét ní capra na enuic ná na pléibte.

Nuair do buail an beirt Cill Áinne b’éigean d’óib deoc beit aca ἰ oúiz Séamuir Uí Ūruígin ’ra Spáio Nuair, asur níor b’faoa d’óib zo raib bpaon eile aca ἰ Spáio na hCearc nuair capad opra beirt nó triúr eile asur tapc opra. Ní raib leat an lae caíte nuair b’i an gaba rúzac zo leór.

Ní raib Neillí ἰ b’fao ar a’ r’ráio sup éonnaic rí a haðair asur é ar leat-meirge. Ir gairio do b’i rí péin asur an cailín eile as déanam a hgnóta. Nuair do bíodar ullam éun teáct abailte do dein Neillí a díceall a haðair do meallad léi, aét ní raib maítear d’i beit a tatant air; o’fan pé péin asur Séamuir ar an r’ráio zo d’í tuitim na hoirdce asur zo raðadar apoon ar meirge nó ἰ hgiopraét d’ó.

B’i capallín beag cnearta as Séamur Táilliúra. B’i an bótar píer asur an oirdce zeal, 7 dá mbéad an beirt rápta leir an méio do b’i ólta aca nuair fágaðar r’ráio Cill Áinne béad an r’zéal zo maít aca, aét ní raðadar. Nuair éangadar zo Orhoídeao na leamna b’i deoc le beit aca, 7 nuair b’i an gaba as teáct amac ar an ocpucailt tuir pé ar fleargz a dhroma ar an mbótar, asur ’ran am éaðna do éur ruo éigin an capall ar riúbal. Éuair an poct tpearna láime táirðs. Do r’greað an fear boct éóm gáar rin sup rít na daoine amac eúige, asur nuair éonnacadar é pinte ar an mbótar fáoileadar zo raib a lám b’irte, aét ní raib.

Ba móρῃ an ní zo raib an doctúir ’n-a éomnaíde ar éaoib an bótar as Orhoíóin na Spioúóige; b’i pé as baile. Tap éir féacaint ar lám an gaba ’ré duðairt an doctúir, “Ní’l don énam b’irte, aét béir pé tamall zo mbéir gperdm asac ar éarúr, a táirðs.” Do b’fior d’óran; b’i an gaba ráite gan don níð do déanam map zeal ar a lám.



loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

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## CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Λά'ρ na bánað tap éir lae an donais, ašur daoine aš teac̃t so ot̃i ceárhoa Tair̃s b̃i ré buaðar̃ta so leór̃. Cuir̃ ré r̃séala cun şaba na Cear̃aiş, aet̃ b'féir̃oir̃ i ñoir̃eað na reat̃m̃aine so mbéað an aise ar̃ fear̃ éir̃in eile do r̃olácar̃.

'Sé an r̃reaşra ruair̃ an teat̃aire so r̃abaðar̃ r̃ó-leat̃-lám̃ac ar̃ an şCear̃aiş, aet̃ b'féir̃oir̃ i ñoir̃eað na reat̃m̃aine so mbéað an fear̃ óş ábalta ar̃ toul ar̃ fear̃ lae nó t̃ó cun cab̃ruşað le Tair̃s.

"An r̃r̃reallair̃in ruşais," ar̃ra Tair̃s, nuair̃ a éuala ré cao toubair̃t a t̃uine muintear̃ta, "tá r̃ior̃ aşam-ra so mair̃ cao t̃á 'n-a ceann; aet̃ b̃eir̃ an r̃séal so cruair̃t oim-ra nó r̃ar̃ócað-ra é." Nuair̃ éuala eoşan ua laoşaire cao do tuit̃ amað ar̃ aet̃air̃ Neill̃i ñior̃ b'rað i so r̃air̃ ré aš uor̃ar̃ t̃işe an şaba. Ñi r̃air̃ m̃órañ r̃áilte aš Tair̃s ñoir̃m̃ir̃, aet̃ r̃ar̃ ar̃ r̃ás ré an teinteán b̃i taoð eile ar̃ a' r̃séal.

"Ir̃ t̃ruaş liom," ar̃ra eoşan, "t̃ura b̃eir̃ mar̃ 'taoi, 7 şan don'ne aşat̃ aet̃ t̃ú r̃éin. An r̃eir̃oir̃ liom-ra don ñið do t̃éanañ t̃uit̃?"

"Ñi r̃eaðar̃," ar̃ra Tair̃s; "ir̃ t̃óca so b̃ruil do t̃ócaim le t̃éanañ aşat̃ r̃éin, ašur̃ b̃eir̃ ñior̃ m̃ó aşat̃ anoir̃ ó t̃áim-re mar̃ a b̃ruilim.

'An té b̃ionn r̃ior̃ buailtear̃ cor̃ air̃,  
Ašur̃ an té b̃ionn ruar̃ ólcar̃ t̃eoð air̃.'"

"Ñi b̃eir̃ i b̃rað r̃ior̃, le congnañ t̃é; ašur̃ m̃ó lám̃ ir̃ m'pocat̃ tuit̃ nað b̃ruil don t̃rainnt̃ oim-ra obair̃ a b̃reir̃ uait̃-re. Mar̃ a b̃ruil don şaba eile aşat̃ r̃ór̃ cuir̃reao-ra mo r̃r̃inñt̃ireac̃ éuşat̃ şan m̃oil̃."

"So r̃air̃ mair̃ aşat̃," ar̃ra Tair̃s, aš cur̃ lám̃e r̃lán amað ašur̃ aš b̃reir̃ şreim̃ t̃ainşean ar̃ lám̃ eoşain.

Nuair̃ b̃i an şaba óş aš im̃teaet̃ ruş Neill̃i ar̃ lám̃ air̃ ašur̃ aoubair̃t̃ "M̃ile beannaet̃ oit̃. B̃ior̃ a' cuim̃neañ oit̃; b̃i r̃úil aşam̃ leat̃, aet̃ b̃i eaşla oim̃ t̃á t̃oiof̃á r̃éim̃ş so mbéað m'at̃air̃ r̃ó-şoir̃şeað leat̃, mar̃ b̃i r̃ior̃ aşam̃ so mair̃ ná r̃air̃ ré r̃ó-buir̃eað t̃iort̃.

"Ñi m̃ór̃ ir̃ r̃eir̃oir̃ liom a t̃éanañ, aet̃ t̃éanrað mo t̃iðeałl; ašur̃ t̃á 'r̃ aşat̃-ra, a Neill̃i, so ñt̃éanraim̃ m̃órañ ar̃ do r̃on-ra."

"T̃áim so han-buir̃eað t̃iort̃, a eoşain," ar̃ra Neill̃i, 7 luir̃ne 'n-a cionnaðair̃.

Éuair̃ an şaba óş ab̃aile 'r̃ ñior̃ b'raðta tap éir̃ im̃teaet̃' t̃ó so t̃t̃áim̃ş Séamur̃ T̃áillúra ir̃teað. B̃i Neill̃i aš an uor̃ar̃.

"Cannor̃ t̃á t̃'at̃air̃, a Neill̃i?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;  
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“Τὰ ’ῖ ἀγάτ σο μαῖτ cannor τὰ ρέ, ἀ Σέαμυρ. Τὰ ρέ ’να λυῖγε ἀρ ἀ λεαβαῖὸ ἀγυρ τὰ εαγλα οῖμ σο μβέιρ ρέ ann σο ρόλλ. Βυαῖλ ρυαρ εῖυγε; τάιμ-ρε ἀγ του ἀ ὀ’ιαρρῖαὸ cana υῖργε ὀ’n ἀβανν.”

Ὁ’ῖαν Σέαμυρ tamall μαῖτ ἀγυρ νυαῖρ βῖ ρέ imtῖgṣte το ῖλαοῖ-αῖς Τὰὸς ἀρ Neillí cun deoó υῖργε ρυαῖρ το εαβαῖρτ ὀό. “Surò ἀρ ἀ’ ῖκαταοῖρ σο ρόλλ, ἀ Neillí, ἀ εῖυρ; τὰ ρυρ εῖγῖν ἀγαν le ράὸ leat.”

Ὁ ρυρ Neillí ἀρ an ῖκαταοῖρ ἀγ ταοῖβ na leabṣa, ἀετ ῖan εῖυνne αῖαῖ cao το βῖ ’n-ἀ εἶανν.

“Τὰ εαγλα οῖμ σο μβέαὸ im’ μαῖρτῖneaó, ἀ Neillí, ἰ n-earball mo ῖaoῖail; ἀετ βαὸ εῖμα liom ὀά βῖεῖρῖinn τυρα ἀγυρ το εῖντεάν ρέιν ἀγάτ. ἰρ ὀόεα ὀά μβέαὸ σο ραῖῖinn-ρε εῖυνne uat ann.”

“Τάιμ ράρτα μαρ ἀ βῖυῖlim,” ἀῖρα Neillí; “ἀγυρ ’οταοῖβ τυρα βεῖτ ἰὸ’ μαῖρτῖneaó, nῖ μαρ ρῖn ἀ βέιρ an ῖῖéal ἀγάτ, le congnaṃ ὀé.”

“Ὁ’ῖέοῖρ ρῖn, ἀ ῖῖάὸ; ἀετ μαρ ρῖn ρέιν βαὸ μαῖτ liom ὀά βῖεῖρῖinn εῖυ ρόρτα.”

“Ní’l don ῖonn ρόρτα οῖμ-ρα, ἀ εαῖρ, ἀγυρ ὀά μβέαὸ ρέιν nῖ anoῖρ an t-am cun βεῖτ ἀγ cuimṃneaṃ aῖρ.”

“Τάιμ-ρε του ἰ n-aoῖρ, ἀετ βαὸ mōῖr an ράραṃ aῖgnῖὸ οῖμ é ὀά μβέῖtea-ρα ἰ ὀ’áῖt υῖg ρέιν. Τὰ ρεῖρμ βeaῖ ὀear ἀγ Σέαμυρ Τάῖλλῖῖρα, ní’l cῖor tῖom aῖρ, ῖ τὰ ῖῖor ἀγαν nác βῖυῖl caῖῖῖn eῖle ’ra ῖaῖῖῖῖῖῖe το ὀ’ῖeaῖῖr le Σέαμυρ ἀ βεῖτ μαρ mṃaῖoῖ aῖge ’nā tṽ ρέιν.”

“Τάιμ an-βυῖṽeaó το Σέαμυρ. Ní le hearbaῖὸ mṃā tῖge ἀ βέιρ ρέ ἀγ ρόραὸ; τυῖanṃ ἀ mácṣaῖρ aῖῖe ὀor na buaῖb ἀγυρ leatṣanṃ ἀ ὀeῖῖbῖῖῖῖr an t-aoῖleaó ἀρ na ῖῖáṣaῖ. An bean-tῖeaṽṣa atá uaῖὸ anoῖρ?”

Ὁ’oῖῖail Τὰὸς ἀ ῖῖῖle. Ní ρaῖb don εῖυνne aῖge nā bṽaὸ ἀ ῖnῖean ράρτα le Σέαμυρ το ρόραὸ. Βaῖn ἀ nṽuṽaῖρτ ῖῖ an t-anál ὀe ἀγυρ nῖ ρaῖb’ ῖῖor aῖge cao το ὀ’ῖeaῖῖra ὀό το ράὸ ἀετ ἰ ῖceann tamall ὀuṽaῖρτ ρé—

“ῖaoῖleaῖ, ἀ Neillí, σο ρaṽaῖρ ρέιν ἀγυρ Σέαμυρ Τάῖλλῖῖρα mṃuṽteaῖῖṽa σο leóῖr le éeῖle.”

“Τάῖmῖṽ, ἀρ ῖon nác βῖυῖlim ῖṽ-βυῖṽeaó ὀe ’οταοῖb oῖṽῖe an lae mṽé.”

“ῖoo é an leῖῖeaῖr ἀ βῖ aῖge aῖρ?”

“ὀά μβέαὸ ρέ ’ra βaῖle ἀγ ταṽaῖρτ aῖῖe ὀά ῖṽṽó ρέιν, ’n-áῖt ba éōῖra ὀó βeῖt, εῖocῖá-ρα ἀβaῖle liom-ρα, ἀγυρ nῖ βέῖṽteaṽ maρ ataoῖ mṽṽu.”

“Τaoῖ ῖṽ-éῖuaῖὸ ἀρ Σέαμυρ βoéṣ, ἀ Neillí. Éῖṽeann tṽ ῖup mṽṽc ἀ eṽṽanṃ ρé cun congnaṃ ἀ εαṽaῖρτ ὀom-ρα νυaῖρ ἀ βῖm



The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

ἀς cup ιαριραινν ἀρ ποταῖθ νό νυαῖρ ἀ βῖονν obair τριom μαρ ριν ιοῖρ λάμ' ἀγαν.”

“Ὀ’ρεαρρα ὁδ σο μόρ αιρε ἀ ἐαβαῖρε τῶά ραιρδε βεας ταιμῶν. Νάε mimic ιὼ’ βéal ‘Ἀν τέ βῖονν ’n-α ὁροῦφειρβῖρεαδ ὁδ ρέιν, βῖονν ρέ ’na ρειρβῖρεαδ μαιτ το na ὁαοιμβ εἰλε.’”

“Ἴρ βεας ἀ ραοιλεαδ, ἀ Νεἰλλι, ná ὀεανρά μω ορμ.”

“Ὁαδ μαιτ liom μωδ ἀ ὀεανῶν ορτ, ἀ ἀταιρ; ἀτ μαρ ἀ mbé ρὼ ἀρ ταιμῶν ἀ’ ὁομῶν ἀτ ε ρέιν ἀμῶν nī βέινν μαρ céile αἰγε Séamur Τάιλλιύρα.”

Le n-α linn ριν ὀ’ράς Νεἰλλι ἀν ρεόμπα, ἀγυρ το ῖολ ρί σο ρuígeαδ ἀρ ρεαδ tamail.

Νυαῖρ ὀ’ράς Séamur τεαδ ἀν ῥαβα βί ρέ ράρτα σο λεόρ. Σαοῖρ ρέ ná ραιθ ἀνοῖρ le ὀεανῶν αἰγε ἀτ οὐλ ἀγυρ ἀν “ρῶιρέαρ” το ὕρεῖτ ἀβαῖλε leiρ cun Νεἰλλι ἀν ῥαβα το ρόραδ. Βί ρέ ῥαν τοβας ἀγυρ ἐαρ ρέ ιρτεαδ ι ριopa ῢεαῖῶν ἀν leapa cun βλúipe τοβας το ἐεανναδ.

“Ἀν ρίορ,” ἀρρα ῢεαῖῶν ἀν leapa, “ῢυρ ὕριρ ἀν ῥαβα ἀ λάμ ἀς τεαδτ ὁ ἔλλ Ἀῖρνε ἀρείρ?”

“Νί’l ρέ ρίορ ἀγυρ ní’l ρέ βρέαζαδ,” ἀρρα Séamur. “Νί’l ἀ λάμ βυρτε, ἀτ τᾶ ρί ῥοιρτιῖτε ἐομ μόρ ριν σο ὕρuiλ eagla ορμ ná βεῖθ ἀον μαιτ ἀνν σο ὀεό. Τᾶ ἀν ρεαρ βοῦτ βυαδῶρτα σο λεόρ, ἀτ ’ρε ἀν μωδ ιρ μὼ τᾶ cup αιρ ἀνοῖρ, ῥαν Νεἰλλι βεῖτ ρόρτα.”

“Ὀ’ρεαρρα ὀυτ ρέιν ι ρόραδ, ἀ Séamur. Νί ρυλάρ νό τᾶ μύιρle βεας αἰρῖο ἀς Ταὺς, ἀγυρ τᾶ Νεἰλλι ’n-α cailin ἐιλλι-μῶν.”

“Ὀ’φείοιρ σο b-ρὸρραινν,” ἀρρα Séamur, ἀγυρ ὀ’imtis ρέ αιρ ἀβαῖλε.

Λᾶ ἀρ na βᾶραδ βί ρέ leαττα ἀρ ρυο na ραρρὸιρδε σο ραιθ cleamnar ὀεαντα ιοῖρ Séamur ἡ inῖin ἀν ῥαβα.

Ἀρ ρεαδ ρεαδτῶaine ταιρ éir ῥοιρτιῖτε λάιμῶ ῤαιὺς το ὀειν Εοῖῶν ἡla λαοῖαιρε ἀγυρ ἀ ρρῖντιρεαδ obair ἀν τῶά ἐεαρὼεαν cun σο ὕρuiρ Ταὺς ῥαβα ὅς ὁ ὀαῖle ἀν ἡluiλinn. Ἴρ βεας laete ριτ na ρεαδτῶaine ná ραιθ Εοῖῶν tamail ἀς ceapṛéain ῤαιὺς ἀγυρ tamail βεας ἀς caint le Ταὺς ρέιν ἀγυρ ὀ’φείοιρ le Νεἰλλι.

Νυαῖρ ἐάινῖ ἀν ῥαβα εἰλε ὁ ὀαῖle ἀν ἡluiλinn ὀ’ιαρρ Ταὺς ἀρ Εοῖῶν τεαδτ ἀνοῖρ ἀγυρ ἀρίρ νυαῖρ ἀ βέαδ ἀμ αἰγε, ἀγυρ ἐάινῖ σο mimic. Νυαῖρ βίὼδ ἀν βεῖρε ἡ οῖuine aca ἀρ ῥαδ ταὼθ ὀο’n teine ιρ μὼ μωδ το βίὼθ aca ἀς cup τρέ ’na céile, ἡ Νεἰλλι ι mbun ἀ ηῖῖnὼτᾶ ρέιν timcéall na ciρṛoineαδ. Νυαῖρ ρuiρ Εοῖῶν ρῥéala σο ραιθ cleamnar ρocair ιοῖρ Νεἰλλι ἀγυρ Séamur Τάιλλιύρα βί ionῖῖῖαδ αιρ, ἀτ ὀύβαῖρε ρέ leiρ ρέιν μᾶ’ρ μαρ ριν το βί ἀν ρῥéal ná ραιθ ρέ ceapτ ὀό-ρᾶν ἀ βεῖτ ἐομ mimic ιρτεαδ ’ρ ἀμαδ ι

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

ὅτις na ceárhoéan. Ὅ'ιμτίς lá nó ὁό μαρ reo 7 ζαν τυμάρ ας  
Εοζαν αρ an ζceárhoéain. Αρρα Ταὺς le Neillí :

“ Δ ἔρεαα tú Εοζαν inoiu nó inoé ? ”

“ Ní ἔεαα,” αρρα Neillí.

“ Τά rúil αζam naé ἔfuil don ní aip. Ní maib re annro 'nir ó  
αἵpuζαὸ 'noé ; ní ἔεαοar cao tá á coimeáο.”

“ Ní'l fíor αζam-ρα,” αουῃαιητ pípe, áετ bί amípar aiei, μαρ  
éuala pí pζéal an éleamínaip.

Ip ὁόca ná maib Εοζαν πό-ρарта 1 n'áizneao. Bί ponn ip fαιτ-  
éar aip. Oaὸ maic leip τυμάρ oo έαῃαιητ anonn zo ceárhoéain  
Ταὺς, áετ μαρ rin πέin bί beazán náipe aip ζéilleao zo maib  
buaῃαιητ aip. Bί πέ ας obaip zo oian, áετ ba éuma ὁό beic  
oíomaoin nó ζnóταc, níor b'ἔείoip leip πόραὸ Neillí oo éur ar  
a éeann.

Τpάчнóна an tapna lá, nuaiп oo bί veipeao le hobaip an lae  
αζup an éaprhoéa oúnta, buail Εοζαν tpeapna na páipceanna,  
αζup bί πέ ας éur oe zo oτάνις πέ amac αρ an mbócar 1 n-aice  
τιζε na ceárhoéan. Bί Neillí ας an oopia.

“ Cannor tá τ'αἵaip, a Neillí ? ” αρρα Εοζαν.

“ Τά πέ oul 1 ἔρεαῃar. Tap ipteaé. Ní'l πέ leat-uaiп ó bί  
πέ ας caint opт. Bί ionznao aip zo maῃaip éóm paῃa ζan bualaὸ  
ipteaé éuize.”

“ Ní béao ας oul ipteaé anoir, a Neillí. Ta deaῃao opm.”

“ 'N é rin Εοζαν, a Neillí ? ” αρ' an ζαῃa.

“ Sé, a áἵaip.”

“ Cao 'n-a έaob naé ἔfuil πέ teaéτ ipteaé ? ”

“ Oeip πέ zo ἔfuil deaῃao aip, a áἵaip.”

“ Αῃaip leip teaéτ ipteaé. Τά ζnó αζam oe.”

Οο buail Εοζαν ipteaé.

Αρρα an ζαῃa, “ Cá maῃaip le peaéτmain ? Bíor éun pζéala  
éur anonn éúζat πέácaint cao a bί opт.”

“ Ó ! ni maib ploc opm, áετ zo maῃar an-ζnóταc, αζup ζup  
paοilear zo mbéao puo éizín eile búp ζcup tpe 'n-a ééile 'ná  
pib a beic a cuimíneam opm-ρα.”

“ Áετ zo mbéao mo lám bacac rlan αζam apíp, αζup buiῃeaéar  
le Oia tá pí oul éun cinn zo maic, ní béao don ní ας éur buaῃ-  
aptea opainn.”

“ Zo veimín, ní éúip buaῃartea an pζéal αζaib, áετ a maiaip,  
αζup zo n-éipúζiὸ búp bpóraὸ lib,” αρρα Εοζαν, αζup toéτ 'n-a  
cpoíoe.

“ Apú zoο é an πόραὸ ? ” αρρα Ταὺς Σάῃa.

“ Naé ἔfuil Neillí αζup Séamur Táillíupa le beic πόpτα 1  
noiaὸ an έapaizíp ? ”

“ Fiaρpaiz oo Neillí πέin an fíor é nó bpeáz.”



house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“Αν φίον ἐ, α Νελλιί ?”

“Νί’ι, αῖσυρ νί βέιρ σο θεό,” ἀρρα Νελλιί, αῖσυρ ἀμαε ἀν νοραρ λέι.

Ἀρ ρεαὸ ταμαίι νίον λαβαίρ ἀον’νε νο’ν βειρτ ροαί.

“Ὁ’ρείοιρ, α Ἰαιὸς,” ἀρρα Εοῖαν, “σο ὀταβερρά Νελλιί ὀαμ-ρα ?”

“’Σέ ιρ ρεαρρα ὀύιτ ἀν ἔειρτ ριν α ἔυρ ἔυιαι ρέιν.”

Ἀῖσυρ νο ἔυιρ, αῖσυρ νί γάβαὸ ιννριντ εαὸ ἐ ἀν ρρεαῖρα ρυαίρ ρέ ὁ Νελλιί. Ὀί ἀν ραρρῳίρθε αῖ μαγαὸ ρά Σέαμυρ Τάιιιύρα ; ἀετ ρυαίρ ρέ ρτορῳίγιν βεαῖ ὁ Σλεανν na γCoileac ná ραιβ ῥό-ὀς ἀετ σο ραιβ ρίε ρύιτ ρρρείρὸ αίαι.

### Τ Α Σ Ρ Δ :

Ἀλλαιὸιρ—deafness.

Ῥαβαίινί bó—miserable cows.

Ἀρ τόγαι—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Σαε ἀρ α ρεαὸ or σαε ρε ρεαὸ—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

Ιρ γεαίρρ = ιρ γεαρρ = ιρ γοίρρ—soon, very soon.

Ἀρ ῆ’αναν—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Ῥαιρέαρ—dispensation from banns.

Μάιρτε βεαῖ αιρζι— a little lump of money.

Τοετ ’να ἔμοιρε—a load at his heart.

Sean-γρoζα—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

## ΑΙΤΗΣΗ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΕΥΡΑΙΣ:

Α Ρίξ τὰ ἀρ νεῖμ 'ῖρ ἀ ἐρυταῖς Ἀδάμ.  
 'Σ ἀ εὐρεαρ κάρ ἰ βρεακάθ ἀν ὕβαιλ,  
 Οὐ! ῖςρεαδαιμ οῖτ ἀνοῖρ, οῖρ ἀρῶ,  
 Ο ἱρ λε το ῖςράρα τὰ μέ ἀς ρύλ.

Τὰ μέ ἰ η-αοῖρ, ἀ'ῖρ το ἐρίον μο βλάτ,  
 ἱρ ἱομῶα λά μέ ἀς του ἀμύξ',  
 Το εὐιτ μέ ἰ βρεακάθ ἀνοῖρ ναοῖ ὅτρὰτ,  
 Δέτ τὰ να ῖςράρα ἀρ λάιμ ἀν ὕαιν.

Νυαῖρ βί μέ ὅς β'ολε ἰαῶ μο ἐρέιτε,  
 Ουὸ μὸρ μο ρπέῖρ ἰ ρελέῖρ 'ῖρ ἰ η-εἀερανν,  
 Β'φεαρρ ἠομ ῖο μὸρ ἀς ἱμῖρτ 'ῖρ ἀς ὀλ  
 Αρ μαῖοῖν Ὀμόναις νά τριὰτ εὐμ ἀῖρμν.

Νῖορ β'φεαρρ ἠομ ρυῖδε 'η ἀιце καῖλῖν ὀῖς  
 Νά λε μῖνδοι ῖόρτα ἀς ἐέλιῖδεαέτ ταμὰλ,  
 Το μῖονναιβ μὸρα το βί μέ ταβὰρτα  
 Αῖςυρ ὅρῖῖρ ηο ῖόιτε νῖορ λεις μέ ἐαρμ.

Πεακάθ ἀν ὕβαιλ, μο ἐράθ 'ῖρ μο λευν!  
 ἱρ ἐ μῖλ ἀν ραοῖατ μαρ ῖεαλ ἀρ βεῖρτ ἰ  
 Α'ῖρ ὀ'ῖρ κοῖρ ἀν ἐραορ ἀτὰ μῖρε ρῖορ,  
 Μῖνα β'ῖοῖρῖο ἱορα ἀρ μ'ἀναμ'βοέτ.

ἱρ οῖρμ, ραμαοῖ! τὰ να κοῖρεαέα μὸρα,  
 Δέτ ὀῖῖλτὸέαθ ὀῖῖβ μὰ μῖαῖρμ ταμὰλ,  
 ῖαέ ηῖθ βυαῖλ ἀνυαρ ἀρ μο ἐολαινν ῖόρ,  
 Α Ρίξ να ῖλῖοῖρε 'ῖςυρ τάρρεαῖς μ'ἀναμ.

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\* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my



# RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create  
 The man who ate of that sad tree,  
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,  
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.\*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,  
 And though in truth our sense be dull,  
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,  
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,  
 Caught by the devil I went astray;  
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,  
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,  
 Each in her way was loved by me,  
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,  
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,  
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,  
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone  
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,  
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,  
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,  
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

---

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ὁ'έσλαις αν λά δ'ρ νιορ εὐς μέ αν ράλ,  
 Νο συρ ιτεαυῖ αν βάρι ανν αρ εῖρι τῦ τῶιτ,  
 Δετ α ἄιρτο-μῖς αν ἔειρε, ανοιρ μέρῳ μο εάρ,  
 Δ'ρ λε ρρυε να ηςῖαῖα ρλυε μο ρῖιτ.

Ιρ λε το ἡῖαῖα το ἡαν τῦ Μῖιρε,  
 Δ'ρ ραορ τῦ Ὁάιυῖο το μιννε αν διτρυφε,  
 Το εῖς τῦ Μαιοιρε ρλῖν ὀ'η μβᾶεαυ,  
 'S τᾶ εῖοεῖςαυ λῖοιρ συρ ραορ τῦ αν ἡαυιῖο.

Μαρ ιρ ρεαεᾶε μέ ναε ηῖεαῖα ρτῶρ,  
 ἡᾶ ρῶλᾶρ μῶρ το Ὁια ἡᾶ Μυιρε,  
 Δετ ρᾶε μο ὑῖοιη τᾶ μο εῖοιρεαεᾶ ρῶμᾶμ,  
 Μαρ ρεῖιτ μέ αν ρεῖορ αρ αν μέαρ ιρ ρυῖο.

Α Ρις να ἡῖοιρε τᾶ λῖν ὑε ἡῖαῖα,  
 'S τῦ μιννε βεῖορ δ'ρ ρῖοη ὑε'η υιρςε,  
 Λε βεῖςᾶη αρῖιη το μαρ τῦ αν ρλυᾶς,  
 Οε! ρρεαρῶιτ ρῶρ ᾶσυρ ρλῖναις μιρε.

Ο α ἱοῖα Εῖοιρε α ὀ'ῖυλῖνς αν ρᾶιρ,  
 Δ'ρ το αὐλαεαυ, μαρ το βῖ τῦ ὑῖᾶτ,  
 Εῖριμμ εῖριμῖο\* μ'ᾶναμα αρ το ρῡᾶε,  
 Δ'ρ αρ υαῖρ μο βᾶιρ ἡᾶ ταβᾶιρ ὀαμ εῖλ.

Α Ὑαιηῖοῖςᾶη ρᾶμῖεαῖρ, μᾶεαῖρ δ'ρ μαῖςῖοεαν.  
 ἡῡᾶεᾶη να ηςῖαῖα, ᾶηςεαλ δ'ρ ναοῖη,  
 Εῖριμμ εῖρᾶητ μ'ᾶναμα αρ το λῖμ,  
 Ο τῶς μο ρᾶιρ, 'ρ βεῖο μέ ραορ.

\* "Εῖριμῖο" ι ἡεονᾶεταῖβ, ι η-ᾶιτ "εῖοᾶιρε," .7. ὀῖοιηη.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,  
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by ;  
O King of the Right, forgive my case,  
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,  
And David was saved upon due repentance,  
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,  
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store  
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary ;  
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,  
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,  
Who madest wine of the common water,  
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,  
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will  
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,  
I place myself in Thy gracious hands  
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,  
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,  
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,  
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

---

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Νοιρ τὰ μέ ι η-δοιρ 'ρ αν θριυαδ αν θάιρ,  
 'S ιρ ζεαρρι αν ρράρ ζο οτέιζιμ ι η-ύιρ,  
 Δετ ιρ ρεαρρι ζο θειρεανηαδ ηά ζο θράτ,  
 Δζυρ ρυαζμαιμ πάιρτ αν Ριζ ηα η'Ούλ.

Ιρ κυαιτε ζαν ημιατ μέ ι ζκοιρνεάλλ ράιλ,\*  
 Ηο ιρ κορμήιτ λε βάο μέ α έαιττ α ρτιύρ,  
 Όο θυρρριθε αρτεαδ α η-αζαίθ επαρραις 'ρα 'θρρράιζ†  
 'S οο θειρθεαθ οά θάτθθ 'ρνα τονηταιθ ρυαρ'.‡

Α ιορα Χρίορτ α ρυαιρ θάρ Όια η-Δοιηε,  
 Α ο'είμυζ αρίρ ανη οο μυζ ζαν λοετ,  
 Ηαδ τū τυζ αν τρλιζε λε αιεμυζε οο οέαναη,  
 'S ηαδ θεαζ αν ρμυαίηεαθ οο μινηεαρ ορτ!

Όο +άρια, αν οτύρ, μίλε 'ρ οετ ζεουο,  
 Αν ρίθε ζο θεαέτ, ι ζεεανη αν οο-οέαζ,  
 Ό'η αν έυρπινζ Χρίορτ οο ρευθ αν ζεαταιθ;  
 Ζο οτι αν θλιαθαιη α ηθεαρηαίθ Ρεαδύμαις αν αιεμυζε:

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\* Aliter, "ιρ κυαιτε κορ μέ ι η-έαοαν ράιλ," G.

† = ραυρριζε. Aliter, "αν θριυαδ ηα τρμά."

‡ Aliter, "θειρθεαθ 'ζά θάτθθ 'ρ α έαιττρεαθ α ρνάη"; aliter, "ρεόλ," aliter, "ριύθαι"; δετ ο'αέμαις μέ αν λίηε λε κομψυαίμ οο οέεαναη."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat



Now since I am come to the brink of death  
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,  
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark  
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,  
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,  
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,  
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,  
And hast risen again without stain or spot,  
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,  
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,  
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,  
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,  
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

---

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

# AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúra.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra ag teannaó uib,  
 Bíod cloídeam a' r pleas aguib i bpaobair seur,  
 Ir gearr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caite,  
 Mar rghíob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;  
 Tá an éinneall le múcaó eug lúiteir larta leir,  
 Aét téiríó ar buir nglúnaib a' r iarrmaid aéuinge,  
 Suiríó an tUan 'r béir an lá ag na Catolcais,  
 Tá an Mhuíman tre laraó 'r an Chúir d'á pléir.

Tá 'n dá Chúise Múman ar ruibál, 'r ni rtaofair  
 So leasgar dóib deacmáó a' r cior dá réir,  
 'S dá rtaofair dóib congnam a' r éire [do] fearam  
 Uheir' gáiríó lág a' r gac beanna réir.  
 Uheir' Saili ar a g-cúl, a' r gan teac ar air aca,  
 Agus 'Orangemen' brúigte i gciúmar\* gac baile 'gáinn  
 Uheiríam a' r Júpí† i rtaó cúirte ag na Catolcais  
 Sacrana marb, 'r an éiríon ar ghaeóal.

\* Sghíobá "ingóéin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear r g-Connacáib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coiréionn aét veir an Reachtúra "Júpí" le "comárad," no com-ruaim, do déanam le "cúl" agus "brúigte."

\* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—*i.e.*, the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

## THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,\*  
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,  
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,  
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.  
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.  
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns,  
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,  
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§  
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||  
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,  
 The guards of England must fall away.  
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,  
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;  
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,  
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (i.e., English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

béiró aḡainn faoi Chárḡ pléaráca 'r curdeácta,  
 Ól a'r imirḡ a'r rḡóirḡ o'da péirḡ,  
 béiró maire 'ḡur bláct aḡur fár ar érannaibḡ,  
 Snuaḡ 'ḡur rḡar aḡur oḡúct ar feurḡ.  
 Feicfirḡ ríḡ fán a'r neam-árḡ ar Shacranaigḡ,  
 Ár náimairḡ le fán aḡur leaḡaḡ a'r lear (?) orra,  
 Teimnteáca cnám ann ḡac árḡ aḡ na Catolcaigḡ,  
 'S naé rin í ḡan bḡabac (?) an Chúir o'da pléiró:

Ir iomḡa fear bḡeáḡ faoi an tráct ro teilḡte\*  
 O Chorca ḡo h-inmir 'r ḡo baile Roircré,  
 aḡur buácaillirḡe bána le fán aḡ imḡeáct  
 O íráirḡ Chille-Chainniḡ ḡo "Bantḡu baé."  
 áct iompócairḡ an cáirḡa 'r béirḡ lám máirḡ aḡainn-ne  
 Searrfáirḡ an máirḡ ar élarḡ na h-imirḡe,  
 O'da ḡfeicfirinn-re an rára o rḡhorcláirḡe ḡo Biorra 'rḡa  
 Sheinnfirinn ḡo oeimín an Chúir o'da pléiró:

\* Labairḡear an focal ro mar "teilḡte." Ir focal coirḡionn i ḡConnáctairḡ é.  
 Ir ionnann "bí pé teilḡte" aḡur "Chuarḡ bḡeirḡaimḡar na cúirḡe 'na aḡairḡ."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,  
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,  
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,  
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!  
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,  
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,  
 But all that's past is but a *token*,  
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,\*  
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,  
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,  
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†  
 We'll set in amaze the Gail and the Sassenach,  
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,  
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,  
 Kindling the chorus of *Cúis dá plé*.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining  
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,  
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying  
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.  
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,  
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,  
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,  
 It is I who shall lilt for you the *Cúis dá plé*.‡

---

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

\* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the *Cúis dá plé*.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the *Cúis dá plé*.



Éirigióe ruar, a'r sluairíóe uile,

    Téiríóe ar an gcnoc asur slacais bup ngleur,  
 As Dia tá na spára a'r béiró pé 'n bup scuirdeacta,  
 Bíoó asaió meirneac, ir breáí an rgeul é.

Snótóóaió rib an lá ann sac áiró de Shacranaíí',  
 Buailíó an clár 'r béiró na cáiróaió teact eugaió,  
 Ólaidé ar láim, anoir, rláinte Rairteiríó,

    'S é cuirfeao óaoió bail ar an gCúir o'á pléiró.

---

\* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,  
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;  
God is around us and in our company,  
Be not afraid of their might this day.  
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,  
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,  
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"  
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.\*

---

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

## IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS;

(Leir an Reachtúraí.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traoḡal  
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndeunfaíde pléucta,  
 'Do méir mar rḡríob na naoim l mbliadain an naoi\* tá 'n  
 baoḡal

má géillimid do'n rḡríobtúir naomta:  
 An balla deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a bfaid fuar,  
 Sḡríormann ré ó'n d'roic—"foundation,"  
 Aet an áit a ndeacaid an t-aol ni corócaid cloic ar coróic,  
 Tá an cārraig faoi 'na fuide nae bpleurḡfaid.

Ir ríorfuide rean an Chúirt do raoilead eadairt anuar  
 Aet 'ré mearaim-re gur nō nae féirir,  
 Tá naom deadar le n-a bfuad aḡur Cúirt [do] ceur an rluad  
 A'r congócaid ríad na h-uain le céile.  
 Adaltranur 'r d'ruir do coraig an rḡeul ar dtúir,  
 Aḡur hannahoi an t-Oet do tréig a céile,  
 Aet oioḡaltar iut a'r fuaid ar "Orangemen" go luat  
 Nae bfuair auaim an "compression."

\* Ir corhúil go raib an tpean-cārraiginead reo i ḡ-cuine aḡ an Reachtúraí.

nuair eailḡear an leóman a neart  
 'S an pótanán breac a bḡig,  
 Seinnfid an élaigreac go binn binn  
 toir a h-oet aḡur a naoi.

Ir corhúil go mearḡann re an rḡríobtúir aḡur rean-cārraigineadta le  
 céile! Labairtear "baoḡal" mar "baoiḡeal" ann ro, aet "naomta" mar  
 "naemta." Dá bfoirḡeaid ré d'á rann deunfaid ré "baeḡal" de "baoḡal"  
 aḡur "naomta" de "naemta"!

\* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,  
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,  
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,  
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

## HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,  
 And blood flow red like a river?  
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,  
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).  
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt  
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,  
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide  
 and time,  
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;  
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?  
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,  
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.  
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,  
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;  
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,  
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

*Literally:* "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Aṣ éiríge d'aoib 'r aṣ luíde, rmuáiníóid' ar an ríṣ,  
 Do éiríge ar fad an cine daonna,  
 Iṛ ionúda cor 'ran nṣaoit, aet ni lia 'ná 'ran traoṣal,  
 'Sur iṛ beaṣ an daoi le' bfuigimír réiṛtead:  
 Iṛebél do faoil an easlaír tabairt faoi úliṣe  
 Aṣ cur anaṣaíṛ an beata naomta,  
 Tá rí i nṣéibionn fíor a'ṛ lúiteir le n-a taoib,  
 'S íoc ṣo cruaid' faoi an "reformation." \*

A Dha, nae móir an rṛóir an tpeam do faoil ár nṛóṣad  
 Ṣo mbuṛ éigin d'óib a b'ota do réunaṛ,  
 A'ṛ William do tionrṣain ṣleó a'ṛ do cuir na Ṣaeóil d'a  
 tṛeóir  
 Ni feicíṛ ríad níor mó é ṣleurtá.  
 Dainṣear cloṣ 'ran Róim, béir teinnṛe cnám a'ṛ ceól,  
 Ann 'r ṣad beaṣ aṣur [ṣad] móir tré éirinn,  
 O táinig Seóirre i ṣ-cróin tá Opanṣemen faoi b'ón;  
 A'ṛ ṣan neart aca a r'ón do réirhead.

A fíora ceurtá i ṣcrann ná feud ar lár an tpeam  
 Náir d'íol an bean d'oil tu ar don cor,  
 Aet lúiteir 'r a úliṣe cam 'r an bunad éirídear ann  
 Nae oic an ceart ṣo bfuigíóir ṣéillead.  
 Má'ṛ fíor do Opanṣemen ní'ṛ maíṛ do'n éléir i ṣcaint  
 'Sa éroṛuṣad ar rúṛ le léiṣeṛ aṣ éirinn  
 Sur eugcóir ríonṣail 'r feall aṣur cuirhead clainne Ṣall  
 D'iompaíṣ an bíobla anonn 'ran mbéarla.

\* Tá d'íol móir aṣ an Reaetúrad, mar éimíṛ, ann rna foclaib áno-ṣlórae  
 ṣallṛa r' éirídear i n-"aetion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceo fíliṛe de na  
 Ṣaeólaib do r'íóib i mbeurla r'ṣaṛar na focla r' aetad ann 'r ṣad rann,  
 beaṣ-nae!

\* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King  
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in  
 the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little  
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (*i.e.*, Elizabeth), who  
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is  
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.



Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,  
And practise all his virtues—we need them—  
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast;  
From a small thing may arise our freedom.  
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,  
And who harassed all the just of the nation,  
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,  
They are paying for their "Reformation."\*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,  
But their courage ebbs away down to zero;  
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,  
They shall never again see that hero.  
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,  
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,  
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,  
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,  
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;  
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,  
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!  
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,  
Insulting us since Luther's arrival;  
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame  
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

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† Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.



I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,  
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;  
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,  
And to train up the spy and suborner.  
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,  
Our church has God's own arm round her;  
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,  
It shall turn in the sea and founder.\*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,  
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;  
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,  
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†  
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,  
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;  
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,  
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,  
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—  
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!  
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.  
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,  
Rafferty, whose heart in him is burning,  
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go  
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

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† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Rafferty, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar saccanaib;

(leir an "nḡéagán ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru  
An uair 'r an lá  
Δ bḡeirimiru sacraua  
leagta ar lárl

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru  
An lá 'ḡur an uair,  
Δ bḡeirimiru i  
Δ'r a cḡoirde-re ḡo ruar.

ḡo ruar Δ'r ḡo cḡapta,  
'S i cḡáirōte ḡan bḡuḡ;  
ḡan cor ann a lámair  
ḡan cor ann a cḡoirde:

bairḡioḡain bí innti;  
bairḡioḡain ḡan bḡón;  
Δēt bairḡimiru oi-re  
ḡo rōill a cḡóin.

béir an bairḡioḡain álunn  
ḡo cḡáirōte Δ'r ḡo uúbaē;  
Óir ḡeobair rí cúitiuḡað  
An lá rin, Δ'r luac;

luac na rōla  
Do uóirir rí 'na rḡut;  
ḡuil na bḡear bán  
Δḡur ḡuil na bḡear ouū;

luac na ḡcḡoirde rin  
Do bḡir rí ḡo tiuḡ,  
Cḡoirōte bí bán  
Δḡur cḡoirōte bí ouū;

luac na ḡcnám  
Tá u'á mbánuḡað anuá;  
Cnámā na mḡán  
Δḡur cnámā na n'ouū;

luac an ocaḡair  
Cuir rí ar bonn,  
luac na bḡiaḡḡar  
ḡḡaol rí le ronn;

## THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY )

O God, may it come shortly,  
 The hour and this day,  
 When we shall see England  
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,  
 This day and this hour,  
 When we shall see her  
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,  
 A Queen without sorrow ;  
 But we will take from her,  
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful  
 Will be tormented and darkened,  
 For she will get her reward  
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood  
 She poured out on the streams ;  
 Blood of the white man,  
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts  
 That she broke in the end ;  
 Hearts of the white man,  
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones  
 That are whitening to-day ;  
 Bones of the white man,  
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger  
 That she put on foot ;  
 Her wage for the fever,  
 That is an old tale with her.



Luac na mbaintreabac  
 O'fás rí san rir,  
 Luac na ngairgideac  
 Cuir rí ar biop.

Luac na nðilleaceta  
 O'fás rí fá cðað,  
 Luac na nðibirteac  
 Caid rí ar fán.

Luac na n-Inðianac  
 (Tpuag a scár),  
 Luac na n-ðirpiceac  
 Cuir rí cum báir.

Luac na n-ðireannac  
 Céar rí ar cðoir,  
 Luac sac cinið  
 O'a nðearnaið rí rðriop.

Luac na milliún  
 Do lúb rí 'r do bðir,  
 Luac na milliún  
 Fá ocður anoir.

A ðigearna go ðtuitið  
 Ar mullað a cinn  
 Mallaet na nðaoine  
 Do tuit le n-a linn.

Mallaet na ruarac  
 A'r mallaet na mbeas,  
 Mallaet na n-anðpann,  
 A'r mallaet na las.

ði éirteann an Tígearna  
 Le mallaet na mðr,  
 Aet éirpð Sé cðirðce  
 Le opna faoi ðeðir.

Éirpð Sé cðirðce  
 Le caoineað na mboet,  
 S tá caointe na miltið  
 O'a rðaoileað anoet.

Her wage for the white villages  
    She has left without men ;  
Her wage for the brave men  
    She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans  
    She has left under pain ;  
Her wage for the exiles  
    She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India  
    (Pitiful is their case) ;  
For the people of Africa  
    She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,  
    Nailed to the cross ;  
Wage for each people  
    Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands  
    She deceived and she broke ;  
Her wage for the thousands  
    Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall  
    Straight down on her head  
The curse of the peoples  
    That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,  
    And the curse of the small,  
The curse of the weak  
    And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen  
    To the curse of the strong,  
But He will listen  
    To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen  
    To the crying of the poor,  
And the crying of thousands  
    Is abroad to-night.

## Cúma Éróide Cáilín.

Éireódáid na caointe  
 So Dia, tá fuar,  
 Ní fada go rroirfid  
 Sae mallac̃t a cluar.

Béid cúlac̃t, an lá ru  
 As sae uile deóru  
 Long-cogaid do bátaid  
 'S an bfairrige móru.

Asur tuitfid, mar mallac̃t,  
 So triom ar an luac̃t  
 D'fás airic 'na fárac̃  
 A' r bóraig̃ so boac̃t.

## CÚMA ÉRÓIDE CÁILÍN:

Donnadã ua Darḡáin d'airicir, 7 taós ua Donnadã do cuir ríor.

A Dómnail̃ Óig, má téirid̃ ear fairrige  
 Beir mé féin leat, ir na déin do dearmad,  
 Ir béid asat féirín lá donais̃ ir marḡaid̃,  
 Ir ingean Ríog̃ Sreige mār céile leac̃ta asat.

Má téirid̃-re anonn tá comar̃ta asam oir̃;  
 Tá cúl fionn asur dá fúil ḡlara asat  
 Dá cocán déas id̃ cúl buide bacallac̃,  
 Mar bēad̃ bēal-na-bō nó rōr i nḡairic̃te:

Ir déideanãc̃ airic̃ir do labair̃ an ḡad̃ar oir̃;  
 Do labair̃ an naorḡac̃ 'ra' curraic̃in doim̃in oir̃;  
 Ir tu id̃ "caogaid̃e donair̃" ar fud na ḡcoillte;  
 'S go rabair̃ ḡan céile go brá̃c̃ go bḡḡair̃ me.

Do ḡeallair̃ dam-ra, asur d'innir̃ bḡeas̃ dam,  
 So mbeic̃eā romam-ra as c̃r̃id̃ na ḡcaorac̃;  
 Do leigear fead̃ asur tr̃í cēad̃ ḡlaod̃ac̃ cuḡat,  
 'S ní bḡuair̃ ann ac̃t uan a' méir̃id̃.

Do ḡeallair̃ dam-ra, ní ba deacair̃ duit,  
 Loingear̃ oir̃ fá c̃r̃ann-peoil airḡid̃;  
 Dá baile déas do bailc̃ib̃ marḡaid̃;  
 Ir cūir̃c̃ bḡeas̃ dol̃da coir̃ taob̃ na fairrige.

That crying will rise up  
To God that is above ;  
It is not long till every curse  
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear  
Shall have power in that day,  
To overwhelm a warship  
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse  
Heavily upon the people  
Who have left Africa a waste  
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

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### THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-ra, ní nár b'féidir,  
 So dtiubhréá laimhinne do éroicean éirí dam;  
 So dtiubhréá bróga do éroicean éan dam;  
 Ir culair do'n trío-da ba daoire i nÉirinn.

A Domhnall Óis, b'féarr duit mire astat  
 'Ná bean uasal uaihreac iomarca;  
 Do éiríodainn bó astat do-géanainn cuisean duit;  
 Ir, dá mbaó éruair é, do buairfínn buille leat.

Oc, ocdón, astat ní le hocra,  
 Uipearba bíó, tige, ná corlata,  
 Fá n'oeair damra beir tanairde triucalóda;  
 Acet gráó fíri óis ir é b'heoir do follur me!

Ir moé ar maidin do éonnac-ra an t-óisféar  
 Ar muin éarail astat gráóil an bódair;  
 Níor d'fuir ré liom ir níor éirí ré ríodó orim;  
 'S ar mo éarab ábair dam 'r ead do góilear mo bódain:

'Nuair éiríom-re féin do Tobair an Uaignir,  
 Suiríom ríor astat déanam buadaréa,  
 Nuair éim an raozal ir ná feicim mo buacail;  
 So raib ríáil an ómair i mbarra a ghuadóna.

Siúó é an Domnac do éusar gráó duit,  
 An Domnac díreac poim Domnac Cárga;  
 Ir mire ar mo glúinib a' léigead na páire,  
 'S ead bí mo dá fíuil a ríor-éabairt an gráó' duit:

Ó! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,  
 Ir tabair a bfuil astat do'n traogal do léir do;  
 Éirí féin astat íarair d'éirice,  
 Astat ná gráó ríar ná aniar im' éileam:

Dubairt mo máirín liom san labairt leat  
 Inniu ná i mbairreac ná Dia Domnais,  
 Ir oic an trác do éus rí roga dam,  
 'S é "dúnad an dorair é tar éir na foála."

Tá mo éirí-de-re com duib le háirne,  
 Nó le sual duib a b'éad i sceárdóain,  
 Nó le bonn bróige b'éad ar hallaib bána;  
 'S suir deimíri lionn duib díom or cionn mó ríáinte:

Dó bairí ríor díom, ir do bairí ríar díom,  
 Do bairí poimam, ir do bairí im' díar díom,  
 Do bairí seala, ir do bairí gríam díom,  
 'S ir ró-móir m'eagla suir bairí Dia díom!



You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

# BÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmáir.)

Beir beannaíocht óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,  
     bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 Cum a maipeann de ríolrao ír a' r' Éibíir,  
     ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.  
 An áit úd 'narí b'aoibinn binn-íuic éan,  
 Marí fáim-éruic éaoín as caoineaoí Šaoíal;  
 'Sé mo éár a beir míle míle i gcéin,  
     Ó bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Bídeann barrí bog ríim arí éaoín-énoic Éireann,  
     bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro díe šac pléide ann,  
     bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 Dob áro a coillte 'r ba díeac péirí;  
 'S a mbíac marí dol arí máoilinn seus;  
 Tá šráo as mo éiríde i m'íntinn péin  
     Do bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Tá šarra líonmar i dtír na h-Éireann,  
     bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 A' r' fearaóin šroide ná claoiríeac ceudta  
     ar bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 m' fadóiríre éiríde 'r mo cúinne rseul,  
 íad as šallapóic ríor fá šreim, mo leun;  
 'S a mbailte d'á roinn fá éirí go d'aoir,  
     bán-énoic Éireann óg!

Ír fairríng 'r ír móir íad éruaca na h-Éireann,  
     bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 A šcuir meala 'šur uacairí a' šluairíeac 'na ríaoí,  
     ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;  
 Raóarí mé arí cuairí no ír luac mo ríaoíal,  
 'Do'n talamí beas ríuairí rín ír d'ual do Šaoíal!  
 'S go mb'fearra líom 'ná duair d'á uairíeac é  
     Beir ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

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\* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

## THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(By DONCATH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.\*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,  
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—  
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,  
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,  
 The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe  
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,  
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,  
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,  
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—  
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

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on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an bpuéct ar gheamhar agus féar ann;  
 Ar bân-énoic Éireann óg;  
 Agus tagaid rin uibla cumha ar geugaidh ann,  
 Ar bân-énoic Éireann óg.  
 Bialar agus raíma i ngleannaidh ceo  
 'S na ríota 'ran traimha a' labhairt ar neoin;  
 A' r uirge na Siúire a' bpuéct 'na fílóig,  
 Ar bân-énoic Éireann óg.

I r orgailte fáilteac an áit rin Éire,  
 Dán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 Agus tomaid na pláinte a mbárr na déire;  
 A mbân-énoic Éireann óg.  
 Ba binne 'nā meura ar téadaidh ceoil,  
 Seinnm 'sur géimpead a laog 'r a mbó,  
 Agus taitneam na gréine oída aorad 'r ós  
 Ar bân-énoic Éireann óg:

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,  
Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn  
Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,  
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,  
While the great River-voices roll their music grand  
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!  
Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above  
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold  
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—  
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.  
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!



## SEADHNA:

(Coir na teinead: peg, nóra, Sobnuir, Síle beag, Cáit ní bhuaicéalla).

Nóra: A peg, innir rgeul dúinn.

Peg. B'ait liom rin! Innir féin rgeul:

Sob. Níl don maít innti, a peg; b'feair linn do rgeul-ra.

Síle. Déin, a peg; beiróimí ana-focair.

Peg. Nac maít nár fanaí focair aréir, 'nuair bí "Maíora na n-Oct 5Cor" agam dá innirint!

Síle. Mar rin ní rtaíodá Cáit ní bhuaicéalla ac am' ppiocad:

Cáit. Thuíair d'éitead! Ní fadair-ra ad' ppiocad, a cáit iéin!

Sob. Ná bac í féin, a Cáit; ní fad dainne' dá ppiocad ac í dá leigint uirriti.

Síle. Do bí, ardoín; agus muna mbeiréad go fad, ní liugfainn.

Nóra. Abair le Peg nac liugfair anoir, a Síle, 7 inneóradí rí rgeul dúinn.

Síle. Ní liugrad, a peg, pé fuo imteóradí oim.

Peg. Má'r ead, fuig annro am' aice, i otreo ná feurad dainne' tú ppiocad san fíor dom.

Cáit. Bidead geall go bppiocad an cat í. A toice big, beiréad rgeul beag agáinn, muna mbeiréad tú féin 7 do cuio liugraige.

Sob. Éir, a Cháit, no cuirfair ag sul í, 7 beiróimí san rgeul: Má cuirtear fearg ar peg, ní inneóradí rí don i'geul anocht.

Sead anoir, a peg, tá gac dainne' ciuin, ag b'at ar rgeul uait. Peg. Bí fear ann fad ó, 7 ir é ainm do bí air, Seadhna; 7 speuraidé b'ead é; bí tig beag deap clúctmar aige, aig bun cnuic, ar taob na foitine; bí catair fúgán aige do dein pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnát leir fuide innti um éiréad, 'nuair bidead obair an lae cpiocnuighe; 7 'nuair fuidead pé innti, bidead pé ar a fártad. Bí mealbós mine aige, ar crocad i n-aice na teinead; 7 anoir 7 air cuiréad pé a lám innti, 7 tógad pé lán a duir de'n mín, 7 bidead dá cogaint ar a fuaimneap. Bí crann uball ag fár ar an otaob amuic de dorp aige, 7 'nuair bidead tair air, ó beir ag cogaint na mine, cuiréad pé lám 'ra crann ran, 7 tógad pé ceann de 'rna h-ublaib, 7 d'éitead pé é—

Síle. O a Thairair! a Peg, nár deap é!

Peg. Ciaco, an catair, nó an mín, nó an t-uball, ba deap?

Síle. An t-uball, san ampur!

## SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,  
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Katë, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. b'fearr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocrair de duine.

Job. b'fearr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirfinn peg i n-a fuíde innti, aís innrínt na rgeul.

Peg. 1r maíť cum plámáir táb, a Jobnuir.

Job. 1r fearr cum na rgeul tura, a pheg. Cionnur d'imtíť le Seadhna?

Peg. Lá dá raib ré aś d'éanamh brós, tús re ré ndeara ná raib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céiréac. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an spreim déirdeanac curta; 7 níorb fuláir do dul 7 adbar do folácar rui a bfeudrad ré a tuille brós do d'éanamh.

Do gluaíť ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní raib ré ať míle ó'n dtíť 'nuair buail duine boťť uime, aís iarruáíť déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar ron an tSlánuigťeora, 7 le h-anmannaiť do máib, 7 tar éann do pláinte," ar an duine boťť. Thuś Seadhna rílling do, 7 annan ní raib aise aťť dá rílling. Dubairť ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanrad an dá rílling a śnó.

Ní raib ré aťť míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boťť uime, 7 í cor-noťťuigťe. "Tabair dom consnať éigin," ar riri, "ar ron an tSlánuigťeora, 7 le h-anmannaiť do máib, 7 tar éann do pláinte." Do ślac truaigťe dí é, 7 tús ré rílling dí, 7 d'imtíť rí. Do bí don rílling amáin annoin aise, aťť do tiomáin ré leir, a brat air go mbuailfeadh rianť éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a śnó a d'éanamh. Níorb fáda śur carad air leaib 7 é aś śuí le fuact 7 le h-ocrair. "Ar ron an tSlánuigťeora," ar an leaib, "tabair dom ruť éigin le n-íte." Bí tíť órta i nśar dóib, 7 do éuair Seadhna irteac ann, 7 éannuigť ré bríť aráin 7 tús ré cum an leaib é. 'Nuair fuair an leaib an t-arán d'atruis a deaib; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar rolar iongantac 'n-a fúilib 7 'n-a éanaíť, i dtreo go dtáinig rśannrad ar Sheadhna.

Sile. Dia linn! a peg, 1r dóca śur tuť Seadhna boťť i luigťe.

Peg. Níor tuť; aťť má'ť ead, ba díceall dó. Chom luat aśur d'feud ré labairť, dubairť ré: "Cad é an radar duine tura?" aśur 1r é freaśra fuair ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buideac díot. Ainśeal iréad mire. 1r mé an tríomad h-ainśeal śur tusaíť déirce dó anoiu ar ron an tSlánuigťeora, 7 anoir tá trí śuide aśat le faśáil ó Dia na ślóiré. Iarr ar Dia don trí śuide 1r toil leat, 7 śeobair iad; aťť tá don comairle amáin aśampa le tabairť uirť,—ná dearmuid an Trícaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have



“Asgur an nveiripir liom go bfaigead mo gairde?” arsa Seathna: “Deirim, san amhar,” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Tá go maith,” arsa Seathna, “tá cataoir beas dear rúgán asam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir ruidhe innte. An ceud duine eile a fuirfir innte, aót mé féin, go sceanglaib ré innte!” “Faire, faire! a Sheathna,” ar’ an t-aingeal; “rin gairde bheadh imtighthe san cairde. Tá dá ceann eile asat, 7 ná dearmuid an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seathna, “mealbóisín mine asam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir a dhorra a fátao innte. An ceud duine eile a cuirfir lámh ’ra mealbóisín rin, aót mé féin, go sceanglaib ré innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní’l fars asat!” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l asat anoir aót don gairde amáin eile. Iarr Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seathna, “ba dóbair dom é dearmuid. Tá crann beas uball asam i leat-taobh mo dhoruir, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an treo, ní fuláir leir a lámh do cup i n-áirde 7 uball do rtao 7 do breit leir. An ceud duine eile aót mé féin, a cuirfir a lámh ’ra crann poin, go sceanglaib ré ann—O! a daoine!” ar reirean, as rshairtea ar gáirde, “nac asam a beir an rporit orra!”

‘Nuair táinig ré ar na tritirib, d’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtighthe. Dein ré a maictnam air féin ar fead tamail mair, U ré deiread fiar tall, duibair ré leir féin: “Feuc anoir, ní’r don amadán i n-éirinn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mbeiread triúe ceangailte asam um an taca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóisín, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, cao é an mair do deanfar ran domra 7 mé i bfao ó baile, san biao, san deoc, san aig seao?” Ní túirge bí an méir rin cainte ráirde aige ná tu, ré fé ndeara ór a cómair amac, ’ran áit a raib an t-aingeal-fear fada caol duib, 7 é as glinneamaint air, 7 teine deara as teaót ar a dá rúil ’n-a rpreacáib minne. Bí dá adair air mar beiread ar pocán sabair, 7 meisioll fada liat-foirm garb air, eirboll mar beiread ar madao ruao, 7 crúb ar coir leir mar crúb cairb. Do leat a beul 7 a dá rúil ar Sheathna, 7 do rtao a caint. I sceann tamail do labair an fear duib. “A Sheathna,” ar reirean, “ní gá duit don eagla do beir ort róim-amra; ní’lim ar tí do díogbála. Ba mian liom cairde éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómaire. Do cloirear tú, anoir beas, dá ráo go rabair san biao, san deoc, san aig seao. Tiub-rainn-re aig seao do dótain duit ar don cóingíoll beas amáin.” “Asgur spreaoad tré lár do rshair!” arsa Seathna, 7 táinig a caint do; “ná feudfá an méir rin do ráo san duine do millead leo’ cuir glinneamna, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aót beirfad an oiread aig seao duit anoir asur ceannócaib



three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oipead leatair ašur coimeáðfaið aš obair éú so ceann trí mbliadhain nðeug, ar an scoingíoll ro—so dtiocfai liom an uair rin ? ”

“ Ašur má péirtigim leat, cá rašmaoir an uair rin ? ” “ Cá beaš tuic an éirt rin do éur, ’nuair beir an leatair íoigte 7 beirðmíð aš gluaireadé ? ” “ Táir geurcúiread—bíor ašat, feiceam an t-airgead. ” “ Táir-re geurcúiread, feuc ! ” “ Do’éuir an fear duð a lámh ’n-a póca, 7 earraing ré amac rparián móir, 7 ar an rparián do leis ré amac ar a bair capn beaš o’ór breaš buirde. ”

“ feuc ! ” ar reirean ; 7 rin ré a lámh 7 éuir ré an capn de píoraib gléiorde gléineamla ré fúilib Sheathna boict. “ Do rin Seathna a d’á lámh, 7 do leatadair a d’á lašar cum an óir. “ So péir ! ” ar’ an fear duð, aš earraingt an óir éuige arteaé ; “ ní’l an maršað déanta fóp. ” “ Bíor ’n-a māršað ! ” ar’ra Seathna. ”

“ Šan teip ? ” ar’ an fear duð. “ Šan teip, ” ar’ra Seathna. ”

“ Dair bpiš na mionn ? ” ar’ an fear duð. “ Dair bpiš na mionn, ” ar’ra Seathna. ”

### [An oirde na diais rin.]

Nóra. Seath !—a pēš—támaoir anro—arír—tá raočar oim—bíor aš ruc—bí eagla oim—so mbeirdeat an rgeul ar riubal noimam, 7 so mbeirdeat cur de caillte ašam. ”

pēš. Am’ bpičar so branpamaoir leat, a Nóra, a laoiš. Ní’l i bpað ó táimš Šobnuic. ”

Šob. Mar rin do bí cuigion ašam d’á deunam, 7 b’éisín dom-ra tul riap leir an im so Deul an Šearpča, 7 ’nuair bíor aš teaé a baile an cóimšar, do tuic an oirde oim, 7 geallaim tuic šur bainead ppeab aram. Bíor aš cuimniugad ar Seathna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an bfeair noub, 7 ar na rpreacáib bí aš teaé ar a fúilib, 7 mé aš ruc pul a mbeirinn deirdeanac, ’nuair éōšar mo ceann 7 cað do éifinn aét an ruð ’n-a fearam ar m’ ašaið amac

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You* are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Sòllán! ar an sgeud amàire d'á d'cuigear air, do tìubhrainn an leabhar go raib' a' d'arca air!

Nòra. A d'iaimair, a Sòbnuic, éir' do bheil, 7 ná b' d'ar mboò-  
raò leò' sòllánaib' 7 leò' a' d'arcaib'. A' d'arca ar an nSòllán!  
feuc' air rin!

Sòb. B' éir' air, d'á mbeir' d'á féin ann, sup beas an fonn m'asair  
do b' d'eaò ort.

Sìle. Feuc' anoir! cia a' d'as cor' an r'gél? B' éir' air go  
s'cuir' d'á Cár' n' ùa' d'alla or'm-ra é.

Cár'. N' c'uir' r'ò, a Sìle. Tàir a' d' c'ailin m'ait' anoc't, 7 t'á  
ana-c'ion a' d'gam ort. Mo s'gráò i rin! Mo s'gráò am' c'pòir' d'e  
ir' t'is i!

Sìle. Seò go d'ir' d'á! fan go mbeir' f'ear' ort! 7 b' éir' air ná  
d'ear' d'á "Mo s'gráò i rin!"

Nòra. Seo, reo! r' d'adair, a c'ailin' d'e. M'ire 7 mo sòllán ra  
n' d'air an obair reo. Cair' uait an r'oca roin, a òeg, 7 r' d'aoil  
c'ugainn an r'geul. An b' f'air Seadhna an r'parán? Ir' iom' d'á  
ouine b' i m'oc't r'paráin d' f'asáil 7 nac' b' f'air.

Òeg. Com' luat 7 d'ubairt Seadhna an f'ocal, "d'ar b' r'is na  
mionn!" do t'áin'is a' d'ru' d'á s'ne ar an b' f'ear' n' d'ub. Do no'c't  
ré a f'iacla f'ior 7 t'ruar, 7 ir' iad do b' go d'áite ar a  
c'éile. T'áin'is r'òr' d' c'pónáin ar a bheil, 7 do t'air ar Seadhna a  
d'eunam' amac' cia 'co a' d' s'gráir' d'e b' ré n' d' s' d'ann' t'ug' d'á. A'c't  
'nuair' d' f'eu'c' ré f'uar r'oir an d'á f'uil air, ba d'óbair go d'ciuc' d'á  
an r' d'ann' r' d'á c'eudna air a t'áin'is air i d' d'ora'c'. Do t'uis ré go  
m'ait' nac' a' d' s'gráir' d'e b' an d'iol' m' uineac'. N' f'ea'c'air' ré m'aim  
p'aim' rin don d'á f'uil ba m'eara 'n' d' iad, don f'eu'c'aint ba m'all-  
uig' d'e 'n' d' an f'eu'c'aint do b' d'eo, don c'lar' eudain com' d'uir, com'  
d'ro'c'-aig'ean' t'air an s'clár' eudain do b' ór a s'cionn. N'ior  
l'adair' ré, 7 do m' n' ré a d'óicea l' gan a l'ig'aint air sup t'ug' ré  
fé n' d'eara an d'ann' t'ug' d'á. Le n-a linn rin, do l'ig' an f'ear'  
d'ub an t-ór' amac' air ar a b'air, 7 do c'óm'air' m'.

"Seo!" ar f'ear'ean, "a Seadhna. Sin c'ead' punt a' d'at ar an  
sgeud r'gill'ing t'ug'air uait in' d'iu. An b' f'uil'ir' d'iol' t'á?"

"Ir' m'oir an b' f'ear' i!" ar'ra Seadhna: "D'ad' c'oir go b' f'uil'ir' m'."

"C'oir n' d'eug'c'oir," ar' an f'ear' d'ub, "an b' f'uil'ir' d'iol' t'á?"  
7 do s'eur'uir' 7 do b'ior' d'uir' ar an n' d'ann' t'ug' d'á.

"Ó! t'áim d'iol' t'á, t'áim d'iol' t'á!" ar'ra Seadhna, "go raib'  
m'ait' a' d'at-ra."

"Seo! m'á 'r'ead'," ar f'ear'ean. "Sin c'ead' eile a' d'at ar an  
d'ara r'gill'ing t'ug'air uait in' d'iu."

"Sin i an r'gill'ing t'ug'air d'ó'n m'naoi a b' cor'-no'c'tuir' d'e."

"Sin i an r'gill'ing t'ug'air d'ó'n m'naoi uapail c'eudna."



I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank *you*!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."



“Má ba bean uasal í, cad do bheir cor-noéctuiḡte í, 7 cad do bheir d’í mo ḡsilling do bheir uaim-re, 7 san aḡam aḡt ḡsilling eile i n-a d’iaid?”

“Má ba bean uasal í! Dá mbeirdeadh a fíor aḡat! Sin í an bean uasal do mill mipe!”

Le linn na b’ocal raim do rádh do, do t’áinig c’it cor 7 lám air, do r’ad an d’annnán, do luis a ceann r’ar ar a m’uineál, d’f’uic pé r’ar in’r a’ r’p’er, t’áinig d’uic b’air air 7 clód cuirp ar a ceanna d’air.

‘Nuair donnaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, t’áinig ionḡadh a c’or’de air.

“Ní f’uláir,” ar r’ir’ean, so neam’ḡuir’ad, “nó ní hé reo an céad uair aḡat aḡ a’ir’ad’ain tead’ t’áir’i r’íú.”

Do léim an fear d’ub. Do buail pé buille d’á c’r’uic ar an d’alám, i d’re’o ḡur c’it an f’ó’o do bí pé cor’ Seathna.

“C’ior’b’adh oir’!” ar’r’ eir’ean. “Éir’ do beul no b’ar’ḡar t’ú!”

“ḡabaim pá’r’uín aḡat, a d’uine uair’!” ar’ra Seathna, so mod’amail, “ceap’ar so mb’ éir’i ḡur b’raon beaḡ do bí ól’ta aḡat, d’rádh ’r’ ḡur t’uḡair céad punt mar m’alair’ ar ḡsilling d’am.”

“C’iub’raimn—7 read’ ḡcéad d’á d’i’oc’f’adh liom baint ó’n d’air’be do rin’ an ḡsilling céad’na, aḡt ’nuair t’uḡair uair’ í ar ron an t’Slánuiḡte’ora, ní f’éir’i a t’air’be do lot c’or’úce.”

“Aḡur,” ar’ra Seathna, “cad í’ ḡád an m’air’ do lot? Ná f’uil pé com’ mair’ aḡat t’air’be na ḡsillinge ú’o d’f’áḡb’ail mar t’á pé?”

“Tá an ioma’o cainte aḡat—an ioma’o ar f’ad. D’ubair’ leat do beul d’ éir’tead’. Seo! rin é an r’par’án ar f’ad aḡat,” ar’r’ an fear d’ub.

“Ní héir’i, a d’uine uair’!” ar’ra Seathna, “ná beir’deadh d’aoit’i na haim’r’ie ann: 1’r ioma’o lá i d’r’i bliadh’naib’ d’éaḡ. 1’r ioma’o b’r’óḡ beir’deadh d’eunta aḡ d’uine i ḡcaiteam’ an m’éir’o rin aim’r’ie, 7 1’r ioma’o cuma i n-a n-oir’f’adh ḡsilling do.”

“Ná bí’o c’eir’ oir’,” ar’r’ an fear d’ub, aḡ cur r’muta ḡáir’ ar. “Tair’raing ar com’ ḡur i n’éir’inn 7 1’r mair’ leat é. Beir’ pé com’ teann an lá d’éir’deana’c 7 t’á pé in’u’u. Ní beir’o puinn ḡnó’ta aḡat de ar r’ain amad’.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that **this** is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DÍA A BUIÓEACAS.”

‘Do tairraíis Diarmuid a dúirín dúb d’onn ar a póca, 7 do rin cuise í, 7 d’iméis 7 do cuair peirean annran go meataclacán teimead do bí ar bair na trága, beirear ar meacán airtí 7 réir-ea, réir-ea í go tréan tiuś tearuibe; aét d’á tréine a anál 7 d’á tiuśa a réir-ea, ní raib maic do ann; réir-ea arí 7 arí eile níor tréine, níor tiuśa, níor tearuibe ná ceana, aét do bí a gno’ n-a fárae air, mar do bí an tear ion éas anr an rpréis. Beirear ar rpréis eile 7 réir-tear rúití go feargac fuinneamail ríocmar, 7 a rúile ar dearglara, 7 réir-eanna a muiníl cóm atuisce rin go rabadar i reat a bpléargta: ‘dob’ fánae do a réir-ea am. Beirear ar an rpréis 7 caitear irteac i scoim-leacan an cuain í, as ráo, “Go réir m’áir an áir-beirreora tú mar teimí!” 7 tugtar buile d’á coir deir do’n cuir eile do’n teimí 7 rcair-tear ar fuo an báin i. Do connaic an cuir eile é ríreac d’onn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuireadar don ula-gháirteis amáin arca do tógfae na maib ar a n-uaisib. Éirigir uile—an méir d’r nac raib i n-a rearm d’ioib—7 tagair i n-a tímcioll, as líbairnaib le leacan-gháir 7 as rcear-tea ar a lán-dícioll. Beirear duine ar rpréis, duine eile ar rpréis eile, 7 mar roin d’oib riar ríor go hearball tímcioll, an beas 7 an mór, an t-ós 7 an t-aorta; 7 reo as réir-ea iao, ar énae a noicill, as tnuic le teimí 7 tear do cur arí i n-gac rpréis, 7 é riar orra, do bríś gur rgar teo-daet le gac rmeacair d’ioib beas nac o líb laoir.

“Atá teine im’ rpréis-re,” arra neac éigin:

“Séir leat a buacail!” arra Domnall. “Cá bfuil tú?—réir leat go rtagaet cúgaet.”

Do léim ré de líit-ppreib 7 táiníc i n-a aice—“Séir! réir, a diabail!” ar reirion, “7 ná leis an rmeacair ion eug—réir!—ar do báir réir!”

Do léis an buacail rcear-tea 7 do rtor de’n tréir-ea:

“Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!” ar reirion.

Do tuit an buacail ar báiníe gháir; beirior réin ar an rpréis, le amplae 7 airc eun gail, d’ógtar a ór-dós 7 caitear an rpréis uae d’iarract. Tuit rí ar an mbán; níor brí rí amáet. Cuirear a ór-dós i n-a béal le coir na píopa.

“Tairraíis! tairraíis anoir!” arra áil-teoir éigin i n-a mearg.

Do bí ré ar buile,—beirior ar an rpréis le n-a láim clé, 7

## THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, lively, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows



réirdear cóm hairctinnead roin i sup rppéad pí: Séirdear aipír 7 léimear rmeadaro do'n dearg laraip irtead i n-a uet, mar do bí buillac a léimead ar leatad, 7 dógar é láirdear. Do con gail ré greim ar an rppéis ámh, 7 bpiúgar an laraip ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrpaigear, tarrpaigear; tarrpaigear, ar cuma sup geárr go raib deatad as éirige go sorm glóimmar n-a flamaip-cirib of cionn a éinn.

Annpán do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuid na daoine go léir as bpeitniugad ar an múr as luargad of a scóimair, 7 é as teact irtead go meap. Do bí Dóinnall as diúrad a píopa 7 san don duine as cur éirige ná uair. Níor b'fada sup éirig rtaile dá píopa ámaet, do tarrpaig ré i dár ndóig ar énam a díeill, aet níor b'fuid duit feucaint ar an ngal beas báir do bí as teact amad aipci. Annpán do cur ré rsguagal ar féin, ip móibead ná'r ceangail a beal ioctair dá beal uactair le doic tarrpaigete aet ní raib bpiúg i n-a gno.

“Fagbad duine éigin péiteoir dom—ar ron Dé fagbad!” ar reirion, 7 do luis ré níor dúluisge ar an tarrpac; i n-asaró beir as baint an tralaadair ar poll na píopa, ip amlaib bí re as a daingniugad ann—san coinne leir san aipreap. Faoi deirioth, nuair do fuair ré an réan rgarra le n-a faotar, 7 go raib as dul de, dá érine luis re éirige, do tóg ré an diuro ar a beal, 7 do glaoib go hairctinnead ar duine éigin, péiteoir o'fagbail do. O'iméig tpiúr nó ceatpar de buacailiob go luis páirc do bí lán de éraictinib, aet do bí ré rteannsg maic uair-rani. O'fan reirion as peictiom orpa go otioctairir tar n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a beal, 7 aipír as a baint ar, 7 aipír eile as ráad a lúioin innti o'feucaint a raib moctail an teair iméigete aipci. Nuair do éuair puil tar peiteamantap aige, do léim ré féin tar éloirde irtead; reo as cuarad é anonn 'r anall, 7 bior ar a fúilib le fagairt cun fagbála, dá mb'féoir. Do bí raet ion áipiom aip fá ceann tamail—fuair ré brob cuibearad reammar, 7 do rácuig i gcró na píopa é go tapad. Annpán tug ré foğa faoi n-a tarrpac, aet o'fan an brob mar a bí, 7 ní corpróad ar a lúnoacaid. Do éreall ré an aet-uair, aet b'é an rgeal céatna é. I ndeiriob rtaetá do, bpiur an tráictin go caillte aip, irciúg i gcró na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éaoir buile tar éloirde, ní raib fulas (=fulang) na foirde aige, 7 do éait an diuro fad a upcair amad annpán muiir móir. Ní raib méam ar donnead le heagla bpiugne, mar do bí toğa an eolair aca go léir ar Dóinnall, 7 cad é an fagar b'ead é, nuair do beirdead ré amuig leir féin. O' fan na daoine go léir i n-a fuirde go



again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

“Let someone get a ‘*cleaner*’ for me—for God’s sake, let him!” says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a ‘*cleaner*.’ Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann reallair, 7 ar an bfeadh ro bí an múr as dhuiríom leir an tcráig go bog rí. Táinig don tonn amáin, i ndeiri oð na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogóga fada deas. Do ppeab Dóinnall i n-a coilg-feara 7 do éirí é féin ar a shrua anuas ar éarín do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoc le fuirre, 'nuair reo irteac tonn eile, do éirí leáruar de 7 pul ra feud reiríon cuimneam ar don-níð (aet ar an múr) do ríuab ar léi amac é ríu ríu fíu fíu. Do béic 7 do ríreab ar éirí, níct ní ríu bfeir deabair ar donne'—níð nár b'iongnad—dul b'íntar a éiríte cun eiríon do ríuab.

“Cuirimí ríuab ar éirí ruar go rí Dírímuo léit,” ar ríuab ríuab.

“Beiríte re báitíte ríu a ríuicíre leatríu ríu,” ar ríuab ríuab.

“Cuir an ríuicín amac 7 b'feud go n'íreabócaí rí é,” ar ríuab ríuab.

Le n-a linn ríu do lúig an báitíteacáin 7 do glaoirí i n-áir a éirí 'ra ríu as ríuabíu cabra, as ríu, “Ar ríu Dírí 7 ríuab mé! ríuab mé! a d'aoine, ríuab mé! ó a Dírí, tá m báitíte! ríuab mé, ríuab mé órú!” Níu ríuab ríu do beirí as callríuocí ríuab ríu, ríuab do bí uédaí ríuab aise.

“Ríuab 7 ríuabíu amac éirí,” ar ríuab ríuab ríuab.

“Ná ríuab,” ar ríuab na d'aoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Ríuab,” ar ríuab. “Ní beiríte a éiríte as ríuabíu ar an ríuab amíu, as ríuabíu báir ar ar ríuabíu.”

Ríuab ríuab ríuab ríuab ar b'íuab a léineab 7 ríuabíu, “Máirí, go ríuabíu ní ríuabíu, ríuabíu ríuabíu go ríuabíu ríuabíu ar ríuabíu amac éirí.”

“Bos ríuab,” ar ríuab ríuab, “bos do ríuab ríuab.”

“Ní bosíu,” ar ríuab ríuab ríuab, “ní beas a b'íuab éiríte 7 ríuabíu ríuabíu.” Díríuab ríuab do béic Dóinnall de éiríreab amíu. “Ní' l donne' éiríte ríuab,” ar ríuab ríuab. “Bos ríuab, a ríuabíu leat, bos ríuab;” aet ní bosíu. Do ríuab ríuabíu é féin uab 7 do éirí de a éirí éirí 7 do léim ríuabíu 'ran ríuab 7 'ran ríuab; do ríuabíu amac cun Dóinnall do bí beas naé ríuabíu 7 do ríuab ríuabíu leir é ar éirí éirí go ríuabíu an ríuabíu. Éirí Dóinnall i lúigí 'mar ar go ríuabíu ar an ríuabíu ríuabíu 7 do ríuabíu ríuabíu go ceann i b'íuab. Nuair éirí ríuabíu éirí ríuabíu, ríuabíu ríuabíu éirí ríuabíu do b'íuabíu do b'íuabíu le Dírí i ríuabíu nár b'íuabíu é:

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bhoird,” ar reirion; “má táim rábáilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeácar, mar ní mór do bí ré im cúram; o’rágfaidh annsan amuis mé go mbeidinn báite, múcta, 7 i’r beas an gearradbuid do cuirfead ré air aileir, geallaim-re duit; áct beirdeas buirdeas do Óiarmaid MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan glánta, cuairt i n-eineas a cailte cun mé fáorad. A! a duine, má táim rábáilte,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeácar!”

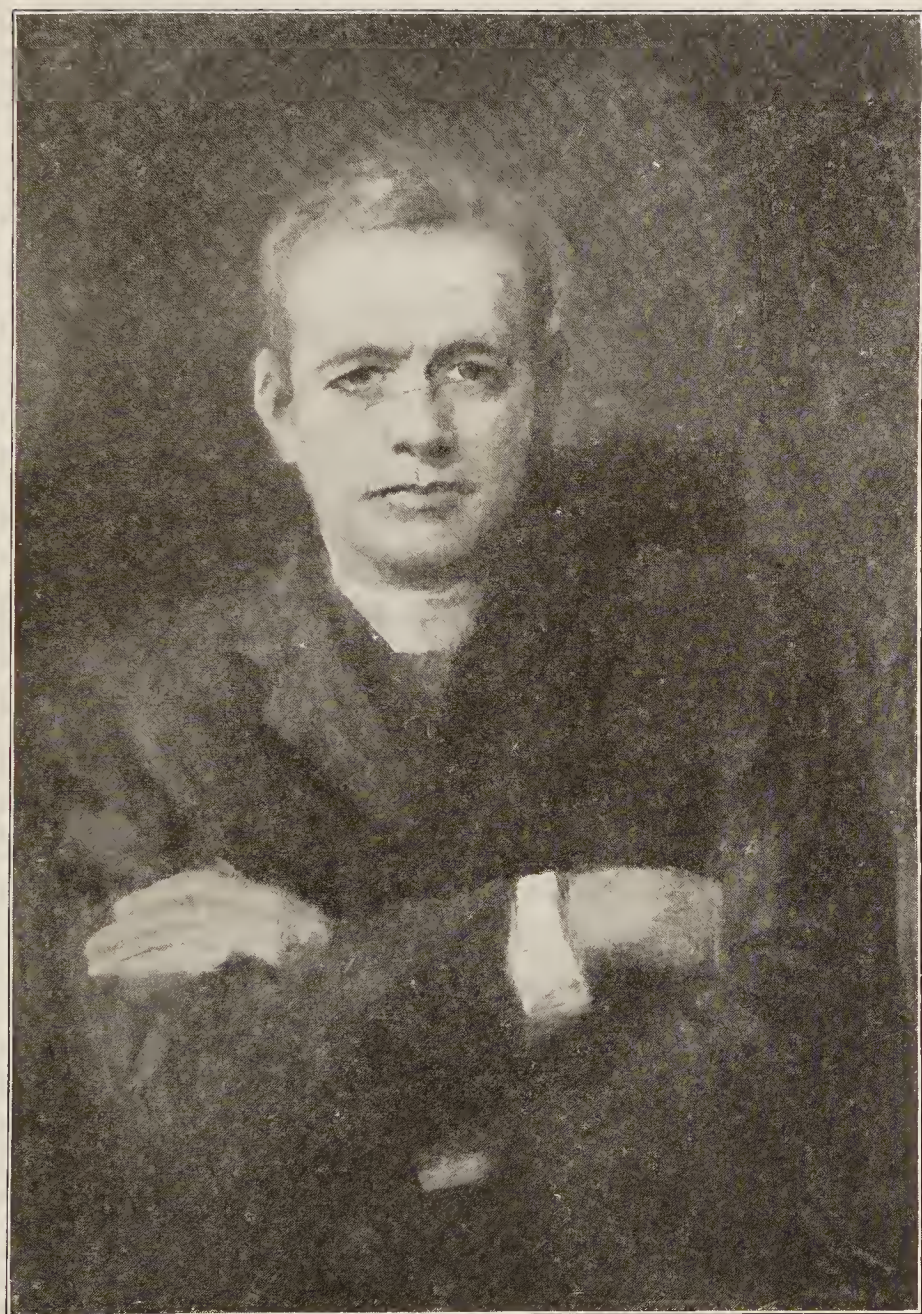
### SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Aitir O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ughar do pinne an oipeas le Céitinn cum léigean i’r litrigheact do congáil beo i mearg na ndaoineas, go mór-mór daoine leata moga. Níor b’eas sup rcoib Seatrún reanar nō-beact, nō-cinnnte, áct sup cuir ré le céile i n-don bolg amáin na tuairisige do bí le fagbáil ar éirinn in’ na rean-leabrais. Ní raib tuairisge eile le fagbáil com deas, com fuinnnte i’r do leat ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní raib doinne ’n-a rcoláire foganta ná raib eolar aige ar rtair Céitinn, i’r ní raib críochuag doanta ar rcoláire i rcoil go mbeas macramail doanta aige do’n “b’fomar feara.” I mearg na rtaatad rimplice ní leomfas doinne ampar do cuir ar an gcunntar tugann Céitinn ar gabáil na héireann le parolan, i’r leir an gcuir eile do’n treib rin tar leas. Ní leomfas doinne réanas sup créimeas daeéal glar le natar nime, i’r sup éneapuis Maoir a éneas ’ran éisirt le fearrais Dé. Bíor na daoine reabuisge o’pírinne na rgeal rain, i’r bí a n-up-mór ’n-a mbéal ada, i’r ní raib dán ná laoir san tagairt éigin do’r na mór-gairisib ar ar tráct Céitinn. I’r dois linn muna mbeas sup rgríobas an “fomar feara” ná beas cuinne na rean-aimpise, ná ainmeada na rean-plait, ná éacta na leoman leat com abairt i n-aigheas do ndaoineas i’r bíor leir-céas bliadan ó foim.

I’r píor, go deimín, go raib na neite reo i leabrais eile ar ar tós Seatrún ias, áct ní’l up-mór do’r na leabrais reo le fagbáil i n-oiu. Do cailleamar ias, i’r tá an “fomar feara” ’n-ar mearg, san focal, san litir as tearabáil uair. Tamall ó foim i’r ar éigin do bí duine uairt i gcúigeas Muhan ná raib a macramail do’n “fomar feara” go ceanamail i scoimeas aige. Bí









return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

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### GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré aς na daoineib bocta com maic leir na huairlib. Ir cuimhin linn féin figeadóir boct do mair i nIarlthar Ciarrmaidhe, nár mór i dtéannta dóctain na hoibde do bí 'n-a feild, do tairbeáin dom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, carpa i linn-éadae, ir san dul aς páirte breic air, ná díogbáil ar bit do déanam do. Ba seall le leabair naomta é ar a mear, ir níor díomáoin do bí an leabair rain, mar ir blarta cruinn do bí tuairis aς sae leatanae de i gceann an figeadóra, aςur ba deacair áiteam air go raib focal aet pírinne 'ran méid do ríriob Céitinn ar fennur fearrao, ar íarcolan, ir an cúro eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fór i mearg daoinead nár léig, ir ná feacair riam a cúro raotair. Ir dóig leir a lán go raib oraoidead éigin ar an nuine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunnar ar rean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnad gur éirio na daoine nár nuine daonna Seatrún. Do tpeib Galloda do b'eao é, aet 'n-a diaib rin bí ré ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoilicead ó ériodelamade, Sagar, Doctúir Diaadeta do b'eao é. Fear léigeannta i laidin ir i leabair na n-aithead do b'eao é, ir aic ré a lán dá raogal 'ran b'rainc. Aet 'nuair o'fill ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar fao o'obair na heaglaire le díograir iongantais gur cuiread ruagairt reata air, ir gur b'éigean do dul i bpolae i gceann doilb i ngleann eatarlae. Ir é an ruo ir iongantais i mbeadair Seatrún go b'ruair ré uain ir caoi ar na leabair do tairtuig uair i gcóir a feandair, do bailuagad an fao do bí fán ir ruagairt air. Do ruibail ré go Connaetaib ir go Doire, aet ní mór do mear do bí aς fearaib Ulaó ná aς Connaetaib air. I gceann trí nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "Forur feara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do ríriob ré fór dá leabair diaoa, "Eocair Sgiat an Airrinn," aςur "Trí Bioir-Šaoite an Báir."

Dála an "Forair feara," tornuigean ré ó'n b'íoriorae, ir tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-rannaib i n-a mbailig-tear ainmeada na dtreab do táinig go héirinn, ir i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héadta do bain leo. Tá a b'fuit i b'pór de, leir, annro ir annró mucta le ainmeadaib tairae ir flait ir a gceaoib gemealae. Níor ceap Seatrún don nio ó n-a meabair féin; sae a dtugann ré dúinn—na rgealta, na heatpae, na gabá-lair, na héadta ar mair ir ar tír—ruair ré iao go léir i feanteabair do bí fá mear aς ollainnaib ir fáirib. Ní rinne ré aet iao do cur le céile ir o'adontuagad. Dá mbead ré aς aet-ríriobad na neitead rin i noiu, aςur a aignead lán do léigean na haimprie reo, ní'l dearmad ná go gcuirtead ré a lán díob i leat-taob, do b'rig ná bainean riao le fír-feandair. Aet do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

reiríob ré an “fóruir feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó fóin, agus ní mionsnaidh ná raib an oirleadh rain amhair 1 otaoib fírinne na n-éadé ro an trád rain. Agus ir mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal ag tíoréaib eile: Tá a lán éadé ir eadétra 1 reanóar na Rómá do éreio na Rómánaig go hiomlán 1 n-aimpíir bhrígil ir Oibíro—ná fuil ionnta adé úir rgealta na bhríleat. Ar an nóir gcéadna ní géilleann don rgeoláire anoir d’éadéaib henzirir ir hórpa agus dá leicéuonóib d’éadéaib 1 reanóar na bhréataine:

Adé ’n-a díarí rin, ní ceart a dearmad go mbíonn bunadóir fírinne inr na rgealtaib reo do gnáit. Níor éum na filíde rgeal ar oúir gan deallraim éigin do beir aip—*nec fingunt omnia Cretae*—ciob go gcuirtear leir 1 ríit na mbliadan, 1 otreo ná haitneodáide é fá deiread. B’oic an bail ar trí ná beir úir-rgealta do’n tréar rain cruinnighe ir meargta trío a cuir reanóar. Ba comairt é ná raib ríle ná fáid le rinrearaib 1 mearg a daimead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-bhollac a cuireann Seatrún le n-a “fóruir feara.” O teadé an dapa henzí anall éugainn ir roime, níor fáid for ná ruaimnear na hugóarí sagrannaig adé ag cur ríor bhréaga ir rgealta aipre ar ar noútcár. Giorroio de bapra, Stanhupir, Camden, Hanmer, ir an treab rain uile—ní raib uata adé rinn do cur fá coir ar oúir, ir ó teir rin oiré, rinn do marluagad 1 rtráitáib fallra. Agus tar éir ar bhréann do baint dínn, ba bhréaguirge ir ba tarcairniige do bíodar ’ná ruam. Do éug Seatrún fúta ’ran díon-bhollac le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do rtoil ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluighead do cuir an baprac ’n-a leabair, níor fáid-ré ruinn do Stanhupir gan réabáid, ir trom é curraing a láime ar Camden ir ar Spenrer. Go deimín ir geall le gairgídead móir éigin é—le Coin éulainn nó Aicill—a cuir aipm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadé pláta ó mullac cinn go troigéib aip, ir é ag gabáil le díograip ir le dian-feirg ar na daomib beaga ro do dearbuis éitead 1 scoinnib a oútcáir, ir do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar maiprean 1 noiu, tabairfad ré faobair bata dor na reanóaróib atá anoir fá móir-meir, ar froude ir ar íllac Amílaom, ir ar Hume.

Adéir ré ’n-a díon-bhollac:—

“Ní’l rtaipíde dá rgríobann ar éirinn nac ag iarpair locta agus toirbéime do tabairt do rean-áalláib agus do áeódealaib bío; bíod a fíadnuire rin ar an teirir do beir Cambrenrip, Spenrer, Stanhupir, Hanmer, Camden, bapirí, Moipíon, Dabir, Campion, agus gac nuad-áall eile dá rgríobann uirte ó



done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amaí, ionnup supabé nóir beagnac an príompolláin do ghní  
 ag ríobad ar éireannaí . . . . . ír é do ghní cromaí  
 ar béarab fo-úaoinead agus caillead mbeag n-úir-íreal ar  
 otabairt maí-ghnóm na n uaral i n-dearmad, agus an méid a  
 baineas iur na sean-ghaelealaib do bí ag áitiugad an oileáin reo  
 ma ngabáltair na sean-ghail,” etc.

Ír minic a goirteas an heorodur gaelealaí ar Seatrún,  
 agus ír deimhin sup móir a bfuil do cormaillead eatorra araon.  
 Tá caint Seatrún dear, simplíde, mílir-briatrac, mar caint  
 “Ara an tSeandair.” Séanair araon baot-foail, neamh-  
 briogmair, neamh-fairmeamla, aet ’n-a n-ionad atá fuinneam ír  
 tatar i ngac líne dá rtáirab. Cuirio araon irtead na húir-  
 ríealta baineas le n-a rtír, san amhar do cur ar a bfuinne.  
 B’é heorodur an céad rtáirde do cuir seandair na n-íregead i  
 n-easair ír i sefuinneas, agus bíod sup b’fada ’n-a díad do  
 ríob ré, b’é Céitinn an céad seandairde d’órduis ír do ceartuis  
 i plact, ír i n-easair seandair na n-ghaeleal. Do bain na filíde—  
 na íreigis ír na Románais—a lán ar rtáirab heorodur, agus  
 ’ran seuma seadna eus Céitinn innbeas a n-órtain dor na  
 filíob gaelealaí, d’adagán Ua Rataille, do seagán Clárad  
 Mac Domnaill, ír d’Eogan Ruad. Aet ní feicimid díogair i  
 oad na fuinne, ná fearg cum namad a tíre ar an n-íregead  
 bíonn ré cuin, focair, réim i seomnuide i meas rtára ír úir-  
 ríeal, *et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis*, aet ní léigead  
 an gaelealaí fuinne do ceart ná do cáil a tíre le n-a deas  
 namair.

Obair léigeanat, doimín ír ead “Tí bíor-ghair an bair,”  
 lán do rmuaintib díad ír do mactnam fairmeamla ar an  
 beadair daonna, ír ar a éirí. Ír ionganat ar tós ré ar seand-  
 uadair ír ar oibreadaib na naoim, agus ír blarta tá an obair  
 ar fad poimnte i leabair agus i n-aitaib. Aet ír trom, laoin-  
 eamail an caint atá ann ó túir go deirad, bíod go bfuil rí  
 larta ruar annró ír annró le ríeal beag gheannmair mar an  
 eadtra rain ar “Mac Reccan.”

Obair an-léigeanat i ndíad aet ír i nóranab na heaglaire ír  
 ead “Eodair Sgíat an Airpinn.” Ní léir dúinn don uadair eile  
 cuirtear an oirad rain do tuairg ar neitib baineas leir an  
 Airpinn, com bead, com cainte rin i leabair dá méid. Aet  
 ’n-a teannta rain, tá an caint com simplíde, com gheannta, com  
 binn, com briogmair rain, san baot-foail ná fáitib carta sup  
 fupairte d’aoinnead é léigead sup i ndiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan O'Rahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimpirí Céitinn anuas níor rghníobhad a lán do phór bunadaraí. Do cuirteadh ádhair eadairí le déile agus rghálta ar ghníomharthaí acaí, agus ní móir 'n-a oteannta rann. Do luigeadar na huídearí Saedalaí ar panna do mairgailt, ír ba mílir, doibinn a fceir doán ír amháin.

Sóir nó fíar ír fearr an baile—An Cneamhaire.

(Le n-úna ní fíarceallais.)

Ní raib an pinnceóiread i bfaí ar riubal nuair fleannuis an Cneamhaire amad uata a san-fíor doib.

Suar an carán leir as déanam ar éad na n-aillcead do'n oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar bair na tulca. Do rtaí ré annrín. Sé sur érean láirí an fear é, do bí an doir as teannad go daingean air, 7 níor mírde do a ríit do leigean.

Bhí an sealaí go háir 'ra rpeir, agus do b'féirí an t-oileán agus an fíaríse d'féirín go slan roilí.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amair do bí or a comair amad, aet irití 1 seoirde an tfean-fíar do bí anfaí ar riubal. B'amlaí nár airíse ré a com deir ír do fámluis an domán 1 n-a timéoil. Ní raib a fíor aet as Dia amáin caí do bí 'sa fuaíad.

Chraí ré a lámha or cionn a éinn, agus adubairt or áir :

“ Liom féin ír ead é ! Liom-ra amáin ! Ní fuil éan-baint as duine ar bit eile leir. D'íocar go maíe ar—go dian-maíe ! ”

Ar afaí leir airí as riubal agus as ríir-riubal, oíreac ír dá mbéad 'n-a aighead rtoirín a éirde do laíougaí ar an nóir roin.

Níor b'faí do as imtead mar rín go dtí go raib ré 1 ngar do na haillceadair.

Annróin do rtaí ré go hobann, mar ba doíse leir go seualair ré suí duine éigin. Chuir ré cluar le héircead air féin, agus do b'amlaí d'éir afaí d'amirí go raib ré cinnce 'n-a éadair. Suí mná as caí do b'ead é, san fíó.

Ar mbreacnuagaí do ar an áir ar a d'áiní an fuaí, ba leir do, rgaíam beas uair, duine éigean leagta leir an seairde.

Thuirí ré leir an áir, agus d'airíse ré san móir sur b'í Máire bhán do bí ann roime.

Ní raib a fíor aicí duine ná daonairde do beir 1 n-a haice, agus do phead rí le neirí rgeóin nuair do leas ré a lám ar a ceann.



expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

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## EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.



“Ná corruis, a leanab. Ná bíod páircéar ort, éor ar bit!”

Ní dubairt Máire focal, agus seo ar aghaid é le n-a cúio cainte.

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a rtoir, beic amuis i n-donniaic 7 an oirde atá ann. Tá an comluadar as fuisead leat ’ra seir-din.”

Ní meapad éinnead sup b’é an Cneamair do bí as caint.

“Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-píó mé leigint dom’ cúio bpión. Béad níor fearr dá bárr i sceann tamail.”

“Aé dúbriadar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntad leir an tura 7 an airdear seo. Tuise nac bpaná as do mádar ’ra mbaile 7 as Peadar fáda!”

“Tuise, a n-eaó? tá fáé so leór leir, mair, aé cia an máic beic as caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do ril na deóra léici 7 éiom pí ar sul<sup>3</sup>air.

Níor cúir an Cneamair irtead uirri an fáio do lean pí ar beic as caoi, aé nuair d’éirís pí níor ciúine ar ball d’fíarppuis pé di cia an fáé di beic as imtead ar éireann.

“Ná ceil oim éin-éed do’n pírinne” ar’ reirean fa deóir.

“Cad faoi ndeara so bfuil tú as imtead uainn?”

“Do bpié so bfuil earbair airtio oim” ar’ an cailín boét.

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar’ an Cneamair so neam-foighead, “’S é an rgeal céadna é i scoinnairde; aé bíod ’fíor asat, a cailín, so bfuil a lán puadai ’ra doiman níor fearr i bpaó ’ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní éus Máire fheasra ar bit air, do bí an oirdear poim iongan-tair uirri.

“Nac bfuil Peadar asat!” ar’ reirean “agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—Peadar—agam; ir píor duit<sup>2</sup>é, “aira Máire i ndeiread na dálaé, “aé—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil dúil asat féin ’ran airgead? Gabaim páirúin asat, a Shéamair; ní ’gá éaraó leat atáim, éor ar bit.”

“Ní fuil focal bpiéige ann, a ingean ó. Ir móir i mo dúil ’ran airgead le leat-éad bliadan, aé ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam maí. Uhi lá eile agam. Uhi mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com maic leat-ra, 7 b’féidir níor doimne ’ná mar atáir-re. Uhiór boét, 7 bí ríre boét, fíeirín. D’págbair mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom so haimiucá le capán airtio do cúir ar muin a éile 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom’ rpéir-bean. D’imtigear liom riar sup ríoréar lairar na Stát n.dontuighe. Chaitéar poimnt bliadanta ann 7 d’éirís an raogal liom so seal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraiding you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a gheibinn leictir ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-Sean 'gá páo go raib rí go maic, agus a leictéirí rin.

"Don uair amáin cuair bliadain tairinn 7 san focal aSam uaiti. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic san tuairis uirri, 7 ó tápla an t-am rin go raib roinnt maic aipis 7 otaipis aSam, cuis mé aSair ar an mbaile aipir. Oc? mo léan gáir ir mo lomaó luain! ní raib roimam aet a huais. 'San uais céadna cuiréad na comurain uilis nae móir, bliadain na gorta. Sáit-eaó irteaé le céile iao 7 n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a Dha na ngráta! i as fagbáil báir leir an oclar ar taoib an bótair 7 mire 7 bfaó uaiti 7 san rmearóio eólaip aSam ar a cáir! Sire san ruo le cup 7 n-a béal aici 7 mire táll 7 náimeiriocá, mo póca lán go béal o'airgead."

Do samuis éadon an tSean-fir go militeac fa polar na geal-aige. O'iompuis ré uaiti beagán 7 érom ré ar amáir amac tair an bfairise ó cuair:

Uhi a fíor as Máire go raib ré as véanam maranta ar uais móir bliadna na gortan tuar 7 gCondae Mhuigeó 7 níor leis rí focal ar lár. 7 n-a leabair rin, ir amlaib go ruis rí ar láim aipir. O'airis rí fuar san bpris san fuinneam i:

Uhi an cailín as bailleiric aet ní fuac na hoibce fa nDeira é. Níor b'é an Cneamair do bí or a comair aet tairóire o'airis cuici ar laeteanntaib a oige.

"A Shéamair boicé! a Shéamair boicé!" aip' ríre or íreal. Níor cuir an Sean-fear éan-tfaim innti, aet o'fan ré as amáir amac do taoib an Dha Dheinn Déas san corraige ar.

Uhiotar mar rin ar feaó tamail maic aipir.

"O'féidir gupab é an fát go bfuil dúil aSam 'ran aipgead," aip' an Cneamair fa deiread, "gup iocar com daor rin 7 r. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuil or comair mo oá fuil—go deais, go deais 7 gcomhairde. Ir mar rin a cím-re é."

Do érom Máire a ceann ríor 7 póg rí a láim. O'airis Séamar deor as tuicim léiti.

Uhiotar aiaon 7 n-a oclor go ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bit," aip' Máire go naibíó.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rin a n-abmann tú? Aet an ocuigeann tú 'n-a ceair méad na boctanaeata a beair as goill-eaó ort annreo, má fanair?"

"Ní fuil duine 'ra domán a cuigeannr níor fearr 'na mire com érom 7 a bíonn an gannair 7 an boctanaeet as gabáil do muinntir Áirann—aet 'n-a oiaib rin féin fanfaó 'ra mbaile 7 n-ainm Dé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by



“Tá go maí, ar’ an Cneamáire.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárad éadóir muinntear an oileáin i n-oidiú a céile roir go dtí an fánán. Bhí na cupáca i gcóir cum na gcaitíní do bí le dul ear leat do bpeit ar ború an long-  
gáile.

“Tuige go bfuil tura as caoinead?” arfa pteoir fada nuair d’áirdeis Máire bhán a suí com maí le cáe. “I r muid-ne a bpeir as caoinead in do oidiú.”

“Táim as caoinead i n-oidiú na gcaitíní atá ar tí imteact, uainn,” arfa Máire.

“An dá ríur atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar n-ó,’ ní ceart duit beir as fonnáir fúm in-oidiú i ualaé ar mo éiríde.”

“Ní as éanáir fonnáir’ fút atáim, muid. Tá m’inntinn rocair asam ar fanaé leat, cibé boét rairbhí tú, nó cibé an fáir a éairfimid beir as feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éirídear pteoir a éirídear féin.

“I r as magad fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapad.”

“Ní head go deimhín! Ní éanáirinn a leiríde oir ar an domhan.”

“Éiríde tú anoir, muid. Acé ní tuigim an ríeal éir ar bí. Cad a éir oir an t-éirídear inntinn’ reo?”

“Airíng a bí asam aréir, a pteoir, nó bpionglóir, mar a-éiríde. Shaoilear go rair tura i’ fcan-fear éiríde san fuinneam i do gáirí n-á gáir d’éinne’ i do éiríde. Bhí tú i’ iarríde comportamail annro. Bhí muid éiríde a-éiríde, clóca ríora oir i hata gléarta go deat le ríirín asur a leiríde eile, airíde mo d’óirínt im’ rparán asam i’ é uile éineál maoin’ im’ feir. Bhíor-ra as gabáir ruar an bóirín i n-áice na roir’ i mé as teact a baile. Capad dam annrín tú, acé níor airtín tú mé, éir ar bí.”

“‘Muid Máire bhán,’ adubair leat.

“‘Ní tú,’ arfa tura go fearíde; ‘ní tú go deimhín. Bhí Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a cáil n-ó ríeactmar, asur cad mar gáir oir-ra? Sean-bean pportamail gáiríde tú atá cóiríge mar pteoir i n-áice n-áice ríir. Ní tura Máire go deimhín.’

“‘Ó’féadair ríor i bpioll uiríge a bí tairíde liom i do b’é rin an éad uair d’airígear mé féin a-éiríde gáiríde; bí an ceart asat.

“‘I r muid Máire bhán,’ adubair arí.

“‘Ó’féad tú oir annrín ioir an dá ríir i an fáir a bíor mar aon leat níor tós tú do ríiríde d’iom.

“‘I r amáiríde a-éiríde tú,’ arfa tura, ‘acé ní éiríde tú—ní tura an Mháire a-éiríde gáiríde dí fáir ó. Thíor’ran roiríde úo b’fearr



one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

tuom i 'beit 'nā beit mar tura anoir. Ní aithníim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'sá ráb rin, ar go bráit leat. Bhíor fásda im' donarán go brónad. Sin i an bhionglóir a bí asam. Nac airt-eac é ?”

“Ní fuil tú ro' fían-bean fóir, a mún! Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir dām-ra i, cibé rḡéal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tuis oir fanaét 'ra mbaile ?”

Níor mear Máire gur ceart dī rḡéal an Chneamháire d'innhrint san ceao aici uair. Mar rin d'ubairt rí:—

“É rin agus puad eile.”

“Buirdeac mór do Dhia,” arsa Peadar:

\* \* \* \* \*

“Nac mór an t-iongantar nac mbéitea as brait le do díol mná 'fásbáil ?” d'ubairt aair pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a d'air rin. “Nac dear dactamail an cailin i Máire Chatac, in-ḡean na baintreabáige tair i ḡCionn an bhaile ?”

Chuir Peadar ciuar le héirteac d'air féin. Dá mba gur tuit an ḡrian anuar ar an rḡeir ní cuirfead ré níor mó iongantair air

Ní raib ré i n-inniú oirtead le focal do ráb.

“Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, rḡeirín, cur fúit i n-aic dī féin: Ní raad beirt máigirtreár le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do mear ar Mhac Uí 'Dhonnáda. Ní fuil ró talman aige, ac mar rin féin, 'ar nód', ip breas láirín an buadail é. Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a fíac rinnirí poime.”

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuis ré rḡair na ceirte cuise 'nā ar éan-cor. Go deimín, níor tuis ac an oirtead le ceap bḡoise, mar adéiré, ac dā mbíod ré do láair 'ra reomra beas taoib tair do'n éiríin rḡatam beas i n-a d'air rin ip dōca go d'uirfead ré an t-ionplán go dianmáit. Ip fían-focal é, agus ip fíor, go d'airbeadhann tráitín tḡeó na ḡaoite.

Ar ball nuair do bí an t-air óḡ tior ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Chneamháire irteac cum aair pheadair agus mála aise i n-a láin.

Seo é as tarraing lán a ḡlaice do píoraib óir amac ar an mála, agus as áiream trī ríóir punnt ar an ḡclár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'sá ráb, agus é as fíacain so ḡlinn ḡear ar an bḡear eile:

“Ní cuirir Tomár Sheasáin Ruairí barr a méire palaise ar mo cúir aigir go deó. Dar fíad, ní cuirir: Ip do'n ḡrád agus do'n óise acáim 'sá tabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

## AN UAIH.

Siota ar an “nSioblaCán.”

(úirgéal le tomár O n-Doða.)

“Bior as féadaint timcheall oim an fáro do bí ré as caint, as breacnuḡad ar an reompa asur an éaoi ’n-a maib ré curta le céile asur ’ḡá fíapruige im’ aigneab féin cá bfuair ré na rúḡáin ar fáo nuair duḡairt ré :

“Tá tú as déanam ionḡantair dem’ teaglac asur dem’ aicill-ídeact. Náe deap-lámác an duine me ?”

“’Seab, ar m’ focal ; aet cá bfuair na rúḡáin ḡo léir ? Asur má’r uaim atá annro, ar ndóig ní maib éin-éal leir an mboḡán ro i n-éan-éor.”

“Inneorab mire duir ar ball ; aet an mb’ait leat an uaim ar fáo d’ fírcint ?”

“B’ait liom,” arfa mire, “aet tá ré ró-luat fór an éor do cur fúm.”

“Ní’l, ploc,” ar reiréan, “com fáda ir tá ré reo aḡat,” asur tós ré maide cpoire ó’n ḡcúinne asur rín ré éḡam é.

“Raḡamaoio amác ḡo fóill ḡo bfeicrío tú mo ríogáet-ra ar fáo,” ar ré.

“Aet cá bfuair an maide cpoire ?” arfa mire leir.

“Cuiréar le céile i an fáro do bí tú ío’ coḡlaó. ḡab i leit annro anoir asur tabair aipe do’n éor.”

Tós ré an tḡillreán ó’n mbóro asur d’ orḡail ré doḡar beaḡ taob leir an teallac asur éuaḡmar aḡaon irteaó. Ní fáca mé a leitéro de maḡarc ó’n lá ruḡad me ḡo otí rin asur ní fáca mé maḡarc mar é ó foin. Bí an reómpa beaḡ déanta ḡo rípeac ḡlan ar an ḡcaoi éaḡna i maib an ceann eile, aet do bí ré líonta ruar ḡo otí an doḡar le harmaib de ḡac cineál, asur bíoḡar ḡo léir com ḡlan asur com roillreac foin ir ḡur baíneaḡar an maḡarc díom, náe mór, nuair do éuaḡar irteaó ar otúr. Bíoḡar ar cpoáó aige ór cionn a céile ar na ballaib éart timcheall an treómpa com fáda ir b’féoir leir rliḡe d’ fáḡail doib—ḡunnaí ḡearra asur piorḡail ḡo leór, asur a lán de élaíomtib asur de baigneitib—asur bí cur eile aca cḡuaéta i nḡrógánaib ar an úrlar. Bí úirnéir beaḡ, inneóin asur úirlírí ḡabann i ḡcúinne, asur binnre asur úirlírí ríúinéara i ḡcúinne eile. Bí an fear asur an áit as éirige níor airtige ḡac éan-nóimint.

“Ir doig liom ḡo bfuilim fá óraoídeact,” arfa mire, nuair do tósar lán mo fúl dé’n treómpa.

“Ní’lir, maire, i n-éan-éor,” arfa an “SioblaCán.”



## THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,  
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.



Do tós ré ruar ceann de na sunnaib agur do cuimil ré a go cineálta le n-a láim.

“féad,” ar reirean, “nac deap an úirlir í rin. Táinig sí ó Ameiucá agur do cuirfeadh sí piléar tré duine nác mór míle ó baile; aet éirimíó an cúro eile aca arís. Sab i leit annro.”

D’forsaíl ré doiar eile agur bagair ré amac oim. Níor féadar mo lám o’ feircint bí ré com doirca roin. Níor cuim-nigear go rabamar inr an uaim agur nuair o’ féadar amac duirar.

“Ué, nac doirca í an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblaacán” rmut gáire ar.

“Nac doirca í an oirde,” arsa suet taob amuis oim: “há! há!” arsa suet eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éinfeadh níor fuirde amac, “Ué! nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“nac”—“nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agur mar rin leó as rsgirfeadh agur as déanamh masair fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de guctannaib. Bíodar tíor fúm, tuar or mo éionn, ar m’asair amac agur ar gac taob oim. O’ imtiseadar uaim i ndiaib a céile agur o’ iriseadar fá deirfeadh ar nór na raib ionnta aet riorarnac as creataib i gcúinnib na huaima.

Deir mire sur bain ré ppeab aram. Táinig rsgannraib oim ar otúr agur na diaib rin táinig iongantar agur uatbár an traoisail oim, ar nór náir féadar corruige ar an áit n-a rabar im fearam ar feadh cúis nóiminte. Do bagair an “Sioblaacán” irtead oim.

“Mac-alla,” arsa mire, nuair bí an doiar dúnta aise.

“Sead,” ar ré, “nac breag é?”

“Níor ariugear ruam roime reo éan-ruo mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teadt ruar ar bit leir reo aise. Tá an uaim go han-mór ir doéa.”

“Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bruaic gása uatbáiraise agur má tá éan-órvlaic amáin ann, tá ré ór éionn míle trois i ndoimneadh. Ná téigir mó-fada amac nuair a beadh as cairbeant na huaima duir, nó b’féidir go bfuigthead dúdán io’ ceann; coinnis taob éiar oim-ra agur ní beid bagoal ar bit ort.”

Tós ré rlipeós suimaire agur cuir ré rgoilt beas na héadail le tuais. Annroin ruair ré rop barraise agur rocuir ré irtead i’ran rgoilt é agur éar ré an barrac i mbacail mar beadh méarós ar barr na rlipeoise. Nuair bí ré rocuirte go daingean aise, túm ré an rlipeós agur an barrac i bpocta ola agur o’fás ré ann iad go raib an ola rúigte irtead go maic ionnta. Tuas fá noeapa lom-láirfeadh go raib ré as déanamh tóirre cun na huaima do cairbeant dam.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tiuðpáiré ré reo solar ár nódóaint dúinn anoir,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuaðmar amac go bpuac na gága arís. Sác cor do cuireamar óinn do cuir an mac-alla freagra tar air cuðainn. O’ árvuig an “Sioblaacán” an tóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bfuiginn raðarc maic ar an uaimh, agus do fear ré go dána amac ar bpuac an puill. Ní d’éanrainn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áct, ar nódóig, mar a veir an rean-focal—“Neatn na taitiúe méadvuigean ré an tarcuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirre solur breas uair níos féadair puo ar bit o’ feircint áct amáin poinnt beas de’n éarraig ór mo éionn agus ar sác taob óiom. Amac uaimh ní raib ann áct doréadar tñom tiug agus ír dógú liom féin náir d’ein an tóirre áct é do méadvuigad. Bí ré com tiug roin gur fáoilear go mb’ féidir liom é gearrad le rgin, no mám de tógaint im’ láim. Bíor as riarruige óiom féin, an fáir do bíor as féadaint amac, cad do bí foluigte taob éir de’n doréadar, agus do bí ré com diarmair gráineamail rin gur cuir ré uatbár im éiride.

“Ní’l iomarca le feircint amac uaimh no taob éuar óinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct tairbeánair mé duit anoir doimneáct an puill.” Cuairé ré ar a glúinib.

“Luig ríor agus tarraing amac go bpuac na cairrige,” ar feirean, “táim éin an tóirre do éiteam ríor.”

Luigear ríor mar o’ órvuig ré agus órvuidear amac go hairéac go raib mo éeann tar bpuac na gága. Do d’ein ré féin an puo céadna. Éit ré an tóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir tñio an doréadar. Bíor as braic sác éan-nóimint go mbuailfead ré an tóin áct níos buail; agus níos tairbeán ré éan-puo dúinn. Bíor as raire air go dtí ná raib ann áct rppéac. Táinig pian im’ fúilib agus dúdán im’ éeann ó beic as féadaint air, agus do éirtear go rñioir. Fá d’eirtear do éilleamar raðarc air ar fáo.

“Anoir, cad veir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ éluair nuair bí an tóirre iméigte ar raðarc.

“Leis dam go fóill,” arra mire, “go scuipió mé leitead na cairrige idir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac úo.” Agus do éuadar as lapadail irteac ran mboctán. Ní leisfead an eagla dám éirge im’ fearam go raðar irtiú, agus bíor mar duine do beac i n-áirde ar luarsán. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ d’airé agus dún ré an dorar.

“Ír airdeac agus ír millteac an áit í reo,” arra mire, “agus tá spreim im’ éiride le huatbár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus í bpaó níos meara ná tá tura anoir, mar ír beas náir éirtear irteac ar mullac mo éinn ran gás an tarra huair do éangar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."



annro ; aét tã taitige asam aip anoir asur ní cuirim ruim aip bit ann."

Tós ré anuar bóga asur raiḡeao do bí aise ran mboḡán as o.      ra

"Tairbeánrao mé le:teao na ḡáḡa duit anoir."

Fuair ré mām barraiḡ asur ear ré aip bion na raiḡoe é asur dein ré tóirre oe mar do dein ré de'n trliréois roime rin. Nuair bí a dōḡaint ola rúigte as an mbarrac, do cuip ré teine leir asur d'orḡail ré an dorar. "féac amac anoir," aip ré asur rḡaoil ré uair é trío an dorcaoar leir an mbóga. Cuair an traiḡeao asur an rop barraiḡ aip laraḡ so roillreac amac, b'féoir céao rlat, ḡan an taob tal do bualaḡ ; asur annroin do élaonuiḡ ré ríor i ndiaḡ a céile asur tuit ré mar do tuit an tóirre, asur i ḡceann tamail do rluigead i ndoimneac na ḡáḡa é ḡan éan-ruo do tairbeánt dúinn. Ní miroe a ráo ḡur méaruiḡ ré reo an méao ionḡantair do bí im' éroide ceana:

Cuip ré rḡol taob amuiḡ de'n dorar. "Suir ríor annro so rḡil," aip reirean, "so ḡcuiprío tú aicne aip an ḡcuirdeactain a bíonn annro asam so minic."

### AN MAC ALLA:

Ruḡ ré aip ceann oe na ḡunnaib asur cuip ré piléir ann: Sul a raib a ríor asam cao do bí ḡá dēanaib aise o' áruiḡ ré an ḡunna asur caic ré urcar aip.

"Comraige Dé cuḡainn," aipa mire, asur do ppeabar im fearaib leir an nḡeit do bain ré aram. Saoilear so raib an rliaḡ as tuitim irteac orainn. D'éirig an mac alla mar blaḡm tóirniḡe, asur bí an fuaim com huacḡárac roin ḡur moḡuiḡear an earraiḡ as cruḡeao rúm. D'imḡig ré uainn asur éaimig ré aip aip aríḡ asur aríḡ eile, aip nór ḡur b'éigín dam mo méaraea do cup im' éluaraib cun an "ruaille buaille" do congḡailt amac. Aip oḡúr bí ré com borb baḡarḡac leir an tóirniḡ ; annroin bí ré so ḡarḡ ḡluḡarac ra mar beao fuaim na fairriḡe as bupreao so rpom aip éloear trāḡa ; asur n-a diaḡ rin bí ré an-éoraḡail leir an bfuaim do tiuḡeao ó élaide as tuitim, no ó trpucaillib do beao as ḡabáil ear bócar ḡarḡ ; asur trío an bpoḡpom asur an trurcar so léir éaimig cuḡainn fuaim mar pléarḡao ḡunnaí mór i bpaḡ uainn. Caic an "ḡioblaḡán" a do nó a trí o'urcarraib eile asur bí ronn aip leanaḡaint do'n ḡnó, aét o'iarraip aip a éabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla so han-breag aip raḡ aét bí mo dōḡaint asam oe an uair rin so háirite. Aét ní



He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

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## THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIUBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

maid an “Sioblaacán” ráirta fóir. Tós ré anuar fíoil bí ar crioctad, de’n balla, agus cuir ré i gcóir í.

“An taitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean.

“Taitneann go maí,” arfa mife, “tá rpéir mhór agham ann i gcomnuide.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeal,” ar ré, “geobaid tú ceól anoir nó maí.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do tug an mac alla uaid ó éianaid ná bac leir.”

“Éirt,” ar reirean, as leisint gáire ar, “agus tabair do breit nuair táim criochnuigte.”

Tornuig ré as reinm, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reacht-maine ní féadfaínn tuarastbáil ceart do tabairt ar an gcóirfeinn d’éirigí ran uaim. B’áluinn an beirleasóir an “Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitige,” ir dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maí leir an bfiol. Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailigte irtead i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éirfead, ní féadfaí ríad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamáige do tabairt uata ná an ceól do tug an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oirde úo. Tós ré an crioide agus an t-anam aram. Níor mótuigeat pian ná tuirre ná eagla ná éinnid eile aet amáin doibneat agus ráram ágnid an fáid do bí an “Sioblaacán” as reinm agus d’fanfaínn annroin as éirtead leir ar fead lae agus oirde gan beit tuirtead de.

Nuair bí ré ráirta cuir ré uaid an fíoil agus tornuig ré as caint ar ceól na héireann agus bí cur ríor mhór aghainn mar géal ar. Cainteóir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’ait leat beit as éirtead leir. Ba líomta agus ba léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an gaeóitg ó n-a béal com blaíoda le ceól. Ní maid ré dal ar éinnid. Do bíor as rmaointeam, anoir agus arí, an fáid do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ’na maid ré as caiteam a cota aimpire agus as riarpuige díom féin cad é an fáit bí leir. Bíor deimnead go maid ré leat-éadrom agus gur b’in é an éall go maid ré as imtead, mar a déarfá, le haer an traogail agus as cur a muinéil i gcontabairt; aet ní maid ríor agham an uair rin ar an méid ar éuaid ré tñio.

Níor leig ré dam dul ro-fada leir na rmaointibí reo mar tarraing ré cuige feadóg agus tornuig ré as reinm uirri. Dá feadbar an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiol, b’feair ná rin reacht n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfeadóig. Do fáruig ré ar gac uile nio d’airuigeat ruar go dtí rin. Ní tiubfaí éantait na cruinne dá mbeirí go léir ran uaim as cantain le éile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhá ná níor doibne uata. 'Do tús an feadóis an mac alla amac i bfuad níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-puó eile.

"Cad veir tú leir rin?" ar' an "Sioblaacán" nuair rsiuir ré dá reinneamaint.

"Ní fearóar fór," ar'ra mire, "ná fuilim fá óraoideact. 'Óa mbeinn as caint ar fead lae agus bliadna, ní féadfaínn a innriint ouit an méad doibnir agus taitnim agus páraim éoióe do tús an ceól úo dam. Ní'l éin-teact ruar leat."

"Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir," ar' an "Sioblaacán."

"Ní'lim as plámár i n-éan-óor," ar'ra mire, act b'féoiir sup éirte dam a ráó ná fuil éin teact ruar le dearlámaact an "fír i n-áiríoe."

"Tá tú as caint so ciallmár anoir," ar reirean, as cup rsiuirte ar.

"B'féoiir é," ar'ra mire, "act bíor cun a ráó nuair bíor as éirteact leat—"

"Agus leir an mac alla," ar reirean.

"Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámár—do cuir ré i n-uamail dam an tuaragsbáil do léigear agus do éualar so minic i 'otaob ceóil na n-áingear i' na flaitir."

"Ní'lim críocnuighe i n-éan-óor fór," ar reirean, agus o'éiriis ré 'n-a fearamh.

Tornuis ré as ammán. 'Bí sué breasí fonnmár ceólmár as an "nSioblaacán" agus níor cáill re éanpuó i 'otaob veit ircisí ran uaim. Ní fearóar féin cia aca do b'fearr cun an mac alla do tadbairt amac—an fíoil, an feadóis nó sué an "Sioblaacán"—nó cia aca a raib an bairr aige i scóimfeinn; act i' oíis liom sup páruis an sué orra so léir. Éualar trí éad oaoine as sabáil ammán i n-éinfeact éan-uair amán i halla móir i mBaile-Áta-Cliaé; act cé so raib an ceól agus an cóimfeinn so han-breasí ar fuad, ní raib éin-teact ruar aige le ceól an "Sioblaacán" nuair tús ré uaid "An Raib tú as an scarpais," agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóro do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as cuirdeactain leir;



“What do you say to that?” said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

“I don’t know yet, but I am under some spell,” said I. “If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you.”

“Do not mind the flattery now,” said the Gioblachán.

“I am not flattering at all,” I said; “but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator.”

“You are talking sensibly now,” he said, laughing.

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but I was about to say when I was listening to you—”

“And to the echo,” he said.

“And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven.”

“I am not finished at all yet,” he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán’s voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán’s singing when he rendered “Were You at the Rock,” and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.



## CASA D' AN TSUGÁIN.

## DRAMA AON-ḡnímh.

NA DAOINE :—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRACÁIN, fite Connaétae atá ar feachán.  
máire ní RÍOGÁIN, bean an tige.

ÚNÁ, inígean Máire:

SÉAMUS O h-ÍARÁINN, atá luaithe le Úna:

SÍGLÉ, cómairra do Máire.

Piobaire, cómairanna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT :—

Teac peilmeir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó fóin. Tá fíor  
agus mná as dul tríd a céile in ran tigh, no 'na fearaí coir  
na mbaila, amháil agus dá mbeir dampra críochnuighe dea:  
Tá Tomár O h-Annpacáin as caint le Úna i bfiór-choraí na  
rtaíre. Tá an piobaire as fársad a piobairí air, le toruighe  
ar feinn air, aet do beir Séamair O h-Iarainn deoí cúige;  
agus rtaíonn ré: Tassann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt  
amaí ar an uirlár cum dampra, aet diúltann pí d'ó.

ÚNÁ:—Ná bí m'boðruighe anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil  
mé as éirteat le n-a bfuil reiréan d'a máí liom. [Leir an  
h-Annpacánaí]: lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'máí ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRACÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boíde rin d'a  
iarrad oir?

ÚNÁ.—As iarrad dampra oim, do bí ré, aet ní tiúbairinn  
dó é:

MÁC UÍ h-ÁINN.—Ir cinnte nac dtiubhá. Ir d'óig, ní mearann  
tú go leigfinn-re do duine ar bit dampra leat, com fáí agus  
tá mair ann ro. A! a Úna, ní maib rólár ná rócamail asam le  
fáí go dtáinig mé ann ro anoet agus go bfacair mé túra!

ÚNÁ.—Cao é an rólár duit mair?

MÁC UÍ h-ÁINN.—Nuair atá mair leat-d'óighe in ran  
teine, nac b'fáíann ré rólár nuair d'oirtear uirge air?

ÚNÁ.—Ir d'óig, ní'l túra leat-d'óighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ÁINN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatramna de mo  
éiríde, d'óighe agus loirghe agus caitte, as tróir leir an  
raoíal, agus an raoíal as tróir liom-ra.

ÚNÁ.—Ní féadann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ÁINN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l aon eólar asao-  
ra ar beata an báirí boíet, atá san teac san téasair san tíog-

## THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

*Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.*

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

*The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.*

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

bap, aet é as imteacét asur as ríor-imteacét le fán ar fuo<sup>an</sup> an traoḡail móir, san duine ar bit leir aet é féin. Ní'l maidin in ran treacéimáin nuair éirigim ruar nac h-abraim liom féin go mb'feárr dam an uais 'ná an reacrán. Ní'l don fuo as rearam dam aet an bronntanur do ruair mé ó Dia—mo cuio aóráin. Nuair coraigim orra rin, imtígeann mo óróin asur mo buaióreao díom, asur ní cuimhigim níor mó ar mo géar-érad asur ar mo mí-áó. Asur anoir, ó connaic mé tura, a úna, éim go bfuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-aóráin féin!

ÚNA.—Ir iongantac an bronntanur ó Dia an bárouigeacét. Com fada asur tá rin asao nac bfuil tú níor raióóre na luét rtaic asur rtoir, luét bó asur eal ais.

MAC UÍ H-ÁNN.—A! a úna, ir móir an beannaet aet ir móir an mállaet, leir, do duine é do beir 'na báro. Feuc mire! bfuil caraid asam ar an raoḡal ro? Bfuil fear b ó ar máit leir mé? Bfuil sráó as duine ar bit orm? Bíim as imteacét, mo éadán boet donránac, ar fuo an traoḡail, mar Oirín anraiaḡ na féinne. Bíonn ruac as h-uile duine orm, ní'l ruac asao-ra orm, a úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair fuo mar rin, ní féidir go bfuil ruac as duine ar bit ort-r.

MAC UÍ H-ÁNN.—Tar liom asur ruiórimio i gcúinne an tiḡe le céile, asur deárraid mé duit an t-aóráin do pinne mé duit. Ir ort-ra pinnear é.

[Imtígeann riao go dtí an coirneull ir faide ón rtaio, asur ruióeann riao anaice le céile.]

[Tis Síḡle arteaé.]

SÍḡLE.—Táinig mé eugao com luac asur o'feuo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte rómao.

SÍḡLE.—Cao tá ar riúbal as o anoir?

MÁIRE.—As toruḡao atámuio. Bí don pórt amáin asainn, asur anoir tá an píobaire as ól tiḡe. Torócaio an damra air nuair beirdear an píobaire réio.

SÍḡLE.—Tá na daoine as bailiuḡao arteaé go maic, beio damra breáḡ asainn.

MÁIRE.—Beio a Síḡle, aet tá fear aca ann asur b'feair liom amuḡ ná arciḡ é! Feuc é.

SÍḡLE.—Ir ar an bfeair fada donn atá tú as caint, nac eao? An fear rin atá as cóimráó com olút rin le úna in ran scoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rḡairte ir mó táinig i h-éirinn ariam, Tomár O h-Annpacáin eugann riao air, aet Tomár Róḡaire buó cóir do bairteaó air, i sceairt. Óra! nac raió an mí-áó orm, é do teaet arteaé eugainn, cor ar bit, anoet!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together.* SHEELA comes in at the door.]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.



**SÍGLE.**—Cia'n róirt tuine é? Nac feara déanta abráin ar Connaétaib é? Cualaio mé caint aip, céana, agus deir ríad nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn dom maic leir: buó maic liom a feicrint as damra.

**MÁIRE.**—Spáin go deó ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí róirt capcanair ioir é féin agus an céad-feara do bí asam-ra, agus ip minic cualaio mé ó Diarmuid boct (go ndéanair Dia trócaire aip!) cia 'n róirt tuine bí ann. Bí pé 'na máigirtip rsoile, ríor i gConnaétaib, aet bíod h-uile cleap aige buó meara ná a céile. As ríor-déanam abráin do bíod pé, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cur impur ar bun ameara na gcómarran le n-a cúro cainte. Deir ríad nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac mealpraó pé. Ip meara é ná Dómnall na Spéine fao ó. Aet buó é deirfad an rgeil sup ruais an ragaat amac ar an bparrairte é ar fao. Fuair pé aic eile ann rin, aet lean pé do na cleapannab céana, sup ruaisgead amac aip é, agus aip eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l aic ná teac ná daoió aige aet é beic as gabail na tíre, as déanam abráin agus as fágaib léirtin na h-oirde ó na daoimib. Ní diúl-tócaio tuine ar bit é, mar tá faicéior oppa romme. Ip móir an file é, agus b'éirip go ndéanfaó pé rann oit do spreamócaó go deó duit, dá scuirpea feara aip.

**SÍGLE.**—Go bfuil do Dia oppainn. Aet créao do tug arteaó anoct é?

**MÁIRE.**—Bí pé as tairteal na tíre, agus cualaio pé go raib damra le beic ann ro, agus táimig pé arteaó, mar bí eólar aige oppainn,—bí pé móir go léor le mo céad-feara. Ip iongantac mar tá pé as déanam amac a ríge-beata, cor ar bit, agus san aige aet a cúro abráin. Deir ríad nac bfuil aic a raicair pé nac otugann na mná spáó, agus nac otugann na rir fuac dó.

**SÍGLE** [as breic ar gualainn Máire].—Iompug do céann, a Máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an dá iloisionn buailte ara céile. Tá pé tap éir abráin do déanam oí, agus tá pé o'á múnad oí as cogarnuig in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! béir pé as cur a cúro pirtreós ar ūna anoir.

**MÁIRE.**—Oé ón! go deó! Nac mí-ádamail táimig pé! Tá pé as caint le ūna h-uile móimio ó táimig pé arteaó, trí uaire ó ríor. Rinne mé mo dicitóill le n-a ragaó ó céile, aet ceip pé oim. Tá ūna boct tugta do h-uile róirt rean-abráin agus rean-ráiméir de rgealtair, agus ip binn leir an scréatuir beic as éirteact leir; mar tá beal aige rin do bréasfaó an rmólaó de'n éraoib: Tá'r asao go bfuil an póraó réirde rocuigete



SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roir ūna ašur Séamar O h-lapainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoiú: feuc Séamur boct aš an došur ašur é aš faipe ošpa. Tá brón ašur ceannraoi air. Ir fupur a feicrint go mbuð máit le Séamur an ršpaire rin do taétað an móimio reo. Tá faiteoir mór ošm go mbéir an ceann iompuište ar ūna le n-a cúro blað-aireact. Com cinnite a'r tá mé beó, tiucpað olc ar an oirde reo.

SÍGLE.—Ašur naé b'reaopá a cúp amac?

MÁIRE.—O'féaopainn; ní'l duine ann ro do cúroedócað leir, muna mbeir bean no dó. Act ir file mór é, ašur tá mallact aige do ršoitpeað na cpainn ašur do réabpað na cloca. Deir ríad go lobtann an ríol in ran talam, ašur go n-imtišeann a šcuro bainne ó na bač nuair tugaann file mar é rin a mallact dóib, má puaišeann duine ar an teač é. Act dá mbeir ré amuiš, aipe mo bannuioe naé leišpinn arteač ašir é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pačað ré féin amac go toileamail. ní beir don bpiš in a cúro mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Act ní pačað ré amac go toileamail, ašur ní tiš liom-ra a puagað amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré dul anonn go h-ūna:

[Éirígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An noamrócað tú an píil reo liom-ra, a ūna, nuair béirdear an píobaipe réir:

MAC UÍ H-ANNN [aš éirge].—Ir mipe Tomár O h-Annpacáin, ašur tá mé aš labairt le ūna ní Ríogáin anoir, ašur com pað ašur béirdear fonn uirpe-re beir aš caint liom-ra ní leišpíð mé d'aon duine eile do teačt eaopainn.

SÉAMUS [šan aipe ar mac uí h-Annpacáin].—Nac noamrócað tú liom, a ūna?

MAC UÍ H-ANNN [go ríocmar].—Nár dubairt mé leat anoir šur liom-ra do bí ūna ní Ríogáin aš caint? Imtiš leat ar an móimio, a bošaiš, ašur ná tóš clampaš ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A ūna——

MAC UÍ H-ANNN [aš béicil].—Fáš rin!

[Imtišeann Séamar ašur tiš ré go d'í an beirt fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A Máire ní Ríogáin, tá mé aš iarpaio ceao ošt-ra an ršpaire mí-áðamail meiršeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tiš. Má leišeann tú d'am, cuirpíð mipe ašur mo beirt deap-bráčar amac é, ašur nuair béirdear ré amuiš ročpócað mipe leir.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O ! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá faicéior orm poimeá  
tá mallaét aise rin do rsgoiltead na crainn, veir ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá mallaét aise do leasrad na  
rpéartha. Iy orm-ra tuitfid ré, agus cuirim mo dúbhlán faoi.  
Dá marbódad ré mé ar an móimio ní leisfid mé dó a cúro pí-  
treós do cúir ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm cead.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor fearr 'ná  
rin agham-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle í rin ?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo céann agham le n-a cúir amac. Má  
leanann rib-re mo cómairle-re pacad re féin amac com rocair  
le uan, d'a éoil féin, agus nuair geobad rib amuis é, buailid  
an dorur air, agus ná leisfid artead aríy so brát é.

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Úia ort, agus innir dam cad é tá in do céann.

SÍGLE.—Déanpamadoir é com dear agus com rimpl de agus  
connaic tú ariam. Cuirfimid é as carað ruzáin so bfuigimid  
amuis é, agus buailfimid an dorur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a rad, aet ní forur a déanam. Déanfad  
ré leat "déan ruzán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanpamadoir, ann rin, nac bfacad duine ar bit ann  
ro ruzán féir ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran tig ar féirir  
leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Aet an gceirfid ré ruo mar rin—nac bfacamar  
ruzán riam ?

SÍGLE.—An gceirfid ré, an ead ? Ceirfid ré ruo ar bit,  
ceirfead ré so ruid ré féin 'na ruz ar éirinn nuair adá glaine  
óla aise, mar adá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Aet cad é an cpoiceann cuirfead rinn ar an  
mbreis reo,—so bfuil ruzán féir as tearad uainn ?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar époicionn do cúir air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfad mé so bfuil an gaoe as eirige agus so  
bfuil cúmdac an tige d'a rguabad leir an rtoirim, agus so  
gcairfid ruzán carraig ar.

MÁIRE.—Aet má éirteann ré as an dorur beid fíor aise nac  
oruil gaoe ná rtoim ann. Smuain ar époicionn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart agham-ra. Abair so



MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is



bhuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go bhuil ríad ag iarrtaí puigáin leir an gcóirte do leapuigáó. Ní feicfidh pé com fada rin ó'n dorup, agus ní béró fíor aige naé fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rgeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, gab imear na ndaoine agus leis an rún l ó. Innir dóibh cao tá aca le ráó—naé b'acaó duine ar bit ran tír reo puigán féir riam— agus cuir cpoicíonn maíe ar an mbréig, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamur ó duine go duine ag cogarraig leó. Toraisgeann cuir aca ag gáire. Tagann an píobaire agus toruigeann pé ag reinn. Éirígeann trí no ceatpar de cúplaíob, agus toruigeann ríad ag dampra. Imtígeann Séamur amach.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN. [Ag éiríge tar éir a beir ag féadaint orra ar feao cúpla móimio.]—Pruit! rtopagaíó! An dtugann ríó dampra ar an rtrapaíreáct rin! Tá ríó ag buataó an upláir mar beir an oíreao rin d'eallac. Tá ríó com trom lé bulláin, agus com ciotaó le arail. Go ttaactar mo píobán dá mb'feair liom beir ag féadaint orraib 'ná ar an oíreao rin laóain bacac, ag léimnió ar leat-coir ar fuo an tige! Fásao an t-upláir fá ūna ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FEAR [atá dul ag dampra].—Agus cao fáe a b'árfamaoir an t-upláir fút-ra?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá an eala ar bhuac na toinne, tá an phoémier Ríogáa, tá péarla an bpoliaig báin, tá an benuir amear na mban, tá ūna ní Ríogáin ag fearam ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmluigeann an gealaó agus an grian féin dí, agus úmlócaíó ríó-re. Tá ríó ró áluinn agus ró r'péiréamail le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Áct ran go fóil, rú táirbeánaim daoib mar gniódeann an buacail b'eadó Connaétaó rinnece, déarfaió mé an t-abrán daoib do rinne mé do Reult Cúige Múman—d'ūna ní Ríogáin. Éiríó, a grian na mban, agus déarfamaoir an t-abrán le céile, gac le b'earra, agus ann rin múinríom doib cao é ir rinnece fíreannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 gabao abrán.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN:

'Sí ūna bān, na g'ruaige buíde,  
An cúilríonn 'épaó in mo láir mo éroide,  
Ir ire mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,  
Ir cuma liom coiróce bean áct í.

ŪNA.

A báir na rúile buíde, ir tú  
Fuair buaíó in ran raogal a'r clú,  
Goirim do béal, a'r molaim tú féin,  
Do cuirir mo éroide in mo cléib amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,  
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;  
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,  
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you  
Who have found victory in the world and fame;  
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;  
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

## MAC UI N-ANN.

'Sí ũna bán na sruaige óir,  
Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo sgráð, mo rtor,  
Raéaró rí féin le n-a báro i sceiln,  
Do loit rí a éiríde in a éleib go mór.

## ŪNA.

Níor bfaòd oirde liom, ná lá,  
As éirteact le do cómpáò breáð.  
I' binne do béal ná reinn na n-éan;  
Óm' éiríde in mo éleib do fuair sgráð:

## MAC UI N-ANN.

Do riúbail mé féin an domhan iomlán,  
Sacraha, Éire, an ffrainc 'r an Spáin,  
Ní fcaaró mé féin i mbailé ná 'sceiln  
Don ainneir fa'n ngréin mar ũna bán.

## ŪNA.

Do éualaró mire an élairead binn  
San trráro rin éircais, as reinn linn,  
I' binne go mór liom féin do slior,  
I' binne go mór do béal 'ná rin.

## MAC UI N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo éadon boct, trát,  
Níor léir dam oirde ear an lá,  
Go bfaaró mé í, do goir mo éiríde;  
A' r do éibir éiom mo bion 'r mo éráð.

## ŪNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maroin iné  
As riúbail coir coille le fáinne an laé,  
Bí eun ann rin as reinn go binn,  
“ Mo sgráð-ra an sgráð, a' r naé áluinn é! ”

[Slaoró asur torann asur buaileann Séamur O h-lapainn an  
dopur arteaé.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte mór  
leagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreaca na tíre  
ann pléarsta, asur ní'l rreang ná téar ná móra ná daòaró aca  
le na éeangailt arí. Tá ríaró as glaoðac amac anoir ar rugán  
féir do ééanam dóib—cibé róir ríaró é rin—asur deir ríaró go  
mbéir na litreaca 7 an cóirte caillte ar earbúiró rugáin féir  
le n-a sceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboòrugáò! Tá ar n-abrán  
ráirte agann, asur anoir támaoiró dul as damra. Ní éagann  
an cóirte an bealaé rin ar don éor:

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,  
My desire, my affection, my love and my store  
Herself will go with her bard afar;  
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,  
Listening to your fine discourse;  
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds  
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,  
England, Ireland, France and Spain;  
I never saw at home or afar  
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp  
On the street of Cork playing to us;  
More melodious by far did I think your voice,  
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,  
The night was not plain to me more than the day  
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,  
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday  
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;  
There was a bird there was singing sweetly  
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

*(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).*

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is  
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the  
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie  
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are  
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that  
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay  
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem  
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this  
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tasann ré an bealaic rin anoir—acé ir dóig sup rcpainréar tura, asur nac bfuil eólar asao air. Nac tatasann an cóirte ear an gcnoc anoir a éomarranna ?

1AD uile.—Tasann, tasann so cinnte.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ir cuma liom, a teacé no san a teacé. Acé b'feair liom fice cóirte beic bpirte ar an mbótar ná so scuipreá péarla an bpolliais bán ó dampra dúinn. Abair leir an gcóirteoir móra do earaó dó féin.

SÉAMUS.—O murber, ní tiz leir, tá an oipeao rin de' fuinneam asur de ear asur de rpreacaó asur de lút in rna caplaib aigeanra rin so scaitir mo cóirteoir boct bpeic ar a gcinn. Ir ar éigin-báir ir féirir leir a sceapaó ná a gcongbáil. Tá faitcior a anam' air so n-eipeócair riao in a mullaic, asur so n-imteócair riao uair de ruais. Tá sac uile feirpreac arca, ní facair tú ruam a leicéir de earlaib riaoáine !

MAC UI h-ANN.—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an gcóirte a déanfar móra má'r éigin do'n cóirteoir beic as ceann na scapall : fás rin asur leis dúinn dampra.

SÉAMUS.—Tá ; tá triúr eile ann, acé maiuir le ceann aca, tá ré ar leac-lám, asur fear eile aca,—tá ré as cpié asur as cpaó leir an rganraó ruair ré, ní tiz leir fearam ar a óa cóir leir an eagla acá air ; asur maiuir leir an triomáó fear ní'l duine ar beic rin tír do leirpreao an focal rin “ móra ” ar a beul in a fiaónuire, mar nac le móra do cpoáo a acáir féin anurraic, mar gcall ar éaoiric do goir.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Carao fear asair féin rugán dó, mar rin, asur fásair an t-uráir fuinn-ne. [le tina] 'lloir, a péilc na mban tairbeán dóib mar iméigean lúnó imearic na noéite, no Helen fá'r rgruoraó an Traoi. Dar mo lám, ó d'éas Déirre, fá'r cuirao naoire mac uiric cum báir, ní'l a hoirre i nÉirinn inoir acé tu féin. Torócamaoir.

SÉAMUS.—Ná toraic, so mbéir an rugán asainn. Ní tiz linn-ne rugán earaó. Ní'l duine ar beic annro ar féirir leir móra do déanam !

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ní'l duine ar beic ann ro ar féirir leir móra déanam !!

1AD uile.—ní'l.

SÍGLE.—Asur ir fíor daoib rin. Ní deairnaó duine ar beic inr an tír reo rugán féir ariam, ní meairam so bfuil duine in ran tiz reo do connaic ceann aca, féin, acé mire. Ir maic cuimnicim-re, nuair nac ruib ionnam acé gupreac beas so bfacair mé ceann aca ar gabair do rug mo fear-acáir leir ar Connac-



SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To OONA*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib: "Óioð na daoine uile ag máð, "ara! cia 'n róirt fuir é rin éor ar bit?" agus dubhairt reirean sup rugán do bí<sup>3</sup>ann, agus go gnuíor na daoine a leitéir rin ríor i gConnacetaib. Dubhairt ré go maed fear aca ag congabail an féir agus fear eile o'á carad. Congbócair mire an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura o'á carad:

SÉAMUS.—Déarfair mire glac féir artead:

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MAC UI N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Déarfair mé cáinead cúige Múman,  
Ní fásann riad an t-urrlár fúinn;  
Ní'l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!  
Cúige Múman san rnar san reun!  
Gráin go deo ar cúige Múman,  
Nac b'fásann riad an t-urrlár fúinn;  
Cúige Múman na mbailireoir mbréan;  
Nac dtis leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seo an fear anoir:

MAC UI N-ANN.—Tabhair 'm ann ro é. Tairbeárfair mire daoib cad déarfair an Connacetae deag-múinte dearlámhac, an Connacetae cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút agus lán-rtuaim aise in a lámh, agus ciall in a ceann, agus coráirte in a éiríde, acé sup feól mi-áð agus mórbuairdead an traozail é amearz leibidíní cúige Múman, atá san doirde san uairle, atá san eólar ar an eala ear an laeain, no ar an ór ear an bprár, no ar an lile ear an b'ótanán, no ar reult na mbán ós, agus ar péarla an b'pollaiz bán, ear a scuir r'raoille agus siobac féin. Tabhair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear maide do, cuirteann ré rop féir timcíoll air; coraigeann ré o'á carad, agus sígle ag tabhairt amac an féir do.]

MAC UI N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabhairt foluir dúinn;  
Ir í mo gráð, ir í mo rún,  
'S í úna bán, an rug-bean éiuin,  
'S ní éuigro na Muimniis leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Muimniis reo dalta ag Dia,  
Ní aicniisro eala ear laeá liat,  
Acé tiucfear rí liom-ra, mo Hélen breag  
Mar a molfar a pearra 'r a r'gráin go brát.

Ara! múire! múire! múire! Nac é reo an baile breag lágac;  
nac é reo an baile ear bárr, an baile a mbíonn an oiréad rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:  
They do not leave the floor to us,  
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;  
The province of Munster without nicety, without  
prosperity.  
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,  
That they do not leave us the floor;  
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.  
They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidíns* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;  
She is my love; she is my desire;  
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.  
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.  
These Munstermen are blinded by God.  
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,  
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,  
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Aurah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

rósaíre criocta ann naé mbíonn don earbuid rópa ar na daoibh,  
leir an méad rópa fíoréann ríad ó'n gcrocaíre Cridíteadán  
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaí aca agus ní tógann ríad uata iad—  
áit go gcuirfeann ríad an Connaéad boét ag caraid trugáin dóibh!  
Níor éir ríad rúgán féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an  
méad rúgán cnáibe atá aca de bárr an criocaíre!

Smídeann Connaéad ciallmhar  
Rópa dó féin,  
Áit fíoréann an Muimnead  
Ó'n gcrocaíre é!  
Go bfeicid mé rópa  
Bpeáí cnáibe go fóill  
D'a fársad ar rúgáibh  
Sad doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin d'ímteigeadar na Spéasais, agus  
níor rópadaí agus níor mór-cóimnuigeadar no sup rúpodaí  
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin beir an baile reo  
damannta go deo na ndéir agus go bfuinne an bpeáí, le Dia na  
nspáir, go ríorpuirde rúgáin, nuair náir cuigeadar sup ab i ūna  
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rúgáid in a meais, agus go rúg  
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Dénuir, ar a dtáinig moimpe agus  
ar dtuicfar 'na diais.

Áit tuicfar rí liom mo péarla mná  
Go cúige Connaé na ndaoine bpeáí;  
Seobair rí fáirta fion a'r feoil,  
Rinnceanna áirid, rópait a'r ceoil.

O! múire! múire! náir éirid an spian ar an mbaile reo, agus  
náir lairid réalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éir an doir. Éirígeann na ríir uile  
agus dúnair é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum  
an doir, áit beir na mná uirir. Téiréann Séamus anonn  
cuicir.]

Ūna.—O! O! O! ná cuirid amad é. leis ar air é. Sin  
Tomár O h-Annapáin, ir file é, ir báir é, ir fear iongantad  
é: O leis ar air é, ná déan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cuirle díleir, leis do. Tá  
ré imteigte anoir agus a cuir pirtreós leir. Beir ré imteigte  
ar do ceann amáir, agus beir túra imteigte ar a ceann-ran.  
Ná bfuil fíor asat go maí go mb'fearir liom tu 'ná céad míle  
Déirre, agus sup túra m'aon péarla mná amáin d'a bfuil in  
ran doimn.

MAC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, ag bualaí ar an doir].—Forsail!  
forsail! forsail! leis ar tead mé. O mo fearad scéad míle  
mallad oirid,



many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes  
A rope for himself;  
But the Munsterman steals it  
From the hangman;  
That I may see a fine rope,  
A rope of hemp yet  
A stretching on the throats  
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,  
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,  
She will receive feast, wine and meat,  
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you



[Buaitéann ré an doimur aḡur aḡur eile:]

Mallaḡt na laḡ orraib 'r na láioir,  
 Mallaḡt na ragaḡt aḡur na mbáḡar,  
 Mallaḡt na n-eaḡball aḡur an ḡápa,  
 Mallaḡt na mbaintreabáḡ 'r na nḡaḡlaḡ:  
 Forḡail! forḡail! forḡail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buiḡeáḡ oib a cómaḡranna, aḡur beirḡ ūna buiḡeáḡ oib amaḡaḡ. Buail leat, a ḡḡaḡrte! Déan do ḡaḡḡa leat réin amuiḡ ann rin, anoir! Ní bḡuiḡirḡ tú aḡteáḡ ann ro! Óra, a cómaḡranna naḡ bḡeáḡ é, duine do beirḡ aḡ éirteáḡt leir an ḡtoirḡ taob amuiḡ, aḡur é réin ḡo rocair ḡáḡta coir na tein-eaḡ. Buail leat! ḡḡeáḡ leat. Cá 'uil Connaḡt anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?









*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF  
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE  
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

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MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

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THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

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## GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

“ In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,  
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie ;  
All these and more than in one man could be  
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry.”

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are “Thoughts on Innisfail,” which D’Arcy Magee has translated; “A Farewell to Ireland,” a poem addressed to his harper; “An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies,” the “Three Shafts of Death,” a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

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### TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O’Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant “Advice to a Prince” to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his “Literary History of Ireland” tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell’s army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: “Go, make your songs now, little man !” This was one of MacDaire’s own countrymen.

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### JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, “perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century,” says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O’Halloran in his “History of Ireland” speaks of him as “a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet,” and says that he “had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a ‘History of Ireland,’” which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer’s Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the “History of Ireland,”

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

#### GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.<sup>1</sup>

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,  
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;  
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,  
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd  
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—  
The azure eye, whose light could prove  
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,  
From Albion's queen in pity crave:  
E'en name the rank of countess high,  
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,  
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride  
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—  
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep  
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—  
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake  
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,  
And honor'd soon the stranger child  
With titles brave, to grace a name  
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

<sup>1</sup>This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)



## DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

## ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

## THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,  
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;  
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—  
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.  
 Save Doun<sup>1</sup> and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken  
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,  
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,  
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

<sup>1</sup> The ruler of the Munster fairies.



He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded  
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;  
 But Phelim and Heber,<sup>1</sup> whose children betrayed it,  
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.  
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles<sup>2</sup> is commanding,  
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,  
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,  
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,  
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;  
 Ere " Samhain"<sup>3</sup> our chiefs shall in Temor<sup>4</sup> assemble,  
 The " Lion" protect our own pastors again.  
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,  
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,  
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,  
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—  
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :  
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !  
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.  
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,  
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending  
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?  
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

#### MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,  
 To make my good customers merry ;  
     But at times their finances  
     Run short, as it chances,  
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;  
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;  
     And, while you've a shilling,  
     Keep filling and swilling—  
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,  
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;  
     When Margery's bringing  
     The glass, I like singing  
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,  
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;  
     For valorous glory,  
     For song and for story,  
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

<sup>1</sup> Renegade Irish who joined the foe.   <sup>2</sup> The Pretender.

<sup>3</sup> The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the  
 Druids.   <sup>4</sup> Tara.

## GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

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## TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisetown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "*Literary History of Ireland*": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

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### MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "*The Annals of the Four Masters*," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "*Literary History of Ireland*": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Ru-mold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

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## DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung



all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

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### JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" ' SLOW cause of my fear  
NO pause to my tear,  
The brightest and whitest  
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,  
RARE sights to be seen.  
Both highlands and Islands  
THERE sigh for the Queen."

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

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### OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly



narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic épopées, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian<sup>1</sup> was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odysseic type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic épopées, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

<sup>1</sup> In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

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#### A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

## RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

## OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyreconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyreconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.



MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN  
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

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JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the



Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

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### AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish *Una ni Thearghaille*, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

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### THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned,

## PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchall Pleinníonn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chírigc Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

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## FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

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#### P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.





## GLOSSARY.

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A BOCHAL ( <i>A bhuachaill</i> )	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ !	To victory! Hurrah!
A CHARA, A CHORRA.	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN ( <i>a chuilín ban</i> )	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA ( <i>a chuisle</i> ) vein—ACUSHLA MA-CHREE	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE ( <i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i> )	O' pulse and treasure of my heart!
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE ( <i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i> )	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH ( <i>a ghradh</i> )	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR ( <i>a theagair</i> )	O dear friend! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON ( <i>Eibhlín a ruin</i> )	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA ( <i>a leinbh</i> )	child.
ALAUN	a lout.
ALPEEN ( <i>alpin</i> )	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN ( <i>an chuileann</i> )	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE ( <i>aindiseoir</i> )	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL ( <i>a ghradh geal</i> )	O bright love!
ARCON ( <i>a ruin</i> )	O secret love! beloved, sweetheart.
ARRAH ( <i>ar' eadh</i> )	(literally, Was it?) Indeed!
ARTH-LOOQHRA ( <i>arc luachra</i> or <i>arc-sleibhe</i> )	a lizard.
ASTHORE ( <i>a stoir</i> )	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE ( <i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i> )	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE ( <i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i> )	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SULISH MACHREE ( <i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i> )	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE ( <i>ullagon</i> ). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC ( <i>a mhic</i> )	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN ( <i>a mhuirín</i> )	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN ( <i>b'fheidir sin</i> )	That is possible! Likely, indeed! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE ( <i>bean-an-tighe</i> )	woman of the house.
BANSHEE ( <i>bean-sidhe</i> ) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.  
 BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.  
 BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.  
 BAWN, BADHUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.  
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).....Mouth of the Yellow Ford.  
 BEAN AN FHIR RUADH.....the red-haired man's wife.  
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!  
 BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See BANSHEE.  
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).  
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.  
 BIREDH (*baireadh*).....a cap.  
 BLADDHERANG — BLATHERING (from *bladder*).....flattering.  
 BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.  
 BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.  
 BOCCATY (*bacaide*).....anything lame.  
 BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.  
 BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.  
 BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.  
 BOLLHOUS.....rumpus.  
 BONNOCHT (*buanadh*).....a billeted soldier.  
 BOREEN (*boilhrín*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).  
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.  
 BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.  
 BOUCHAL (*buachaill*).....a boy.  
 BOUCHELLEN BAWN (*buachaillin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.  
 BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.  
 BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.  
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.  
 BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.  
 BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.  
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.  
 BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.  
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.  
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.  
 CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.  
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailín deas cruídhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.  
 CAILIN OG.....a young girl.  
 CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.  
 CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.  
 CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.  
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.  
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.  
 CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.  
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.  
 CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.  
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

CAPPAIN D'YARRAG ( <i>caipin dearg</i> ).....	a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....	the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN ( <i>caibin</i> ).....	a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of <i>caib</i> , a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN ( <i>ceanna-bhan</i> ).....	bog cotton. See <i>Cannavaun</i> .
CEAN DUBH DEELISH ( <i>acheann dubh dhilis</i> )..	Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH .....	harp.
CLEAVE ( <i>cliabh</i> ).....	a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN ( <i>clochan</i> ).....	a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE ( <i>cota mor</i> ).....	a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....	The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN ( <i>coileainin</i> ).....	a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR ( <i>cailleach cos-mor</i> )...	a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN ( <i>cailin ban</i> ).....	a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS ( <i>cailin deas</i> ).....	pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOHA NABO ( <i>cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo</i> ).....	the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....	a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of <i>down</i> , brown.
COLLEEN RUE ( <i>cailin ruadh</i> ).....	a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH ( <i>cailleach</i> ).....	an old hag, a witch.
COLLOQUE .....	collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN.....	talking together, colloquy.
COLUM CUIL ( <i>St. Columbeille</i> ).....	St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER ( <i>comether</i> ).....	Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA.....	Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN ( <i>cuilin</i> ).....	flowing tresses, or back hair. From <i>cul</i> , back.
COOM ( <i>cum</i> ).....	hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.	
COULAAN ( <i>cuileann</i> ).....	a head of hair.
CREEPIE .....	a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEVEEN ( <i>Chraoibhin aoibhinn</i> )..	Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL ( <i>croimbheal</i> ).....	a mustache.
CRONAN.....	the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....	whispering.
CROPPIES.....	the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS ( <i>crosan</i> ).....	gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS ( <i>crub</i> ).....	a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....	a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....	Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL .....	Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).... a flask, a little jar, a cruet.  
 CRUISTIN.....throwing.  
 CRUIT.....a harp.  
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.  
 CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.  
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!  
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*)..Pulse of my heart.  
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.  
  
 DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child ; also a puppy.  
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*).....By Christ !  
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.  
 DAWNSHEE (from *damhainsi*).....acuteness.  
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.  
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.  
 DEOCH SHLAINTÉ AN RÍOGH.....Health to the King !  
 DHUDEEN (*duidin*) .....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.  
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*) .....a generous spirit, something extra.  
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.  
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*)... the good people, the fairies.  
 DOONY. See DAUNY.  
 DRAIERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o' mo chroidhe*) .....O little brother of my heart.  
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhileas*) .....Dear brown cow.  
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.  
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.  
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.  
 DRINAWN DIUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.  
 DROLEEN (*dreoilin*).....the wren.  
 DROOTH.....thirst (cf. "drought").  
  
 EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.  
 EIBHUL (*uibéal*) .....clew.  
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.  
 ERIC (*eirie*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.  
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.  
  
 FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.  
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way ! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh !*  
 FAUGHED.....despised.  
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.  
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).  
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.  
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass : a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.  
 FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.

FOOSTHER.....	fumbling.
FOOTY.....	small, mean, insignificant.
FOSGAIL AN DORUS .....	Open the Door (name of Irish air).
FRECHANS ( <i>fraochan</i> ).....	a mountain berry; huckleberries.
FUILLELUAH ( <i>fuil a liugh</i> ) .....	an exclamation.
FUIRSEOIR .....	a juggler, buffoon.
GAD.....	withes, etc., for attaching cows.
GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.	
GARNAVILLA ( <i>Gardha an bhile</i> ).....	The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
GARRAN MORE ( <i>gearran mor</i> ).....	<i>Garran</i> , a hack horse, a gelding; <i>more</i> , "big."
GARRON ( <i>gearan</i> ).....	hack or gelding, a horse.
GEALL .....	a pledge, a hostage.
GEAN-CANACH .....	a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
GEASA.....	an obligation, vow, bond.
GEERSHA ( <i>girseach</i> ) .....	a little girl.
GEOCACH.....	a gluttonous stroller.
GILLY ( <i>giolla</i> ).....	servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. ( <i>Giolla-Chriosda</i> , servant of Christ; <i>giolla-Phaidrig</i> , servant of Patrick, etc.).
GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.	
GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN ( <i>Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan</i> ).....	May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
GO LEOR.....	plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
GOLLAM ( <i>Golamh</i> ).....	a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
GOMERAL.....	a fool, an oaf.
GOMMOCH ( <i>gamach</i> ).....	a stupid fellow.
GOMSH.....	otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
GORSOON, GOSsoon ( <i>garsun</i> ).....	a boy; an attendant ( <i>cf.</i> French <i>garçon</i> ).
GOSTHER ( <i>gastuir</i> ).....	prate, foolish talk.
GOULOGUE ( <i>gabhalog</i> ).....	a forked stick.
GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....	Young Gracie of my heart.
GRAH ( <i>gradh</i> ) .....	love.
GRAMACHREE ( <i>gradh mo chroidhe</i> ) .....	Love of my heart.
GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE ( <i>gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir</i> ) .....	Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN ( <i>gradh mo chroidhe</i> , etc.).....	Love of my heart my little jug.
GRAWLS. ....	children.
GREENAN ( <i>grianan</i> ).....	a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.	



- HULLAGONE (*Uaill a chan*).....an Irish wail, grief, woe.
- IAR CONNAUGHT.....Western Connaught.
- INAGH (*An-eadh*).....Is it? Indeed.
- INCH (*inse*).....an island.
- IRISHIAN.....(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
- JACKEEN.....a fop, a cad, a trickster.
- KATHALEEN BAWN (*Caitlin ban*).....Fair-haired Kathleen.
- KEAD MILLE FAULTE (*cead míle fáille*).....A hundred thousand welcomes!
- KEEN. See CAOINE.....the death-cry or lament over the dead.
- KIERAWAUN ABOO.....Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
- KIMMEENS.....sly tricks.
- KINKORA (*Cionn Coradh*)....."The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
- KIPEEN (*cipin*).....a bit of a stick.
- KISH (*ceis*).....a large wicker basket.
- KISHOGUE (*cuisseog*).....a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
- KITCHEN.....anything eaten with food, a condiment.
- KITHOGUE (*ciotog*).....the left hand.
- KNOCKAWN (*enocan*).....a hillock.
- KNOCK CUHTHE (*cnoc coise*).....the mountain-like foot.
- LAN.....full.
- LANNA.....*i.e.* *alanna*, child (which see).
- LAUNAH WALLAH (*Lan an Mhala*).....the full of the bag.
- LEANAN SIDHE.....Fairly sweetheart.
- LEIBHIONNA.....a platform or deck.
- LENAUN (*leanan*).....a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
- LEPRECHAUN.....a mischievous elf or fairy.<sup>1</sup>
- LONNEYS.....expression of surprise.
- LULLALO (*Liúigh liúigh leo*).....Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
- LUSMORES (*lus mor*).....a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
- MA BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
- MACHREE (*mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
- MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO....."The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
- MAGHA BRAGH (*amach go bragh*).....out for ever.
- MAHURP ON DUOUL (*Mo chorp on deabhal*).....My body to the devil!
- MALAVOGUE.....to trounce, to maul.
- MAVOURNEEN (*Mo mhuirín*).....My darling.
- MERIN (*meirín*).....a boundary, a mark.
- MILLE MURDHER (*míle murder*).....A thousand murders!
- MILLIA MURTER.....A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
- MO BHRON.....My sorrow.
- MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....My yellow-haired little boy.
- MO BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
- MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (*Mo chraoibhín cno*)...My little branch of nuts.

<sup>1</sup> The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.  
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."  
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.  
 MO MHUIRNIN.....My darling.  
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.  
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."  
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.  
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*)... but for.  
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.  
 MULVATHERED... worried.  
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*)... well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?" ) Also, If it is! Well indeed !  
  
 NACH MBAINÉANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).  
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.  
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.  
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.  
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.  
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Nora! (an Irish air).  
  
 OCH HONÉ.....exclamation expressing grief.  
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*)....Alas, my heart!  
 OGE (*og*).....young.  
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*) O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!  
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.  
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.  
 ORO.....an exclamation.  
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.  
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.  
  
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.  
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.  
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.  
  
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.  
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.  
 PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).  
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.  
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.  
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.  
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.  
 PLANXTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.  
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.  
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.  
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.  
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

- POTTEEN (*poitin*).....(literally, a little pot) a still;  
hence illicit whisky.
- RANN .....a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
- RATH .....a circular earthen mound or  
fort, very common in Ire-  
land, and popularly believed  
to be inhabited by fairies.
- REE SHAMUS (*Righ Seamus*).....King James.
- RHUA (*ruadh*).....red or red-haired.
- ROISIN DUBH.....Black Little Rose.
- ROSE GALB (*Roise Geal*).....Fair Rose.
- RORY OGE (*Ruaidhri og*).....young Rory.
- SALACHS (*salach*) .....dirty, untidy people.
- SALLIES (*saileog*).....a willow, willows.
- SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*'S amhuirnin dhilis*)And my faithful darling.
- SCALPEEN (from *scalp*).....a fissure, a cleft.
- SCUT (*scud*).....a thing of little worth.
- SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*).....poor old woman.
- SHAMOUS (*Seamus*) .. .. .James.
- SHAN DHU.....dark John.
- SHAN MORE.....big John.
- SHANE RUADH.....red-haired John.
- SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
- SHAROOSE (*Searbhas*) .....bitterness.
- SHEBEEN (*sibin*).....a place for sale of liquor, gen-  
erally illicit.
- SHEEIN ..... young pollack, or of any fish.
- SHEELAH (*Sighle*).....Celia.
- SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Si Molly mo stor*)..It 's Molly is my treasure.
- SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ni Ghadhra*).....Celia O'Gara (an allegorical  
name of Ireland).
- SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*).....red (haired) James.
- SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....an oak stick, a cudgel. From  
the wood of Shillelagh in  
County Wicklow.
- SHILLOO.....a shout.
- SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Seoithin seoidh*)Burthen words of lullaby.  
Hush-a-by.
- SHOOLING.....strolling, wandering. From the  
word *siubhal*, tramping.
- SHOUGH (*seach*).....a turn, a blast or draw of a  
pipe.
- SHUGUDHEIN (*'Seadh go deimhin*).....Yes, indeed!
- SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... ..Walk, love; *i.e.* Come, my love.
- SHULERS (*siubhaloir*, a walker).....tramps.
- SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....Up with me and down with me.
- SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN .....Bright health, my darling.
- SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*)....Health forever!
- SLAN LEAT!.....Adieu! Farewell!
- SLEEVEEN.....a sly, cunning fellow. From  
*sliobh*, sly.
- SLEWSTHERING .....flattering.
- SLIABH NA M-BAN.....The Mountain of the Women.
- SMADDHER.....to break. From *smiot*, a frag-  
ment.
- SMIDDEREENS .....small fragments. Probably  
from *smiot*, as above.

SMULLUCK (*smullog*) ..... a fillip.  
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*)..... Dear Priest !  
SONSY ..... happy, pleasant. Probably  
from *sonas*, happiness.  
SOOTHER ..... to wheedle. From the English.  
SOWKINS ..... soul.  
SPAEMAN ..... fortune-teller.  
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) ..... a common laborer ; also a con-  
ceited fellow with nothing  
in him.  
SPARTH (*spairt*) ..... wet turf.  
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) ..... a puny thing or person.  
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) .. ..... an insignificant fellow.  
STHREEL (*straoileadh*) ..... a slut, a sloven.  
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) ..... a lazy, idle fellow.  
STRAVAIGING ..... rambling.  
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) ..... a big lazy woman.  
SUANTRAIGHE ..... a sleeping or cradle song.  
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) ..... a rope of hay or straw.  
  
TARBH ..... bull.  
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) .... My soul to God !  
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) .... Full little flask or jar.  
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) ..... a little ; a trifle ; a stem of grass.  
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) ..... an ill-mannered little girl.  
TILLOCH (*tulach*) ..... small plot of land, a hillock.  
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) ..... Land under the wave—Hol-  
land.  
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) ..... Land of the live (beings).  
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) ..... Land of the young.  
TRUMAUNS (*troman*) ..... a reel on a spindle.  
TUG ..... the middleband of a flail.  
  
UCHLUAIM ..... the breast or front hem of a  
sail.  
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.  
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.  
USHA. See MUSHA (*mhuisse*).  
  
VO ..... Alas ! Oine, ay de mi !  
  
WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) ..... O treasure.  
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) ..... little. From *wee*.  
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.  
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tion to the Virgin).  
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) ..... Mary ! 't is a pity !  
WISHA. See MUSHA.  
WOMMASIN ..... strolling.  
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) ..... O Mary ! (*i.e.* the Blessed Vir-  
gin).  
  
YEOS ..... (English word) yeomen.





# GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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